



Basherama!

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The Official Newsletter of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

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3rd Annual KLMBH International Bash

It's almost here! The event that everyone's been looking forward to, the International Bash!

The time and place are at the foot of the page and lo and behold, there are 6 hares! Two's company and three's a crowd. What happens when you have six?

Well, there's only one way to find out. Don't worry, it won't be the Bataan (a.k.a. KLIA) Death March or the Burning Hills of Afghanistan (said in poor taste, no doubt, but remember Charl's scribe report). What it promises to be is a fun ride for bike hashers of all abilities with a t-shirt and a **BBQ** (Barbie to you Aussies).

The t-shirts have been ordered and the meat has been reserved. **Guest fees (including t-shirts) are RM15 for adults and RM10 for those under 18** and there will be a token BBQ charge for non-riders.

**So come one and come all,
To the lake to have a ball,
We have runs to suit you all,
Be you short or very tall,
With cool t-shirts too,
Which would make cows moo!
And if on the ride you should hit the wall,
Remember that food and drinks await you all!**

And if you don't show up, I'll write more bad poetry!

Ed.itorial

1. Another month, another edition of the Basherama! What can I say? Basherama! 78 is number 30 for me and I now comfortably hold the dubious record of editing/publishing the most number of Basherama!'s in KLMBH history (Fuji Boleh!). Along the way there have been triumphs (getting it out every month), achievements (the 14-page Basherama!?) and disasters (will you ever forgive me for the 2MB Basherama! 59?). I've always enjoyed putting the Basherama! together and sharing my mountain biking experiences with you all.

But the time has come for me to hang my hat up and pass the mantle on to someone else. Remember that change is good, for with new heads come new ideas. And so, at the KLMBH Annual Dinner, you shall all have to choose a new News-Bash to replace me. This is not negotiable.

But fear not for the Basherama! shall live on. All that the Basherama! really needs is contact details and directions to the next bash. Everything else, as Pigpen Pat wrote, is icing on the cake. And so there has been plenty of icing for the past 30 and for the next 2 Basherama!'s.

Ed.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE INTERNATIONAL BASH @ KUNDANG LAKES – 9.30 a.m., 28 October 2001

Option 1 - From KL, head North on the North-South Expressway. Exit at Sungai Buloh. Turn left immediately after toll, towards Kuala Selangor (Route 54). Set tripmeter to zero at next traffic light.

Option2 - Alternately, from LDP pay toll and at Kepong traffic lights take left slip road for Sungai Buloh. Reset Trip. At 4.8 km reset trip again at traffic lights.

Both Options – Drive straight on. Take right turn at 6.9km. Turn left at 9.5km immediately after BP station (on your left), onto a road which is reasonably wide and well paved. At 11.1 km turn left onto a small road **after** passing under some high-tension cables overhead. Follow the road as it turns to the right. At 11.4km turn left again. Follow the edge of the lake until you see the haremobles, green Satria, maroon Wira Aeroback, blue Volvo S70, dark blue Jeep Cherokee... you get the picture!

Hares: The Terrible Three, Rocket Boy, Hare Raiser and "Beer Me!"

www.bikehash.freesevers.com

BITS & BOBS – 1) Swag for sale!. **KLMBH Mugs** (RM15) and 2nd Annual Int’l Bash t-shirts (Blue; RM12) are still available and **make great gifts!** Kindly inquire with Bash Cash. **2) REPEAT! Beer prices for the Bash have increased to RM5.50 each** from RM5.00 due to increased sin taxes levied by the “Powers That Be”. **Softies remain at RM1.50 each.** **3)** I’ve had quite a phobia about Continental tires until I put some onto my road bike over a year ago. Why? Kevlar beaded tires that took superhuman strength to mount and dismount from my rims and of course my Merdeka Day ’97 crash while descending in the rain from the Gap to Kuala Kubu Baru. But since they seemed to work so well on my road bike, I decided to take the plunge and get one for off-road work. My choice, the 1.9 inch Twister Pro. At just a hair under 400 grams it is superlight by virtue of its narrow width, sparse tread and shallow knobs. With such a narrow and light tread, it feels like you’ve lost a pound of the bike when it comes time to spin up those grinder climbs. The tradeoff is that there is less traction available and that you have to keep the air pressure on the high side to prevent pinch flats and rim dings. I’ve found that the reduction in traction helps improve your balance and power delivery, making you a better “finesse” rider. Brute force bashers need not apply. The tires have held up well to more than a month of abuse without showing any signs of wear and tear and at around RM70 (if memory serves me correctly), are quite a bargain. Get them at a Bike Pro Center near you. **4) That’s all for Bits & Bobs for now...**

