



Basherama!

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3rd Annual KLMBH International Bash – Post-Ride Report

And so it was that 46 KLMBH members and 47 guests bravely made the journey to Kundang Lakes for the International Bash despite the threat of the rain clouds hanging over the Klang Valley that Sunday morning. Perhaps they'd forgotten that one of the hares was none other than the Rainman himself!

The clouds turned out to be a blessing in disguise as they provided shade for everyone during the ride and BBQ and helped keep tempers from flaring during the Long Run ☺. The hares were relieved by this turn of events as they had gotten totally soaked the day before while laying paper. The Terrible Three, living up to their name, took 8 hours (!) to lay the paper for the Long Run. Truly terrible! And proud of it!

The rain did play havoc with the Long Run paper for a bit which made the Long Run a wee bit chaotic at the beginning, with muttered threats against the Hares being overheard. Meanwhile the Short Run paper was re-laid that morning by Beer Me!, who also scared away two big n' bad cobras in the process, clearing the way for the Short Runners.

The rides were good fun for all who rode, although several dozen Long Bashes got suckered into riding down some terraces to a back check by one of the Hares, who proceeded to ride back up as soon as everyone arrived at the bottom. Sneaky, aye?

The BBQ was a lip smacking, finger lickin' and burp inducing affair with beef filets, egg banjo's, lamb cutlets, sausages and satay, all washed down with ice-cold softies and beer. Many thanks go out to the ladies who manned the BBQ, Melody, Adele, Karen, Shi Fun, Cassandra and LG (and any others whom I may have missed) and to Tan Boon Foo as well.

Long Live the International Bash! And Long Live the Hares!

Ed.

Editorial

1. **No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service.** Those of you who are American would be familiar with this notice found posted at lots of restaurants and shops (even if you're from Brisbane, mate!). What it means is simply that one should be decently attired for a meal or to go shopping. Simple policy, no?

And therefore, in light of several recent incidents and in order to protect some people from themselves, the KLMBH shall also be instituting it's own policy for attire and gear; i.e. **No Helmet, No Water, No Ride.** Period. Trust us on this one.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE NOVEMBER BASH @ ULU YAM BARU – 9.30 a.m., 25 November 2001

Ok here it goes...

Take the Plus highway north towards Ipoh. Exit Rawang and Zero trip meter. Turn right and follow the signs toward the downtown center of Rawang, the road has been repaved so smooth sailing at this point. Pass through downtown Rawang and continue North.

You will pass a set of traffic lights at approximately 8km. Keep going north at this point. At km 23.9 or 24km depending on the wheel size of the auto and age etc, you come to the town of Batang Kali. There is a traffic signal there. Turn left at this set of traffic lights. The road number is B113 to Ulu Yam Baru/ Genting Highlands. There is also a bus depot on your left side as you make the corner. Travel forward along this road past shophouses on the left and a bit further a market on the right. At km 28.4 you will come to a large 4 way intersection with a restaurant at the crossroads called the Lucky Like. Look for the old grey BMW 525 plate number WBA 9656.

Get on your bike and ride.

Hares: Jake Slodki and Conrad Fawcett

BITS & BOBS – 1) Swag for sale!. **KLMBH Mugs** (RM15), 2nd Annual Int'l Bash t-shirts (Blue; RM12) and 3rd Annual International Bash t-shirts (White RM10) 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)** For all members who have yet to collect their 3rd International Bash t-shirts, you may do so at the next Bash from the registration table. **4)** Try to avoid consuming spicy food before and during rides. Fish curry and other spicy food has a nasty habit of trying to make its escape from the clutches of your digestive system when you're hammering Pat's Egress, the 2km Loop or Twin Peaks in Kiara or when you're halfway through laying paper for the next days' Bash. Not a pleasant feeling, I guarantee! **5)** That's all for Bits & Bobs for now...

HOW I VOLUNTEERED TO BE THE SCRIBE, UP TO TODAY I STILL COULDN'T FIGURED IT OUT! SOMEHOW MY HAND AUTOMATICALLY WENT UP WHEN A VOLUNTEER WAS REQUESTED. MUST BE MY BRAIN IS STILL NOT AWAKE FROM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S BOOZING.

