

Ride 533 Report – 17 December 2017

The Xmas Ride!

Hares: Lars Nelleman, Sonny Oveson & Nicolai

Under warm but otherwise ideal weather conditions, the Hash convened for what would be the last gathering for 2017. Spirits were high as riders and bikes alike were decorated with bangles, bobbles and reindeer antlers. We had somehow managed to escape the rain that fell off and on that weekend. Lars gave a detailed 10-minute explanation of the ride that was akin to a general giving instructions for a military manoeuvre – even the best method of crossing a canal was carefully described. Nothing was left to chance. Without further ado, the cohort left the tranquil start point of Champions Golf Course and the Singapore Saddle Club access road.

We had some typically chaotic Hash moments as the group cycled up a freeway off-ramp, with at least one of us on the wrong side of the road (oops!). There was a healthy mix of on-road and off-road bits throughout the ride. You can tell that Lars was the Hare that day because of two factors: the paper was placed high up in the trees (higher than some of our members can reach), and because some of the trail looked like it was reced during a Men's (Running) Hash. Even through there were pockets on the ride where we had to walk our bikes through dense foliage, everyone enjoyed communing with nature and soaking up some shared jokes and laughter along the way.

Old familiar haunts such as Bukit Brown Cemetery and Turf City provided us with some hills and terrain which we love so much, and the only logistical mishap we had that morning was that some of the paper trail had been removed by kiasu busybodies or law enforcement. Around the Vanda Road area, the group that I was with threw our hands up in the air and – seemingly out of paper trail - arrived back at the start point around 11:45am. Before departing Vanda Road, I saw a large police sign that said "Indecent Behaviour" posted prominently in a residential neighbourhood and had a chuckle. Apparently someone had been flirting with some 'risky business' in their car on the backstreets of Singapore.

It was upon reaching "Home" that we learned that we had missed a 5km leg that would have taken us through Rifle Range Road. It all worked out well, though, because those of us who finished early went for a shower and were finished by the time the others had just returned on their bikes. The choice of venue for this special Xmas Ride was a brilliant one, as it allowed us to have a proper shower and change of clothes before the Circle and luncheon party to follow.

After Lars emerged back at the car park clean and showered, he joined us as the Circle kicked up. Guest GM Fat Crashing Bastard, festooned in a red shirt and green Christmas tree dwarfing his head, called in the Hares for a note. Lars took a moment to promote the on-on at Picotin Express Bistro and describe how \$400 in beer would be provided from the Committee's reserves. Somehow, despite the usual Hash mismanagement, the Treasurer and Hash Cash have performed beyond expectations to keep us in the black once again – well done! Moreover, Lars generously offered to provide the Hash with some choice wines at a heavily subsidized rate for this Christmas event. We'll drink to that as we utter a word of thanks for his kindness – thank you Santa 'CLars.' *Here's to the Hares, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through, they are piss-pots so they so, tried to go to heaven but they went the other way...*

There were no Virgins to speak of (we must have scared them away), so returnee Bob Graf stepped forward to accept his down-down – by now he knows the routine and realizes that by not joining as a member, he will always have a cold, free beer waiting for him at the finish point. *Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all...?* was followed by a few bars of *Why are we waiting...?*

FCB was hard pressed to identify a Crash of the Day until TI Joe was singled out for a BIMBO charge for taking an unnecessary spill on his steed. *...and BIMBO was his name-o!*

Ditch came forth to bring Rough Sex into the circle for living up to her name. She had cycled up the hill to the parking lot of Champions Golf Course at 9:50am in complete and utter exhaustion – panting, red-faced, and moaning in pain. Was it due to excessive Rough Sex? In this case, no. Her worrisome condition was due to cycling up and down hills for 12km while carrying a change of clothes and shoes on her back. Moreover, she had applied sunscreen on her face that morning, and as it melted in the hot weather it leaked into her eyes – leaving her teary-eyed and in pain. These extenuating circumstances made the Hash worry for her safety and welfare, but fret not, she was fine after the sunscreen in the eyes ordeal. Now she only has to dedicate more time on the saddle so as to not huff and pant so much, as she only dusts off her bike for a ride every three weeks or so. For appearing as the culprit of her distress, the Scribe was called in for a note. According to FCB, he couldn't get his skewer into the right axle and that was the true source of her discomfort that morning. And the choir broke forth in song: *They ought to be publicly pissed on, they ought to be f&%ing well shot, they ought to be nailed to the shithouse, and left there to fester and rot, drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Lars came forth to call in Ditch and Co Chi Co into the Circle. Their crime? After shrugging off Lars' detailed instructions on how to best navigate the long canal by pushing your legs against the cement embankments, these two veteran Hashers were seen going through the canal like a clumsy remake of a Laurel and Hardy skit. The only trait that they share in common – according to FCB – is that they are both short and their legs couldn't reach the ground easily. *Here's to the short asses, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through...*