2001 Calendar of Upcoming Events					
Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks
14 Oct	Singapore Bike Hash	11 Nov	Kiara Grand Prix 6 – Final Race	9 Dec	KLMBH Christmas Bash
28 Oct	KLMBH International Bash	25 Nov	KLMBH November Bash	9 Dec	Singapore Bike Hash
11 Nov	Singapore Bike Hash	8 Dec	KLMBH Annual Dinner		

Ed.itorial Cont’d

I’ve always admired Dirt Rag (the magazine, for the unfamiliar; www.dirtragemag.com) whose tagline is “The Mountain Bike Forum” and strived to make the Basherama! the KLMBH Forum for the discussion of issues and topics of interest to the KLMBH.

Now, it is up to all of you to keep the Forum going.

- Roof Rack owners beware! Fork mount bike carriers and disc brakes don’t mix! We found that out when we tried to load a disc brake equipped bike onto my roof rack a while back. The quick n’ easy fix is an upright bike carrier. Or, you can try to source adapters that will allow you to clamp your disc brake equipped bike to your fork mount bike carrier.
- It seems that development is coming at a great price to Klang Valley mountain bikers. Bukit Kiara is under siege with construction works on Package C of the Sprint Expressway to commence shortly in addition to all the ongoing property development.

And, horror of horrors, they’re putting in a highway over the International Bash hash site! As in Kiara, it started with drilling rigs and a survey line which has now turned into an ugly blight on the landscape. Nevertheless, we’ve managed to route most of the International Bash around all of this.

Think about the reasons behind all of this development when you next pass through these areas and decide for yourself if it is really necessary.

- Pets. What can I say? They keep you company and bring cheer and joy when you need it most. Some are treated as family members, with gourmet food and air-conditioning turned on 24 hours a day, while others can be downright pests, stealing food off your plate and disappearing for mysterious overnight missions.

If you have, or are planning to get pets, just remember that pets are like children and require supervision, attention, proper food & exercise and discipline. Miss out on any one of those and you may very well have a sickly pet or spoiled pet on your hands.

Ed.

Three Guys, Three Bikes and Four Adventures in Taman Negara – Part Tree

I was 16 again. I was lying in my bunk bed in my boarding school dorm room looking up at the plywood base of the top bunk. The fan was turning and I was covered by my trusty blue blanket with my initials embroidered on the right hand corner. The louvered windows were shut and all I could hear was the snoring of my roommates.

Time to get up, stop by the squatting toilet and take a shower before anyone else got up. The ice cold water of the shower woke me up instantly. Seremban water was never this cold! And why were my legs aching so much? The years flashed by. Doh! I’m in Taman Negara!

I walked back to the dorm room to awaken my roomies. The chickens outside were clucking and cackling away. As someone put it:-

“What do we do?!” crows the rooster.

“F**k, F**k, F**k, F**k!” comes the reply. What a life!

When the dormies were ready to go, we trooped down to the restaurant for breakfast. Despite the huge amount of food I put away the night before, I was starving and proceeded to snarf down everything in sight. Well almost. I skipped the baked beans for obvious reasons – remember the campfire scene from “Blazing Saddles”?

Today was going to be a leisurely day for the Three Guys. Everyone else in our little K.L. group was heading back to, where else, K.L. as were some of the others from K.L. Penang and Singapore. We were going to go on a hike to the Abai Waterfall and kick back for the rest of the day.

Cont’d>>

Three Guys, Cont'd

But first, before people started leaving, the Group Photo(s). Paul Kok was a sight to be seen, perched up in the tree with about a dozen cameras hanging around his neck and on his arms. We're lucky he didn't bring down the tree with all that gear!

After about 10 minutes of standing still in the early morning sun, it was all over. We bade farewell to those leaving and started out on our hike to the waterfall.

It began pleasantly enough. We passed the "Welcome to Nusa Camp" sign from the day before, crossed the dirt road and entered the jungle via a well-trodden singletrack.

A couple of hundred meters later, I could feel both the aching in my legs and the fatigue from the previous day building up. It was humid out there in the jungle and I started sweating buckets.