NOT KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT AS THIS IS THE FIRST TIME RIDING WITH BIKE HASH, AS A HASHER I EXPECTED THE WORST. EVENTUALLY IT TURNED OUT TO BE NOT SO TOUGH A RIDE. ON ON WAS CALLED BY THE HARE (CAN'T REMEMBER HIS NAME NOW) AT ABOUT 9.40AM AND HE DIRECTED US TO THE RIGHT TRAIL AND ACTED AS SWEEPER. EVERYONE WAS RIDING AT A DECENT SPEED UNTIL WE GOT TO THE FIRST SERIOUS CLIMB. SUDDENLY HALF THE RIDERS GOT OFF THEIR BIKES AND PUSHED! I WAS SO SURPRISED, I ALMOST FELL OFF MY BIKE.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL THERE WAS A CHECK. I CHECKED LEFT AND TOOK THE FIRST RIGHT TURN GOING DOWNHILL. THINKING IT WAS TOO EASY FOR THE IN-TRAIL TO CONTINUE STRAIGHT, KNOWING THE SNEAKY HASH BASTARDS, I TOOK THE FIRST RIGHT TURN AGAIN TO CYCLE UP A SLIGHT INCLINE. UNFORTUNATELY ON ON WAS CALLED WHERE I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO EASY. SO THE HARE IS NOT SUCH A SNEAKY BASTARD AFTER ALL. OVERTAKING MOST OF THE FRONT RIDERS, MY COMPANION AND I RODE ON UNTIL WE HAVE TO GET OFF OUR BIKES TO CARRY DOWNHILL, AND THERE WAS THE SECOND CHECK. READING THE HARE'S MIND, I TOOK THE TRAIL THAT GOES UPHILL AND SURE THERE WAS THE IN-TRAIL. AFTER THAT, THERE WAS A LONG AND PLEASANT RIDE TO A CLEARING, WHERE FOLLOWING PAPER, WE HAVE TO CARRY OUR BIKES OVER SOME ROUGH AND SOFT AREAS. THEN I MAKE THE MISTAKE OF FOLLOWING THE WRONG PAPER, TURNED RIGHT INSTEAD OF LEFT AT A T-JUNCTION. SOMETIMES TOO MUCH EXPERIENCE IS A BAD THING. BY THE TIME I REALISED MY MISTAKE, AND TOOK THE RIGHT ROUTE, WE WERE AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT PACK.

WE MANAGED TO CATCH UP AT THE THIRD CHECK WHICH WAS A T-JUNCTION. TO THE LEFT IS GOING DOWNHILL AND TO THE RIGHT, UP. AFTER A SHORT REST, A GROUP OF US DECIDED TO BE THE HEROES AND LOOK FOR THE IN-TRAIL UP THE HILL. AT THE CREST OF THE HILL, I THOUGHT THAT WE HAVE GONE FAR ENOUGH, BUT MOST OF THE GUNG-HO RIDERS STILL WENT DOWN. AFTER A SHORT WAIT, SURE ENOUGH, ON ON WAS CALLED BEHIND ME. THERE WAS A SMALL TRAIL BRANCHING OFF TO THE RIGHT MIDWAY UP THE HILL THAT IN OUR EXCITEMENT WE MISSED. I PITY THOSE POOR BUGGERS WHO HAVE TO CLIMB BACK UP THE STEEP HILL TO BACK TRACK

WE WERE PROMISED A GOOD DOWNHILL RUN BY THE HARE AND SURE ENOUGH THERE WAS BUT LIKE ALL GOOD THINGS THIS HAS TO COME TO AN END. NEXT WAS A STEEP UPHILL AND HEY BRAVO, GUESS WHAT, THERE WAS A CHECK AGAIN. AND GUESS WHAT, AS I SUSPECTED, THE IN-TRAIL STARTS ON TOP OF THE HILL AGAIN! THE SNEAKY AFTER ALL HARE WANTED TO CATCH THE LAZY BUGGERS WHO ARE LIKELY TO CHECK DOWNHILL FIRST AND HOPE TO GET AWAY WITH IT. I WORK ON A DIFFERENT

PRINCIPLE OF WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN AND WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP. SO IN A WAY, ALL THOSE LAZY BUGGERS SHOULD THANK ME FOR GETTING TO CHECKS FIRST.

