

RIDE NO. 58

HARES *Mangled and Mad-Max*

Future hash directions should receive the following heading:

ROAD NAMES AND NUMBERS LIABLE TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE,
RHYME OR REASON. BE WARNED!!

However we finally arrived, after some searching, outside chalets bearing the telltale signs that hashers maybe in the vicinity, numerous empty beer bottles lined up neatly on the balcony and not a cyclist in sight. A quick count up and I reckon at least twenty hungover bodies should appear having arrived the night before. Four fragile faces emerged minutes later wondering who had woken them at this unearthly hour of 12.00 midday. A few more searching souls arrived in due course plus a telephone call from two lost souls supposedly broken down making a grand total of nine. Reasons for the poor turnout were put down to The Rugby ball, Lazing on the beach at Phuket and I can't be arsed to drive all that way for a bloody bike ride. That left only the dedicated super athletes to ~~enure~~ enjoy the ride.

One hare departed in search of the lost souls whilst the other joined us to make up the numbers and develop his skills as a film producer (funny he never seemed to do any of the back checks or U bends). Trevor and Mama Sambusa got ahead start muttering something about prize money while the remainder groveled about Dawn's feet looking for a dropped earring -she just likes the attention.

Were off! skirting rolling hills, overlooking picturesque valleys, riding gentle undulating paths, enjoying a whole new Thailand. Not for long. Thigh burning ascents, neck breaking descents, mud, dogs, overhanging trees and wild animals (Wild! absolutely livid). Five ox didn't take to kindly to being pounced upon by a herd of Hashers (such docile beasts of little intelligence) and promptly broke from their tethers stampeding off into the distance, best we move on quickly before the owner finds out. All back checks and U bends were noticeably found at the bottom of every descent resulting in the necessary reascent to find the trial (not away to make friends).

THE HILL. a full length feature film. After route searching failed at the back of the budda cave and another back check at the bottom of a decent we engaged in storming the hill. Trevor had the lead but then he kept a beady eye on the hare followed by myself attempting to ride all the way, Wrong, throw in a few rocks to make it interesting some mud and water and we're all strolling pleasantly to the top, soon to be released on video. From here it was pleasant cycling, despite the red herrings from the hare, through corn fields and villages to the sound of rabid dogs at your ankles relaxing to the thought of a much needed shower and a cold beer (the lost souls had by now arrived complaining that the driver who had given them a lift wouldn't share beer he was drinking). Its not all over yet, 'The Grand Canyon'. As light begins to fade we enter dense woodland paths (I manage to miss the best marked junction of the day) and descend down into the gloom. We are reliably informed that this is favorite running hash route which explains why we end up walking our bikes, climbing over, ducking under fallen trees and generally clambering down the path. Finally we emerge and head off back for that long awaited beer all arriving safely except one, Where's Dawn!. Off I go again to search as surely it would be my fault if she were to get lost. There she is cycling away 180 in the wrong direction Q "where did you get to". ANS. "I don't know every one seemed to disappear". Q "why didn't you fallow the paper back". ANS. "Oh is that what its for I often wondered how you all knew which way to go".

The writer of this report viewed most of the proceedings laying horizontal still attached to his bike. I hate those clip pedals

Opinion : That was probably one of the most enjoyable rides I've done so far. Thanks to the hares and in light of the poor turnout should be repeated very soon.

On On