We ran into someone (unnamed) who had decided to turn back. "There's a river crossing. I don't want to get my feet wet!" he said. A few minutes later we came to a fork in the trail. The arrow for the waterfall pointed straight ahead.

Soon the trail led us to the riverbank where a rope was tied across the river. The water looked to be about knee deep. I figured that since we were going to a waterfall, my shoes would be getting wet anyway so I waded across. Brrrr! The water was cold. It made sense since the source of our bathwater at Camp Nusa was further upstream. We crossed in single file and took a short break on the opposite side of the riverbank.

We continued on along the path and eventually came to a chuckhole filled with an Intense Uzzi and an Outland VPP. Adrian and Gilbert had decided to ride up as far as they could and stash their bikes.

We resisted the temptation to re-stash their bikes and continued along the trail as it started climbing up the hill slope on our left.

The gradient increased with every step we took until the trail was damn near vertical.

"Are you sure this is the trail?" someone asked. "It doesn't look like anyone's passed through lately". We all stopped and looked around.

I spied a trail that led downhill.. "This way!" I called and we began our descent back to the river. Sharp bamboo poked at us as we slid and stumbled down the slope. Hidden stumps waited in the shadows to trip us and send us rolling down to the riverbank. Finally, we made it to the river again.

After a short breather, we found a well-beaten path and followed it. It took us away from the river again and after a while we stopped to get our bearings. Azmi and Derek went further up the trail.

I felt something slimy above my ankle. Leech! I flicked it off before it could bite and squashed it into the ground. Die sucker! When I looked up Azmi and Derek were coming back, followed by an Orang Asli family. They said they'd show us the way to the waterfall. We were saved!

Back down the trail to the river we went. When we reached the river, they instructed us to cross to the other bank and climb straight up until we hit the trail. Cool! We thanked them profusely and waded across the river. Just as we hit the trail, we ran into the rest of the group, who were heading back to the Camp!

We carried on to the waterfall with our guide, Harun, who had decided to stay with us to prevent us from going missing again. We clambered over rocks and roots and eventually came to another crossing with a rope across the river. Azmi, Derek and S.T. crossed in good order, chest deep in the water and holding on to the rope.

"Sit on the rock, slide down until you hit the bottom and walk across!" they said. I slid off the rock and immediately was almost up to my chin in water. And my feet weren't even touching the bottom! The current dragged me along the rope until my feet made contact with a rock and I proceeded to haul myself across and out of the river.

As I stood there wringing myself out, Harun arrived on the opposite bank and proceeded to cross over the river by stepping on the tops of the exposed rocks. He didn't even need the rope. He was probably wondering why we were all wet!

The waterfall was sublime, with pools both above and below the falls. We soaked in the cool refreshing water for a while and then frog marched back on the correct trail.

Lunch was practically inhaled by the lot of us. Then Derek suggested that we take a jet boat ride. "Nothing like a roller coaster ride with a full stomach!" I said and off to the jetty we went.

Midi took us upriver and executed a series of spins and turns that left us all soaking wet but thrilled to the max. He asked whether we wanted to go further upriver but we declined as we were turning rather green with the combination of fatigue, full bellies and the hot sun.

We showered with the water piped in from above the waterfall and lazed about all afternoon in our rooms until dinnertime, talking about the things guys usually talk about. Bikes, riding bikes, our crummy jobs, and chickees.

Dinnertime came around and the talk was centered on bikes and riding bikes, of course! Chew's curiosity about disc brakes set Azmi on a roll and he proceeded to enlighten us on the subject with inputs from Sany and Derek. Chew listened very carefully with a wicked smile on his face. Over coffee and biscuits we discussed the merits of full-suspension and the latest in full-suspension technology.

Cont'd >>

Three Guys, Cont'd

The discussion ended quite abruptly as we were showered with leaves by a strong gale that began blowing through the Camp. The Camp workers jumped into the Off-Road Worrier and took off down the trail. We scrambled up the stairs and rushed to our rooms and chalets, making it just before the rain came thundering down. Chew and Hulk ran through the rain to the bathroom to fix themselves up for bed.

"I'll go when the rain stops" I thought smugly as Chew and Hulk returned. There was a giant clap of thunder and the lights went out. Great, just great! Then it began to rain harder.