ANOTHER LONG AND PLEASANT RIDE TO BACK TO THE RUN SITE, REACHING IT AT ABOUT 11.20AM. WE WERE LUCKY THAT THERE WAS AN OVERCAST SKY AND THEREFORE THE WEATHER WAS NOT THAT HOT ESPECIALLY AS THERE WERE QUITE A BIT OF OPEN AREAS

OVERALL, A GOOD RIDE AND FROM THE COMMENTS OF OTHER RIDERS, ONE OF THE PREFERRED AREAS TO RIDE AND THE HARE DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB. SYABAS TO THE HARE

YEOH LAM KONG

Editorial Cont'd

2. I recently spent three nights in Penang in the warm and wonderful company of the Knights of the Round Table. Many thanks go out to Azmi, Sup, Gary, Shaharin, S.T., Anuar and Alan for their gracious hospitality. Read all about it in the next issue of the Basherama!
3. Birth Announcement! Paul Sweeney and Josephine Koay are the proud parents of a baby girl born on 12 November 2001 weighing 3.07 kg. Mother and daughter are doing fine. Congratulations to the proud parents!
4. Alright, who set me up? My name has appeared alongside that of Casper in the most notorious of men's magazines. No not Playboy! FHM! (November issue)

It seems that I gave a tour of Kiara to the writer although for the life of me I can't recall anyone fitting that description. Unless it was Steve, the British freelance reporter from Pro Cycling who joined us for the Kajang Bash back in June. But he wasn't in a Volvo XC! Hmm! Still waiting for all the girls to call, though...

Nevertheless, the KLMBH also got equal mention so we might as well milk it for all it's worth. For all those with a ball and chain, the KLMBH article is a perfect excuse to bring home those pictures of J.Lo! ☺

5. It's almost time to renew those KLMBH memberships for 2002. Better to be the early bird that gets the worm if you know what I mean. So go ahead and fill out the application form attached separately to the cover e-mail and submit it at the registration table during the next Bash.

Also, any new adult members joining between now and the December Bash will be get an early bird special and not have to pay any guest fees.

6. Well, the month of Ramadhan is here and this means that Ed. and his Muslim brothers and sisters will be taking a break from the Bike Hash for a while. No matter, a little sacrifice goes a long way and I'm looking forward to Hari Raya and many more good rides after. **Selamat Berpuasa!**

Ed.

3rd International Bash: Kundang Lakes by Speedy the Dog

There was quite a number of humans at the last bash, some of them old friends like Auntie Mel (friendly), Uncles Fuji and Chew (need baths) and Uncle Raymond (Irish). There were quite a number of new faces too, whom I duly greeted by licking them to check out how

The second and third checks were despatched in similarly dismissive fashion. Then, disaster struck! Somehow some of us had gotten onto another section of the paper trail. "Short-circuited", in the words of one of the hares, although I fail to see why it should be so described, since we had to double back the way we came. "Long-circuited", more like.

We were soon on the right trail again. The rest of the trail

they tasted.

After the pre-ride briefing and a snack of Eukanuba biscuits, we set off into the oil-palm estate. I was quite eager to get going at the start, after not having run a Long Bash since the first International Bash. As I sped to the front, I vaguely heard Joe muttering something about conserving energy for the rest of the ride.

We came to the first check shortly after. It was so easy that a dog could solve it. In fact, a dog DID solve it. You see, we were at the Northern perimeter of the estate, so it would be natural for the hare to take us East along the perimeter before heading South in a counter-clockwise loop. Sure enough, we found paper a short way along the trail on the right.