Too Easy summoned Copy Cat into the Circle. Our good-natured Aussie veteran was sporting a humorous Santa hat and moustache that morning. Not only does he have a sense of humour, but he is mechanically-inclined (unlike some of us) and came to Too Easy's rescue that morning. He saved her ride with a bit of bike repair wizardry and magic kit. Lifting up his moustache to drink his reward for services rendered, he was joined by Too Easy who had to take a BIMBO charge without any apologies or defence. *Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Ditch brought in Wet Beaver for having 'mouthpiece' issues on the Ride. At one point I passed her as she was bent over and closely examining the shrubbery. "Did you lose a contact lens, I quipped?" "No, my mouthpiece," Wet Beaver replied. There was a certain serendipity to her ride, as she lost her mouthpiece, found it, only to lose it again later in the ride. Santa, can you please get this woman a new mouthpiece for Christmas? And Santa's Elves bellowed in unison: *She ought to be publicly pissed on... and left there to fester and rot.*

Coo Chi Co strolled in to charm us with his Aussie wit by recalling a Hasher amongst us who was cycling alongside him and looking for the next paper trail marking in vain. Jean-Daniel – the man in question - said, "Sometimes you just have to smell it." For having such a special affinity with toilet paper, our humorous French friend was bestowed with the Hash name, Used Before [Editors note: *As he isn't yet a Hash member, he can't have a Hash name. Better join next year Jean-Daniel!*]. FCB took Coo Chi Co to task for not making him get down on his knees for a proper Hash 'christening.' *Here's to Used Before, he's true blue... Mais oui!*

The Hares were surprised and shocked to hear that the group was forced to follow paper through a deep canal from which we had to come up to ground level by a steep ladder. From the look on his face, it seemed that Lars was hearing about this for the very first time. Wet Beaver called in Lars and Copy Cat – Lars for being guilty of leading a team which forced riders to ascend in a dangerous and risky manner – and Copy Cat being guilty of thinking that he could get himself and his bike up the ladder in one Jackie Chan motion. With a little help from yours truly and the team, we managed to pull Copy Cat and his beloved Funk cycle to safety. And the crowd sang: *Here's to unrealistic expectation - drink it down, down, down, down...*

A surprise returnee – Graeme Douglas *aka* Flasher – was called in for joining us and for his greater role of being one of the Founding Fathers of the Singapore Bike Hash. He offered these succinct sage words: "Congratulations and all the best in the future." If you ever want to hear about the latest books to read or hear about what Singapore was like fifty years ago, this is the man to ask. *Here's to Flasher, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through, he's a piss-pot so they say, tried to get to heaven but he went the other way, drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

FCB called in Suction Cup for a BIMBO and Death Wish charge. Apparently she was cycling on a freeway off-ramp on the wrong side of the road, and in the middle of the road no less. FCB was prepared to give her the hash name of "Suicide's Jockey" until it was revealed that she already had a Hash name. FCB was so proud of his name creation that he looked a bit disheartened to hear that she already had a name. In any case, *Here's to Suicide's Jockey, she's true blue, she's a bastard through and through, she's a piss-pot so they say, tried to get to heaven but he went the other way, drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

TI Joe called in Hash Brew for being someone who can't stay away from his life's true calling. For more than a dozen years, Hash Brew steadfastly nourished the Hash with 100Plus and Tiger beer until he reluctantly passed his Eskies and cups to Old Worn Stump. With our French friend not able to attend this day's event, Hash Brew reprised the role for which he was born to perform. *He's all right, he's all right, he's got a teeny weeny willie, but he's all right!*

And on that note, our group of roughly thirty cyclists and loved ones made our way to Picotin Express, where we savoured a lovely spread of Western dishes such as calamari, pizzas, salad and fried mozzarella sticks accompanied by plenty of beer and an outstanding selection of wine. The Annual Bike Hash Awards Ceremony concluded the luncheon, where new riders and old farts alike were recognized for their contributions on and off the bike. Among those recognized was our long-time Webmaster, Back Entrance, who is currently recovering in Germany from surgery. He has received his Christmas present in the mail – a handsome long-sleeved cycling jersey signed by many of the SBH community. We wish him all the best in 2018 and look forward to seeing him in Singapore in the future.

Happy Holidays and we look forward to welcoming new and veteran cyclists in 2018 for what promises to be another exciting year of exploring local trails, with perhaps a jaunt across the Causeway to uncover some outstanding terrain in Malaysia.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