I waited a few minutes for the power to come back on. Nothing happened. Lightning illuminated the camp eerily every ten seconds or so. I grabbed my flashlight, covered my head with my towel and made dash for the bathroom. Taking a pee in the dark wasn't so bad. The bad part was brushing my teeth by flashlight while looking straight at the mirror with all the thunder and lightning in the background. Spooky!

I charged back through the rain and flopped into bed for a night of sound sleep. We were in for a long journey tomorrow.

We were up before we heard it, the crack of dawn that is. Since my trusty Wira was the only vehicle left parked at Kuala Tahan, we were going to have to catch the first water taxi downriver at 0800, load up the car and meet the other three 4WD's at the turnoff to Nusa Camp.

We packed our gear up and hauled it all to the restaurant for a fuelling stop. Then it was across the suspension bridge over Sungai Abai, which looked like *teh ais* from the previous night's rain, for the final trip down the stairs to the jetty. A short and sweet boat ride later, we were at Kuala Tahan. We huffed and puffed our way up the stairs with all our gear (and bikes) and found my car safe and sound, if a little bit dusty. In went our bags, on went our bikes and off to the floating restaurant for a drink we went.

9.30 a.m. rolled around and we fired up the car and headed to the rendezvous point. Azmi, Derek and S.T. hadn't made it out yet. We figured that the rain had made the road a bit more treacherous than when we rode it. A couple of cigarettes later, the sound of three turbo diesel engines broke through the air. They'd made it and they had the mud stains to prove it!

ECO-XCAPADE 2001 – Confessions of a first-time adventure racer

This was a 4 – 7 hour adventure race for weekend warriors or wannabe racers. It was organised by Nomad Adventure for the adventure hungry Malaysians, Singaporeans and expatriates with a need for some adrenaline pumping action. In the race all teams need to mountain bike, trek, navigate, rock-climb, run, complete an obstacle course and do the ropes' course, fox-fly and complete two mystery tests.

We said thank you and goodbye to Derek and Su Aun, who had some business in Kuala Tahan, and then hedged off in convoy towards the Special Stage to Jerantut. S.T.'s truck led with Azmi bringing up the rear. Just as we hit the dirt road, we ran into dozens of timber trucks parked on both sides of the road, waiting for their loads. Wouldn't want to get stuck behind them!

S.T. took off and left us in his dust. I did my best François Delacour impression trying to keep up. Azmi followed right on my tail and Hulk was asleep in the backseat, oblivious to all the weaving, acceleration and deceleration! We reached Jerantut in good order and proceeded to fill up at a Shell station.

"We'll have lunch in Mentakab" Azmi said "I know a great place!" I started salivating. This man knew his food and we were willing to follow him wherever he was going. "Lead the way" I said. And boy did he ever.

Soon we were flying down the two-lane blacktop at 115kmh, overtaking car after car with S.T.'s Ranger in tow. And we were losing Azmi. What did he have under the hood? My little 1.3 liter engine was running almost flat out with the weight of three fat guys and their gear and the drag of the three bikes on the roof. No worries though, for I knew that Azmi would be waiting for us in Mentakab.

"Boy, you drive like a maniac when you're out of the city!" said Chew as we flew past a Kancil in third gear with the engine bouncing off the rev limiter. What me? Maniac? ☺

Lunch in Mentakab was heavenly. Nasi Beriyani washed down with creamy teh tarik. Yummy! From Mentakab we decided to all go at our own pace. S.T.'s truck was heading directly back to Penang and so he had to hurry while Azmi was heading to K.L. like us. We took a leisurely drive back to K.L. and headed straight for that Mecca of Mountain Bikes, Bike Pro Centre.

Azmi, Sany and Rosmah were already there. We fuffed about while Chew ordered his disc brakes and Chris King hubs. He was convinced that he wanted disc brakes and the Chris King Hubs were the sole concession to weight saving. We recounted our adventures to all and sundry in the shop that Monday afternoon (meaning to Boon Foo and a few hapless customers who didn't even know us) before bidding farewell.

I dropped off my two buddies at a leisurely pace (back in the city, remember?) and drove myself home. The rest of the week at the office lay ahead but now I had fond memories of our many adventures in Taman Negara to help me though it.☺

Ed.