A short word on the paper: it had rained heavily the day before while the hares were setting the trail. It had also rained in the night. So, the paper squares had started to take on the appearance and consistency of used toilet paper. Which, needless to say, made the paper difficult to see against the brown dirt. Doubly difficult if you are, like me, colour-blind. Note to hares: try as far as possible to lay paper on grassy bits on the trail.

proceeded through more oil palm. Intermittent sections of singletrack spiced things up a little, but not enough to relieve the monotony of the unchanging scenery. It was worse for Joe, who had co-hared the last hash in Tuan Mee in identical terrain. He's had enough of oil palm for a while, I think. In any case, it looks like some of the favourite bike hash haunts near here will be decimated by the building of a new highway. A wide swathe had been cleared, which we kept crossing and re-crossing as we made our way back to the lake where the cars were parked.

Finally, we were back at the lake. And not a moment too soon. Any further, and I would have reported Joe to the SPCA. A rollicking barbecue party was going on we got there, with lots of superb satay to go around. I followed anyone who had food in their hands; usually a little lip-smacking was all that was needed to persuade them to share their food with a hungry dog. Except for one nasty fellow who shooed me away (**Boo! Hiss! - Ed.**).

So, well done the hares. It was a decent trail, although I would have liked more singletrack. Trail setting could have been better, perhaps the confusion on the early stage of the hash could have been avoided, and paper laid more purposefully in anticipation of rain. The location was great for the barbecue, but the monotony of the unchanging scenery kept this bash from being a great one.

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 on page 7.

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
November	86	25 November 2001	Jake Slodki and Conrad Fawcett (Note change in date!)
December	87	9 December 2001	Matt Schnellar and Melody
January	88	27 January 2002	Low Min Chee and Eric Teo (tentatively called the Fatt Fatt Bash)
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!
June	93	30 June 2002	Hares needed!

2001/2002 Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks
25 Nov	KLMBH November Bash	9 Dec	Singapore Bike Hash	20 Jan	Singapore Bike Hash
8 Dec	KLMBH Annual Dinner	16-17 Dec	Malacca Bike Hash	27 Jan	KLMBH January Bash
9 Dec	KLMBH Christmas Bash	23 Dec	KOTRT Fellowship Ride - Gopeng	24 Feb	KLMBH February Bash

ECO-XCAPADE 2001 – Confessions of a first-time adventure racer – Part 2

by Melody “Hare Raiser” Tan

We found a marshall holding a rope belaying someone down a dark tunnel. It leads to the road she said. It was too dark to see or gauge the depth but there was a ladder on the side. On the road, there were spectators probably thinking we were a bunch of crazy townies. So it was our turn. Liz went first, followed by Dawn with belay then myself. At the road, we were directed back to the camp. We tried to run but I was out of breath. We got into camp and were directed to the obstacle section. Everyone was shouting at us to keep it up.

CP10 was typically what one would find in any outdoor course. We first had to climb through a used tire, then over a monkey frame, crawl on our stomach under barbed wire then over a wall. At the wall, we got some advice from Billy the marshall, who said we need to send the bigger ones up first then pull the last one up. So Dawn went up, followed by me then we tried to pull Liz up. We would have scraped her hands if Billy did not give her a slight push. We quickly grabbed her harness and hauled her over. Then we ran to our bikes. I filled my biking tools in my camelbak and drank up a 100-plus then Geoff came over to tell us that we have 4 minutes to go before cut-off. Reality hit us and we looked at each other then rushed off.

We had to cycle out to the main road then up towards the quarry. It was starting to get really hot since it was about noon. We got to the quarry and my legs were so tired I could not cycle some hill sections. It was with shame that I got off and started pushing but then I felt I was going to cramp and stopped just went it was too late. Both my calves got it bad so I stopped and put some deep heat (I recommend carrying this during any race) on and stretched out my legs. The camera crew was soon at my side filming my now mud-covered legs being massaged. Why do I always get myself into these situations? She asked about the blood on my leg and how the race has been. Soon I stood up and we continued our journey up the hill. I tried to cycle to loosen the muscles and managed to most of the way.

We got to CP 11 with two other teams – one mixed and one all men’s team. Edward of PCC warned us to look for markers because it was quite tricky. It was a downhill section leading down the side into the cliff! I saw the first marker but missed the second and Edward had to re-direct us. It was very loose soil and there was no way one could walk with a bike. So we formed a chain with the men’s team (thank you guys) and passed the bikes along. I had to climb back up from where I was, down below and it was not funny with the soil coming loose below my shoes.

