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FIRST ANNUAL KHO YAI BIKE HASH WEEKEND

For you wankers that missed out on a great weekend. The activities were at the Klong Sai Resort outside of the Kho Yia National Forest. The weekend hosts were Collin and Dawn and they did a great job organizing the hotel, the beer, the food, the weather and the rides. Co-hares for the weekend were Tim, Paul and Straun. Now for a summary.

DAY 0

THE ARRIVAL

The hashers that had the initiative to drive up Friday night were treated to a spectacular forest fire on the mountain right across the road from the resort. The entire side of the mountain was on fire and it was a great panorama only about 500 meters away. Everyone sat back and had their beer/scotch/whatever and watched the fire. Later on after the fire burned itself out there was some bike racing with the bikes still attached to the top of the car. These late night events are not completely documented and can not be confirmed and a good reporter needs to have events confirmed as the PISS POT PEDDLER has very strict publication rules.

DAY 1

BEFORE THE RIDE

Much activity with everyone oiling their bikes, pumping up their tires, fixing their chains. Some of the more energetic were helping the girls get their bike ready. Frank was even oiling his pedals. A large pack of around 47 assembled eagerly awaiting the 2:00 PM start.

THE RIDE

The ride started through the Mission Hills golf resort. There were more people on the ride than in the resort. Riders were still eagerly checking here and there for paper. After the golf course there were farms and big holes in the ground. After the first drink stop the pack began to spread out as the FRB were not blowing their whistles very loudly which left the waiters waiting. The second drink spot was at a mountain with a Buddha on the top. Paul, Rick, Ted's brother and the Irish guy walked up the 666 steps to take a look.

Across the road (where you could short cut back if you wanted) and through some more farms and bush to the final hill and then a pleasant ride back to the resort. All in all a great ride through very pleasant surroundings. The hares did a great job reeking the area.

THE CIRCLE

The GM did his usual great job in running the circle. There were down down's for the hares, many visitors, new spokes, returners, hares that didn't put out flour, polluters, tri-athelites, overachievers, under achievers, non participants who came to drink, people dumb enough to buy a new Volvo, riders who fell and the late comers who got back when the circle was over. The circle was closed as there was no more beer for down down's.

THE ON-ON AND ON-ON-ON

The food was good local Thai food and everyone was in a good mood (partially drunk) from the circle. There was the usual chatter about going to triathlons or world action races that you hear after people have gone for a ride and drank for a few hours. The evening entertainment started with Trevor singing a beautiful rendition of "I Farted" followed up Frank doing his "British Sailor Routine". After that the Thai Whiskey came out to go along with the beer and the conversation deteriorated to talk about silicon implants and other nonsense. Along with the drinking there was a lively group trying to sing. It was reported that they sang until the wee hours after which there was cars racing around backward. There was no accidents but Rick showed up the next morning with his nose split open, a hole in his head and black eyes. He claims to not remember/not care to remember what happened. Was it a car accident or did he fall out of bed?? The scribe interviewed a few of the visitors and they claimed never to have seen anything like it. Well done BHH.

THE NIGHT AFTER

Many of the hashers stayed in a few dormitory rooms. Never has there been such a collection of noises. There was snoring, farting, burping, moaning, groaning and people talking in their sleep. This wonderful scene was broken in the morning when a bunch of boy scouts started singing songs about 8:00AM and Straun running around with no clothes on. No one could decide which was worse.

DAY 2-What a difference a day makes.

BEFORE THE RIDE

Absolutely nothing. At the designated start time most everyone was still in bed or walking around trying to sober up. No cared at all about their bikes. One of the girls had a flat tire and she was told to fix it herself. There was one person ready to go and he had driven up from Bangkok that morning. Most people packed up and were leaving to beat the traffic. No one was eager to do anything. Frank was oiling his hair. Finally around 11:00 AM a group of about 20 went out. Another 10 or so set out after the pack had started.

THE RIDE

In Slow motion. The ride was up the last hill of the previous day's ride and then some new territory across the road to the forest. Everyone seemed to waiting for someone else to check. Bushman for some reason was worried about losing his keys so he checked his bike bag every few miles. What he forgot to do is close the bag after he checked so when he got to the first drink stop he found out he had no keys. As Bushman could hardly open his eyes EJ went back with him to look for the keys. By some miracle she saw the keys on the trail about 5 K's back. Well done EJ. All's well that ends well, I guess.

THE CIRCLE

None. No one was interested in being witty or discussing to much what went on. during the ride. A few people went for a swim, a few people went to get some food, a few people had some beers and a few people slept. For those that hung around there was a rainstorm around 5:00 PM which was a good way for the weekend to end.

Thanks to Collin and Dawn for a great weekend of hashing and drinking. The bike hash will miss them as they are leaving Bangkok next month. They spent alot of their time so we could all enjoy ourselves. They deserve another down down the next chance you get to nominate them.

Turn out, RIDE #65 RIDE #66

Hares	3	4
Members	36	26
Visitors	4	4
New Spokes	10	
Total	53	34