It all started when Liz asked if I wanted to form an all Ladies team with Dawn and herself. I have never taken part in any race prior to this. So I told her I will have to sleep on it. I met Dawn for the first time exactly a month before the race to discuss what we need to do to participate. Below is a summary of each one of us:-

Liz - 49km Hash Run Survivor, gym nut, Mountain Biker

Cont'd >>

ECO-XCAPADE 2001 Cont'd

Dawn - 9th placing in PJ Half Marathon 2001, Clark Hatch Gym Manager, Road Cyclist, Triathlete

Mel - Mountain Biker, 365km PCC Interstate 2001 (Cycling from KL to Mersing) survivor, Rescue Diver, Climber

It was drizzling lightly on race morning. Everyone had arrived and was busy with registration, final team briefings and warm-ups. Yuen-Li announced on the microphone that we were ready to go to the start line, which was up the road from *Rebutia*. We flagged off at 7.30am sharp. It was a jog back through the camp into the jungle behind. It was not even 1km and the organisers managed to get our feet wet with a huge puddle that we could not avoid. It was muddy and smelled funny too. Bet they did that on purpose. Then it was single file up a slope except for the serious teams that overtook from the side.

I tried my best to stay with my team but my laces kept coming loose and I was not fit enough to keep up with them – *aaaarghhh!* It was a good pace of jogging cum running at flats and hiking carefully at up and down hills. The rains had made it more technical with the slide factor. People were slipping all over and every available tree, root and rock came into good use. I grabbed all within sight and reach for support.

Just across the river we saw Checkpoint (CP) 1. All members of the team have to be present before we are let through. Our first check in the passport. It will keep a record of our time of arrival at each CP. Most of the teams were still together at this stage. We had to run through a pair of storm drains then onto the right of the trails up more hills. Once again I was keeping my team behind by not running. It was times like these that I wished I had taken up running. The downhill was not too bad since it was - *trust your legs*. There was one section which was fairly steep and most were either grabbing onto *lallang* on the sides or using their hands to support the descend. It was at this point that I heard a yell and sounds of someone sliding towards me from behind. I quickly jumped to the right and hung on tight with my hands and feet, just in time to see *Joe Adnan aka Casper* sliding on his feet to the bottom of the slope yelling '*this is fun, you should try it!*'.

We got to CP 2 well within the time limit but I was breathless from running up hill and could have done with some rest except it was more down hills so I just kept going with my team. I grabbed a bite of powergel to get a bit of energy. It was a wider path so more teams overtook us. We came to a village and around the corner from it was CP 3. Here we were leading in the women's category. We were determined to keep it that way so went on our way. This time it was a long hill climb. For those of you who are familiar with Kiara, just imagine running up *Twin Peaks* in the wet. Soon I slowed down to hiking pace. Here we saw *Team Spokesworld, Powerbar &* minus one member, Cassie. Both Adli and Kenny were asking if anyone had seen her because they got lost and went the wrong way! We had not, so we went on hiking up the hill. Not long after they came by this time with Cassie in tow.

We got to CP 4, which was the first mystery test section. There was a small waterfall running into a pond then down a river. One member had to find a light stick in the water while the other two put on their harnesses. '*What is a light stick?*' cried both my team mates. So in the water I went in search of the stick along with Adli and another guy from another team. I was shocked by the cold waters (*bbrrrrrr*) and dived several times to try to find the stick but the water was too murky to see anything. Adli found one leaving the other guy and me. I started to wade around and finally hit something with my feet and went down to retrieve a light stick. Relieved but now freezing I hurriedly put on my harness and collected our passport. We continued our hike up the hill to the top where the rock climbing section was. It was here that a few lead teams were running back to continue the race. Wow, these people are fast.

It was quite tricky getting to the rocks because it was a very steep section of loose soil. Luckily for all the roots and rocks that provided us some support to scramble up. When I got to the rocks ie. CP 5, there was a queue waiting to scale the rocks. So out came the gels and everyone took the opportunity to rest and recover. It was a great ambience with everyone talking about the racetrack and cheering the climbers on. Yuen-Li was there with a videocam interviewing everyone. The climb was graded at 5c but it was a covered area where moss festered and ruled. The rocks and holds were also slippery. One team member has to reach the top then come back down to clear this section. A second team member will have to belay the climber up. I checked it out and it looked okay except I have never climbed without my climbing shoes and chalk! But there is always a first time for everything and Liz can pull me up if I have problems. So gathering my courage, I took my turn and tried to scale the rock with my Nike trainers and gloved hands. It was very wet and at one point I slipped and swung away but soon got back onto the rock. I was cheered on by the rest and finally made it. *Phew....*