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@jfleming.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 WGK 9898 at the next Bash.

Both our teams kept together even after the hut where we were told was rideable. I gestured to both Liz and Dawn that I will see them down below and set off. It was a lovely section gardened by Geoff and helpers. There were some obstacles in the form of fallen trees but otherwise lovely except for the final section that had ruts carved by water. Now it looked wet and mossy so I decided to push. I came out onto the road and together with my team we cycled up to CP 12.

It was a gradual hill climb to get there and I saw Nabil’s Tar and Grime group of PCC coming down the road on the other side. I was saying hi to everyone I knew. We got there finally but were given a serious ultimatum by Geoff. We had just made the cut off but the next section was the toughest. Most of it was not bikeable and it was downhill to the river then a push along the river to the camp. He predicts a one and a half hour of pushing and carrying bikes. I looked at my team and we all decided to go back to camp since it was already 1pm. So we cycled back to camp on the road and dropped out bikes and headed to CP 15. Now this is not Dawn’s favourite at all. We had a try the day before during the check out. But as Captain of the team, I said we have to complete this so that we may still be considered for something since we were still in the lead for women’s category. We all were in consensus.

So it was a walk on logs that were up in the trees. We were tied-in to a rope over our heads as a safety precaution. Liz went first without any problems. We sandwiched Dawn who was scared of heights. She was really brave considering it was quite high up and the pressure of completing was also there. It was a battle on every log and the ladder was probably the worst since it swayed and weighed down with every step we made. We got to the ropes, which we had to climb up to get to the top of the platform to zip fly from. It was a feeling of release knowing it was the end.

We were relieved it was all over and were taking our harnesses off and chatting away when the camera lady came running saying the finish line was there (she pointed to the other side) and that she wanted to interview us after. We ran over to CP 16, the finish line and surrendered our passport. Yippee!!! I ran for the buffet table faster than while racing.

The organisers were really good about making everyone feel good. All teams that completed CP 1 to CP 16 fell into the Kiasu 1 category. Teams that nearly completed missing just a few fell into Kiasu 2 category – we are in this category since we missed out CPs 13 and 14. Kiasi category is for the other teams. We won 1st prize for women’s category since we were the best out of the three women’s teams – yes, there were only three teams. **Hip, hip, hurray for Team 3nity!**

(Ed.’s note – What next for Melody, the Eco Challenge?)

Bitten Heroes – Two Days of Hell on Bikes – Part 2

The Disco-very came to a screeching halt in front of me and I jumped in. We took off down the hill in a cloud of flying earth and tire smoke. We had two more pick-ups before heading off to Janda Baik. We pulled into the Damansara Heights Shell station to wait for Amir. He pulled up in a flash and bade farewell to Maheran for the weekend. Off to Chew's next. As we were bombing down the roads towards Genting Sempah, Amir distributed the care packages that Maheran had prepared for us.

Soon after we passing through the Karak Highway tollgate, we received a call from James Yap. Yong's bike had turned up AWOL off a trunk rack upon arrival at Genting Sempah. We were asked to keep an eye out for it. No luck, unfortunately.

We pulled into Genting Sempah and proceeded to chow down on breakfast to provide fuel for our two-wheeled journey. A quick pit stop and the convoy was off to Janda Baik. We created quite a stir as we roared into Janda Baik and proceeded to gear up and lock up the vehicles to be left behind. We left in a pack down the road towards the trailhead. Chew was recovering from the Flu but it was I who was left way behind. A ride briefing was given at the trailhead. Among the warnings were to avoid riding through the mud pools to preserve the brakes and drivetrains of our steeds. We'd need to ride out the next day as well, after all. Macho bravado was also discouraged on the numerous tricky climbs and descents as we would be a loong way from help if any serious injuries occurred.

With that we proceeded up the dirt road, with Joe in the lead and James sweeping. It was 0830.

The mud started soon after. Thick and goeey. Thin and runny. You name it, that trail had it. Huge ruts had been carved out by the 4wd's which used the road. The road took us up past several ginger farms and through several streams. Some riders had to resort to washing out their bikes in the streams. And we were only 5km in!

