RIDE #55 - CHRIS "BAD STOMACH" PANES & ??????

"GREAT RIDE"

I'M NOT JOKING!!!

FOR THOSE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE EXPERIENCED *BHHB'S* PREVIOUS ROMP AROUND THE "WAT JING", YOU MAY HAVE SEEN SOME SIMILARITIES IN RIDE #55. VAGUELY RECALLING "SNIFFY'S" MONSTER RIDE FROM THIS VENUE, I WAS CERTAIN THAT "BAD STOMACH" WOULD NOT LET US DOWN.... EVEN MORE CERTAIN UPON FINDING OUT THAT HIS CO-HARE WAS STILL OUT THERE, LOST AMONG THE COCONUT PLANTATIONS. AFTER A RATHER LENGTHY EXPLANATION OF THE RULES OF THE ROAD, A PACK OF 20 OR SO STALWARTS SET OFF TO SEE WHAT WAS IN STORE. FOR THE FIRST HOUR OR SO, THE PACK WAS CONTENT TO AMBLE ALONG THE ROADS AND PATHS.. DRINKING IN THE SCENERY AND CHATTING... RELATIVELY EASY CHECKS, SOME HILLS... ALMOST MUNDANE, BROKEN UP BY THE ANTICS OF ATTENTION SEEKERS SPLASHING IN THE INEVITABLE "NAM-BHHB" OR TIM'S MAD DASH ACROSS THE SLUICE-WAY. WE EVEN MANAGED TO KEEP THE PACK TOGETHER, HOPING THE ADDITIONAL NUMBERS WOULD MAKE THE CHECKS EASIER TO SORT OUT. AS WILL HAPPEN, WE GRADUALLY BROKE INTO TWO DISTINCT GROUPS FIGHTING OUR WAY THROUGH THE TOUGHER HILLS, ONLY TO BE REUNITED IN A TOTALLY CONFUSED "MOB SCENE" NEAR A LAKE. AS IT TURNED OUT, THE LEAD GROUP HAD RUN INTO A LATE-COMER WHO LED THEM TO "BAD STOMACH'S" DEVIOUS LOOP AND BACK TO THE LAKE. SOON AFTER, RIDERS FROM THE TRAILING PACK WERE SPOTTED. THEY APPEARED SLIGHTLY LESS CONFUSED THAN THE GROUP THAT HAD DONE THE LOOP (OR SO WE THOUGHT), AND WERE CONSULTED AS TO THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE TRAIL (WHERE THE F**K ARE WE!?). SORT OF THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND UNTIL "SNIFFY" SAVED THE DAY WITH HIS EXPERT KNOWLEDGE OF THE AREA. THINKING THE WORST WAS OVER, WE JUBILANTLY SET OUT FOR THE FINISH AND A WELL DESERVED BEER. HOW WRONG COULD WE HAVE BEEN! MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE LAKE THE PACK WAS MILLING AROUND IN A STUPOR AFTER DISCOVERING A "LONG/SHORT" SPLIT THAT WENT TOTALLY UNNOTICED AN HOUR AND A HALF BEFORE (WHAT WAS THE HARE SAYING ABOUT THE ON-IN?). AFTER CONSULTING WITH THE BHHB'S SAGE GM AND HIS TEA LEAVES, WE DECIDED TO HEAD HOME RATHER THEN TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL WE HAD BEEN DOING FOR THE PAST THREE HOURS (PEDALING IN CIRCLES AS USUAL)! *GOOD CHOICE!* THE SHOW WASN'T OVER YET FOLKS. OVER THE NEXT RISE WHAT SHOULD WE FIND BUT A COUPLE OF *VERY* LOST BIKERS CONSORTING WITH A TRUCK DRIVER. WE FIGURED THEY WERE JUST ASKING DIRECTIONS UNTIL WE CAUGHT PULLING THEIR MTB'S BACK OFF THE TRUCK!! HOW THIS INDISCRETION WENT UNPUNISHED I'LL NEVER KNOW. THE DRIVER EVEN LOOKED DISAPPOINTED AFTER REALIZING THAT HE COULD NO LONGER GAZE AT A PAIR OF SHAPELY SPANDEX SHORTS!... REASON ENOUGH FOR JOINING THE BHHB! HAD THEY ONLY REALIZED HOW CLOSE THEY ACTUALLY WERE TO THE FINISH... SO, IT WAS ON-IN FOR THE PACK, ARRIVING QUITE CLOSE TOGETHER FOR A BHHB VENTURE, AT BETWEEN 35 & 40KMS. IN ALL, A GREAT RIDE.. LOTS OF CONFUSION, HARD CHECKS AND PLENTY OF THE WIDE OPEN COUNTRY THAT WE HAVE COME TO EXPECT FROM THIS VENUE. GOOD GOING GUYS! *ONONONONONONONONONON*