We ran down back to the river to CP 6 and were directed to turn left and down the river. This was the creek running section, which I was not sure about before. I had never done this but basically it felt like a hiking trip and not a race. I led the first part jumping in and out of the river trying to run along the banks. It was tricky with all the small pebbles, stones and roots, not to mention moss and algae. I lost count the number of times I slipped and fell. But onward we went the three of us soaking up the environment as we ran. It was a typical *malaysian* jungle with lots of foliage, the sun rays streaming through the leaves and wild birds singing. We saw a marshall who directed us to the right up a short trail. Then Liz gained momentum and took the lead. She is fantastic like a gazelle skipping down the river. I had to struggle to keep up with her. Quite a number of times she was out of sight. Dawn kept with me because her shoes were not taking the wet so well. There was hardly any grip.

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ECO-XCAPADE 2001 Cont'd

It seemed like ages when we finally got to the end of the river. Here they pointed to a lovely green fat leech on my left leg with blood running down. It looked happy and well fed. Before I could reach for some salt, it fell off. We took the path on the left up a plateau then followed markers but somehow ended up at the sign CP 2 – *ooops*, we are lost. We back tracked then found the right way. At CP 7 the marshalls were dishing out salt but we were fine so carried on. We came to a cliff that looked down into the river again but it was very steep but magnificent with the lovely waterfalls on our right. We had to climb down. We were happy to find out that we were still in the lead and not far behind some other teams.

We clambered down after *Team Sei Lun Chair* – Joe, Cheah and Martin. We ran towards the storm drains to CP 8 and were told to find a trail up to the second *pylon* on top of the hill - the marshall pointed it out. We crossed the river and washed out all the stones then ran up the trail towards the *pylon*. We were supposed to find the start of the navigation section. This *pylon* is also CP 14 but not for us. We saw *Team Big, Bald & Hairy* (Tom, Ben and Remy) with their bikes checking-in. They did not look tired at all but we were. We took some time finding the start. I even sent Liz up the hill but in the end Dawn found it on the concrete slab. We set the compass and set off. It was very easy and soon we arrived at CP 9. We were told to go down a path to the second mystery test site. Now even the marshalls were cheering us on since we were the first all women's team – *go, go, go*.

Melody "Hare Raiser" Tan, Team 3nity
To be continued in Basherama! 79

A Day at the Races – Shah Alam – 14 October 2001

There was a newfound camaraderie among the 35 + category road race this weekend that they can brag about in days to come. In the road race of 9 laps, almost 30 riders turn up with the best Colnago Ferrari Limited Edition and Fondriest.

It was a fast paced race from the "gunshot" with a lot of shootings from some unknown riders. Lester from Ipoh broke away from the start and was not caught. The rest of us were trying to stay with the pack led by a Singh from Police. Jack Babani was marshalling the group to chase at the 4th lap without any response from the peleton. Rafique was a force to reckon as he pulled the rest for a lap or so. With his 6 footer body, the 5 foot nothing suckers were too happy just to tow the line.

I can see that Doc Rahim is learning to pace instead of hammering. Farizul's panic can be seen like a "dog balls" when he shift his down tube shifters. Jordan was giving tips to the Le Tua group in their Deutsche Telekom jerseys. There were 6 of them in that Ulrich jersey, which will scare the others.

There was almost a 4-man breakaway on the 6th laps but was caught when they slow down. The speed usually picks up at the finish's stretch and it headed into a strong headwind. Last lap with the bell ringing was anxious as everybody has their own plan, with lesson learned from the morning MTB race; do not attack too early or you will run out of steam. At the turn to the final 500m, you can hear the shifting of gear for the sprint.

1st and 2nd goes to Lester and Singh. 3rd, 4th and 5th were won by the Le Tua boys. A feather in the cap. 6 - 10th are Doc Rahim, Farizul, Zailan, Jordan, Hisham, Jack and me. Team Le Tua give an honor lap and we knew it was a good outing for all of us who stay loyal one year after the boycott. How I wish Richard "Vibrator" Aubry were here.

Tan Boon Foo

HARELINE

In order to facilitate the efficient planning of your 2001 cycling calendar, the following Bash dates have been fixed for this year. As in the past two years, your Committee has decided not to adopt a receding hareline, whereby all members are required to set hashes on a rota system, this year and therefore volunteer hares are needed to keep the Hareline going.