The climbs began to get gnarlier and we had to push up some of the more heavily rutted ones. Amir seemed to be going great guns. Especially since he'd only finished his Karaoke session at 0300 that morning! Soon the vegetation began to close in on us and we left behind all traces of civilization. The branches and thorns picked at our skin and clothes. We continued climbing on bike and on foot. The ground was soft underfoot in many places and we kept having to remind ourselves to take it easy.

"Stop! Stop!" I yelled to Chew. I reached over and flicked a leech of his calf. Shit! As if the mud wasn't bad enough. Our little group proceeded to check for leeches. I found one on my shoe and flicked it off. I wasn't about to wait around. It was time to jet!

We stuck together, Chew, Alan, Gilbert, Adrian and I. We passed through small streams and clearings. We stopped every now and then for cigarette, photo and leech hunting breaks. The trail began to point down towards a valley. I took several branches smack in the face. The mud, fallen leaves and broken branches made for a treacherous surface. Chew lurved the downhill.

We passed through a section of the trail which had collapsed due to a landslide. One slip and we would have tumbled down 100 feet. Needless to say, we walked it.

We were almost halfway through the ride when we entered the wide valley. We rode on along the winding muddy trail through what seemed like a swamp, crossing several streams

There were a few abandoned 4wd bridges to cross too. At one such bridge, Adrian, Gilbert, Chew and I forded the river while Alan attempted to cross the bridge on foot.

There was a yelp followed by a huge splash. Alan had fallen into the river! Adrian and Gilbert rushed to his aid. Apart from being soaked to the skin, he was o.k.

A short while later, we arrived at Sungai Makan. It was 1200. Most of the group was already there, chowing down on whatever they had packed for lunch. I took off my shoes (with some difficulty as the buckles were jammed with mud) and socks and proceeded to wash them out in the river. No leeches. Cool!

Then it was time for lunch. I removed Maheran's care package from my HAWG. Fried rice AND a plastic spoon in a large Ziploc bag. Yummy! I ate as much as I could and kept the rest for later. We kicked back for a bit. James arrived and proceeded to wolf down his lunch. Sweeping was a tough job.

Soon everyone geared up and took off down the trail. The next rendezvous would be at the waterfall. Chew and I followed shortly after. James would sweep behind us. A couple of kilometers later, Chew began to feel nauseous. He looked kinda green to me too. We took break in a shady spot and I passed him some vitamin C. Chew was feeling better by the time James caught up with us and we set off up the trail.

We began to climb out of the valley. The trail was really muddy and there were leeches everywhere. Chew got one between his fingers and ripped it off. We pushed, we rode, we struggled. My shoes and socks were covered in mud again. The sky began to turn dark. We took another ciggy break. I took the opportunity to turn in my brake lever barrel adjusters to compensate for the pad wear. The only things keeping me from sliding off into oblivion were my Ceramic rims.

We reached the waterfall just as the rain started to fall. We were bone tired. Joe and some of the others were there. They took off in a group just as the rain began to pour down. We took shelter under a tree for a while and then decided to press on. We had been told that there was one final big climb before the descent to the campsite.

I got chainsuck as we began to climb. Shit! I got off and pushed as Chew motored on. The rain got heavier. We were soaked within minutes.

Cont'd >>

Bitten Heroes – Two Days of Hell on Bikes cont'd

Somewhere near the top, I found Chew taking shelter under a tree. I joined him and found that it was relatively dry underneath. There we were, dirty, tired, soaking wet and in the middle of nowhere. What were we doing here? ☹

“You know what would be good right now?” said Chew, “Some real food. Not that PowerBar and PowerGel stuff”.

I nodded in agreement. Then I had a brainstorm!

“Well, we’ve still got our Fried Rice!” I said. We dug out our Ziploc bags and proceeded to snarf down the remains of our lunch. Perfect!

