

Now Showing:

Turn out, RIDE #64

Hares 2

Members 26

Visitors 5

New Spokes 1

Total 34

Noriega's Killing Fields

Produced by: Frank "Noriega" Allum

Directed by: Mongrel and Lick Dearly (but "managed" by Noriega....)

Starring: a cast of...well, dozens anyway....

Some shows are such a blend of outstanding production, genius direction and brilliant acting, that they make the viewer weep with joy just for the privilege of being allowed to participate in viewing the event. Not this one though - it just made us want to drink a lot of beer when it was finally over (especially those of you who endured 56 km of it, eh Max?)

Having just recently Seen the Light in the previous episode, our Producer makes one of his first forays from acting to behind the camera. Noriega proves for the first time (according to his co-hares) that he actually cares about something. On-the-set rumors indicated that never has a hare so micro-managed his co-hares, even measuring off distances on a back-check (hey, what's a 100 meters off, more or less?). But all the attention to detail paid off, in an outstanding ride that alternately baffled, bamboozled and eventually bewildered us, yet led us all back to the beer before sunset.

The pack assembled in more or less orderly fashion, but had to await the arrival of the GM, who was engaged in Important Hash Business, namely buying the beer. Shortly after 2 pm we rolled off in the usual disorderly confusion, casting about in three or four directions before actually finding trail. Then it was off and riding (or walking and carrying) through various rice paddies, khlongs, small trails, narrow bridges and backyards of most of Noriega's known (and maybe some unknown) relatives, ultimately reaching an early check near a golf course.

Which proceeded to thoroughly screw us up for over 20 minutes. We checked back, forward, sideways, back again. "Meg" Ryan was apparently one of the few who discovered a "narrow, rickety bridge" and U-bend, which somehow led us to the actual on-on trail. We then wound through somebody's front yard, where a deranged relative of Frank's tried to hand out leaves to us. It was actually Dustin Hoffman in a cameo walk-on reprising his Rain Man role, but did anybody notice?

But we evaded the obstacle and pedalled on-on to further fields of rice, starring "Thelonius" Monk in his role as Best Husband, gallantly carting his wife's bike across the perilous gaps. Shortly thereafter some of us paused at an "unofficial" water stop on the side of the road, it suddenly being a Monstrously Hot Day. We then carried on to more bridge crossings, khlong sidewalk riding and eventually reached a T-junction check which spontaneously became the "official" water stop, still only about 10 km into the ride.

After the water stop, the check was solved and we circumnavigated a huge dirt pit where Frank's new Hash Bar, Party House Nightclub and Subterranean Bowling Alley was being excavated - opening soon, if Frank gets all the proper "permits" paid for. The pack finally reached The Big New Road, but brilliantly went right on by the sharp right turn (well marked with paper) up the middle of the road. It was left to "Mother" Theresa to show us the way to salvation, though more on-the-set rumors later indicated she had prior knowledge of this ruse from a previous week's reckie with the hares. Oh well, sometimes God is on the side of those who have Inside Information....

After a furiously fast pedal up the new road, where even the GM admitted it was rather nice to be on pavement for awhile, we hit the inevitable check, back to a Hole In The Wall, though this was missed by yours truly, who with "Gander" Morgan was busily checking forward 800 meters or so. Never mind, on back and across the road through more ponds and khlongs and rickety bridges, eventually reaching another khlong-side cement walkway identified as "the walkway that Battram used on his farewell run out here", giving us a hint as to just how close we actually were to Ram Intra.

Another bridge to cross, another water stop, a pleasant meander down country lanes, and a couple of mildly bewildering checks back near the Big New Road brought us back to the general vicinity from where we started. The cutting edge peleton took off on the final stretch of pavement at top speed, but at the final four-way junction managed to go forward, back, then left, then forward again, when all along the trail was to the right, plainly visible and leading quickly to the ON-IN.

The pack straggled in in drips and drabs, and enthusiastically wolfed down Noriega's samosas and Indian potato/vegetable burritos, washed down with copious quantities of beer, as usual. A circle was eventually formed out of the chaos. Tom, Dick and "Hairy" got the well deserved Hares' down down for a ride well-done, visitors and returners got their usual drink as well. Then the festivities dissolved into bedlam as Marc LaVoie stood in as Best Supporting Religious Advisor and down downs were awarded right and left: Tim "Calves" Dowden got honored for Fall of the Day; Mad Max got his for Long Distance Run-Around; Noriega for driving his co-hares to drink (as if they needed the help) by micro-"managing" the setting of the run. Two sets of look-alike twins drank a down-down, somebody else for kicking a dog, and right smack in the middle of the circle the Trio of Trying Triathletes stumbled in from a post-ride run and were awarded sanity-restoring down-downs on the spot.

The Circle broke up with announcements for a Khao Yai Weekend next month and Mad Max's Sikkim Songkhran Spectacular in April. Some of the pack reportedly stumbled on-on-on for food, but no further report was provided as they were all too schnockered to remember it. All in all, a fine Feature Presentation, well worth seeing again and again....ON-ON.