Setting a Bash is a rewarding experience as it involves planning, much adventure, camaraderie, some deviant thinking and a great sense of satisfaction when the pack charges off down your false trail and/or your fellow Bashers curse you out at the end of the Bash and then buy you a beer. In fact, setting a Hash is so much fun as evidenced by the Hare Tonic overleaf.

Anyone interested in setting a Bash can contact the Melody, the Hare-Raiser, and for those who have no experience in setting a Bash, fear not for your Committee shall pair you up with an experienced Hare who shall pass on his/her wisdom free of charge. **Hares will also have the exclusive use of the KLMBH guillotine and the KLMBH directional signs to help prepare for their Bash (Ooh! Ahh!).**

Bash	Bash #	Date	Hares/Notes
October	85	28 October 2001	The Terrible Three, Hare Raiser and "Beer Me!"
November	86	25 November 2001	Jake Slodki and Conrad Fawcett (Note change in date!)
December	87	9 December 2001	Matt Schnelllar and Melody
January	88	27 January 2002	Low Min Chee and Eric Teo
February	89	24 February 2002	Scott Roberts and A.N. Other
March	90	31 March 2002	Hares needed!
April	91	28 April 2002	Hares needed!
May	92	26 May 2002	Hares needed!

Swap Meet

Property to let - Bangsar Ria townhouse, 1,600-1,700 sq ft, 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. 4 split-levels, located near the infamous Tivoli Villa, with back facing the Universiti Malaya reserve land and the Sprint highway (don't worry, far away). 4 units of air cond, semi-furnished, almost ready to move in. RM1,600 per month. Contact Chew at 012 488 3818 or hoon.c.toh@jflaming.com.

Pair of Panaracer Fire XC Pro 2.1 inch kevlar bead tires. Black with red sidewalls. Good condition. RM80 ono takes 'em both. Contact Fuji @ 012 307 6815 or ngahfuji@tm.net.my or look for the haremobil WGK 9898 at the next Bash.

Bitten Heroes – Two Days of Hell on Bikes

“Ini tak boleh, ni (this can't be done)” said the cop, pointing in the general direction of our car.

Was it the four bikes on the roof rack and trunk rack or was it the four haggard, hungry and slightly stinky desperados in the car, I wondered. Or was it that someone was a little short on coffee money towards the end of the month?

He stared at us and we stared back. Finally, seeing that there was no fear written on our faces and no folded RM50 bills in our hands, he relented and waved us on through the roadblock and towards our lunch.

Over nasi briyani and teh ais we recounted our stories of triumph and suffering over the past two days on one of the most hardcore of hardcore rides around, Janda Baik to Batu 18, Hulu Langat.

I had never wanted to do the Janda Baik to Kenaboi ride, as mentioned in our beloved webbe site, as it was tough ride to do in one day. Well, for someone of my abilities, anyway. Chew's answer to that was simple, “We'll camp in the jungle!” “No way, José” I said. I may be a mountain biker but a camper I ain't!

When I heard that the PCC was organizing this overnight, 4WD supported, trip, I answered the door when opportunity knocked in the form of an e-mail from James Yap. He promised places for us if we were committed to go. As they say on the hash, ON ON!

That weekend began earlier than usual for me. I knocked off work on Friday at 6 p.m. (!) and headed over to the Centrepoint McDonald's to meet up with the rest of the group of riders. We stashed our overnight bags in the Pajero and headed off to stash cars at Batu 18 village for the journey home.

We drove in a convoy to the Batu 18 police station and parked the cars outside. Everyone jumped into my car and we were off to K.L. again. I'm sure the cops must have wondering what the heck was going on. I dropped everyone off and took off for home to have dinner and finish packing up my Camelbak. Rocky Jr. was already in Joe's Disco-very, which was primed for a 0600 pick-up.

What did I pack in my HAWG?

1. Two bladders, one full and the other half full;
2. Two power bars and 4 power gels (more in the overnight bag);
3. All my regular tools, my new McGuyver multi-tool and an 8mm allen wrench for my XTR crank bolts;
4. Extra Ritchey and Shimano (front) and Avid (rear) brake pads together with extra pins. Spare pulleys for my rear derailleur. Spare derailleur cables and housing. Spare chain links
5. Extra batteries for the GPS;
6. Extra gloves. Replacement straps for my Sidi shoes. Pearl Izumi windbreaker;
7. Basic medical kit including bandages, painkillers, antiseptic cream and vitamins. Sunblock;
8. Wallet and mobile phone wrapped in plastic;
9. Trail map with GPS waypoints wrapped in plastic. Compass;
10. Handsaw;
11. Mini-pump, two spare tubes, patch kit and speed patches; and
12. Chain lube.

