

Who wrote the promotional script for last Sunday's ride? German Reunification Ride my foot! – it should have been called after the movie of the same name "The Fast and the Furious". Five years of re-education trying to convince the world that the hash was a non competitive cycling group destroyed in two hours, well actually one hour forty-five to be precise! The front pack hammered round the trail as though their ars* was on fire. Grouped together in a pace line or jostling for position at the head of the peloton all I could hear was Knobby Boy Scout keep uttering "This is just like riding with ANZA" (a road riding club for the uninitiated). Just like ANZA, it was ANZA on mt. bikes! Who was to blame for this situation? The hares, or possibly the trail itself? What about the pack, led by the Three Blind Mice (an informal group of [French] riders with both selective blindness and white colour blindness which meant that they were unable to see any of the toilet paper, chalk or flour [which of course was all white]) and were permanently off trail. Now if this all sounds a little harsh it shouldn't be as the trail was excellent. A classic 'figure of eight', see attached maps, the hares (a little bit reluctant in the weeks approaching their ride to accept the responsibility – it's only been advertised on the hare line since January, how can you say "I didn't know?") had laid an excellent trail. A trail of two halves the first loop weaving around Seletar Camp through the ruins of old colonial building, black and whites and heavy road construction – a real trip down memory lane for some – brought us out on the Yishun Dam. Only one way to go from here, over the causeway. Then it was into the old Yishun Fish Ponds, no more fish and no more ponds but still a great cycling area. Lots of wooded trails and old kampong roads. In fact so many old kampong roads that certain members of the pack kept on riding round and round admiring the scenery not realising that they were on the same trail going in circles. If you had not realised by now there are two pre-requisite for riding with the bike hash. A bike and the ability to see. (Note that having sight does not necessarily mean you have the ability to see? Observation of where you have already ridden is an important factor which should not be overlooked!). One of the problems of the area the hares had chosen is that whilst there is some great off-road terrain (of which they only scratched the surface) it keeps leading you further away from the start point with no obvious way to get back. However our hares handled this very well by leading us into Yishun Park where we terrorised the Sunday morning joggers, dog walkers, Tai Chi participants as the peloton thundered round on the smooth paths crashing through the bushes and generally upsetting the tranquility of a pleasant Sunday morning. Finally we emerged back on Ave 1 and the return trip over the dam. This is where the ANZA mentality came to the fore as the peloton took off at 35-38kph and disappeared over the horizon giggling to themselves like a bunch of school girls. A most excellent ride, thoroughly enjoyed by all. All credit to the hares for a job well done. The circle was some what disrupted by the packs fascination with the bike washing man – what is it? Have you never seen a high pressure washer before? After a traditional circle it was off for lunch and a relaxing after noon – the only complaint "Where was the sauerkraut??"

REMEMBER – The next hash has been put back one week and is now on Sunday 2nd November, some where in Woodlands. The LEG (without Jon 'In and **OUT**' - I would rather go sailing – Button) will be our hosts for what we know will be a spectacular ride. See you all then?