Basically, everything that I would need to survive a super hardcore one-way ride with little support available for most of the way.

I hopped into bed at midnight and fell fast asleep. The alarm woke me at 5 o'clock and I got myself ready to go. I treasured the moments spent on the throne coz' I wouldn't be seeing one for quite a while, in relative terms anyway.

I dressed in my old shorts and jersey, as we'd been warned that they'd be tattered by the end of the ride from all the thorns, bamboo and branches lining the trail. On went my old socks and shoes. I hoisted the Camelbak onto my back, picked up my helmet and gloves, locked the door behind me and went out the back gate to wait for my 0600 Disco-very pick-up.

Ed.

To be continued in Basherama! 79

Scribe Reports

Aarghh! It looks like good ol' Ed. has forgotten the identities of the scribes for the September Bash! You know who you are and so if you're reading this, send it to me before the middle of next month and I'll print it up.

All I have to say about the September Bash is that it was good. In fact, it was so good that my little group of four came in dead last with a good 45-minute gap on the 2nd last group in. Whoa! I new we were Terrible but this was truly Terrible! Good checks and wonderful singletrack were the highlights of the ride. Too bad there wasn't any more 100 Plus left after!

Ed.

Lost n' Found at Recent Bashes

Nalini headband. Green. Wet and stinky when found, nice n' clean now. Found after September Bash. Collect from haremobil WGK 9898 at the next bash.

MAA watch. Found some time ago and forgotten for a while. Collect from haremobil WGK 9898 at the next bash.

HARE TONIC

In Basherama! 48, Hare Tonic was introduced in an effort to encourage more members to step forward as hares. The idea was to reward hares who had set 5 or more Bashes with Pewter Mugs. The Committee is currently sourcing the rewards (which may or may not be in the form of Pewter Mugs or exclusive Jerseys) with the intention of presenting them to the deserving hares as soon as possible (whenever that is!).

The score as it stands as updated by Speedy the Dog on our very own website and further updated by my own count as at 15 October 2001 is presented below. As mentioned before, if you feel that you've set more Bashes than listed below, kindly contact Ed. or Speedy the Dog to set the record straight.

Azizul Adnan	14	Alistair Swanson	2	S.Y. Chong	1	Pinhead	1
Richard Aubry (Awarded)	12	Simon Kenney	2	Clara Chin	1	Simon Ng	1
Eric Teo	8	Dick Shelly	2	Colin Jackson	1	Steve Ellison	1
Ngah Fuji Bakri	7	Grant Lee	2	Dave Baker	1	Kenny Stewart	1
Gordon Fraser	6	Jake Slodki	2	David Foo	1	Karen Brunsdon	1
Pat Brunsdon	6	John Hagedorn	2	Emma Booth	1	Janie Ravenhurst	1
Peter Bloomer	5	John Mugford	2	Geoff Stecyk	1	Paul Moir	1
Barry Hills	5	John Spencer	2	Graham	1	Jamie Knowles	1
Mike Elliot	5	Kelvin Wong	2	Ian Miller	1	Robbie Knowles	1
Hulk	5	Noel Brennan	2	James Aubry	1	Conrad Fawcett	1
Denis French	4	Nigel Blott	2	Jeff Dean	1	Melody Tan	1
Alison Keeler	4	Shariman Alwani	2	Johnathan Startin	1	Charl Bester	1
Shaharudin Damis	4	Speedy the Dog	2	Marie Benedix	1	Chew	1
Paul Sweeney	4	Tan Boon Foo	2	Mark Clark	1	Ingrid Burke	1
Bill Steven	3	Larry Chan	2	Mike Smit	1	Scott Roberts	1
Mark Chaterton	3	Andy Blake	1	Mike Wright	1	James Lim	1
Peter Heston	3	Andy Knellar	1	Paul Booth	1	Gostarnjoe	1
Animal Elford	3	Angus Knowles	1	Peter Pickernell	1	Matt Schnelllar	1
Raymond Keys	3	Annett Frohlich	1	Phaedra	1	Nick Smith	1

www.bikehash.freesevers.com