James came by and told us that we didn’t have too far to go. We waited for a bit and hopped on our bikes. The rain had turned the trail surface into muddy slurry. There were survey markers planted along the road. This section was navigable by 4wd’s. We had to be close to the camp! A few short climbs and a mega-descent later, we came across James waiting for us at a barely visible trail junction.

“The camp is at the end of the trail. You can’t miss it” he said. We pointed our bikes down the trail and high tailed it for the camp. One slippery downhill and one stream crossing later we rolled into the camp.

It was 1730. We would have jumped for joy if only we could. We were bone tired.

The 4wd support vehicles had set up camp and the 4-wheelers were already preparing our grub. The camp had been built by the Orang Asli for the 4-wheelers and consisted of several huts and sheds, the largest of which was our accommodation for the night, the sleeping shed. The camp was bordered on two sides by streams, one main and one small.

We parked our bikes and found our bags close at hand. Most of the other riders had already staked their claim in the sleeping shed and so Chew and I ended up near the back door which led to the ladies bathroom (!).

I trudged down to the main stream to try and take off my shoes. I sloshed them about in the water in an effort to clear the mud from the buckle. I tugged and pulled. No luck. Then it was Chin to the rescue! He took a small twig and dug the mud out from the buckle. I was free!

Next stop was the bathing hole. The water was cold and clear and very welcome. A quick change of clothes after drying off and I was ready for the grub. Delicious chicken, sweet potato, various vegetable dishes and rice were all inhaled by the riders. My compliments to the Chefs!

We talked to them later and they told us they did this quite often for 4wd groups and could do it for others as well, if they were adequately compensated for their and expenses. The time spent in the jungle was a bonus to them. Cool! They’d brought everything with them. Stoves, cooking gas, kitchen utensils, food, water and everything else one needed for a night in the jungle.

There was entertainment too. The only way across the main stream was a log bridge hemmed in by steep banks. An old Land Cruiser driven by some Orang Asli failed to make it up the bank on the Camp side after numerous attempts. Must have been the worn tires. Can you say “fried clutch”?

One of the 4-wheelers Pajero’s solved the problem by giving it a helping hand with a snatch strap (purely clean thoughts here).

Then, halfway through dinner, we heard the whine of another diesel engine across the stream. Another Pajero came into view and, with a loud bang, grounded itself on a rock. Its tires spun uselessly in the air. The passengers got out and immediately hooked the winch cable to a parked Land Cruiser. Then they just winched themselves off the rock.

The drama wasn’t over yet. The Pajero pointed itself in our direction and began revving its engine. The 4-wheelers were shouting and telling him there was no more room on this side of the stream. The advice fell on deaf ears. He dropped into low gear and crawled down to the log bridge. Then he gunned the engine and dumped the clutch. The Pajero roared up the slope and the front end went airborne as it crested the lip. Cool!

He made a u-turn and drove on back to the other side. He was the lead vehicle for another convoy of 4wd’s. They would have to set up camp on the opposite bank.

After dinner, it was time to shoot the breeze and fix broken bikes. Joe put his skills to good use replacing brake pads for Eric from Singapore and truing wheels while recounting his earlier experiences on these very same trails. Amir, however, went to bed immediately to make up for his 0300 Karaoke session.

The party was just starting across the stream as they set up their tents, tables, chairs, lights and generators. What next? Karaoke? Nope. Mahjong? Yup!

Around 2030 the 4-wheelers dished up another surprise - dessert! Sweet Potato boiled in a thin, sweet broth. Mmm! Who says camping is rough and only for the tough? ☺

It started drizzling a bit past 2100 and then we decided to call it a night. I climbed up onto the sleeping platform and slid into my sleeping bag for a good night’s sleep. Almost.

First, there was a bit of a drip coming through the roof, which was made of giant leaves. I moved my bag a bit and all was fine. I dozed off.

The next thing I knew, my feet were dangling out over the edge of the sleeping platform! Was someone playing a prank? No. Actually, there was no overcoming the combination of a sloping sleeping platform, a canvas ground sheet and a slick sleeping bag and so I pulled myself up as high as I could go and hoped that I wouldn’t slide right off during the course of the night. I later found out that I wasn’t the only one who had this problem.

Finally, sleep came.

Election Fever @ the KLMBH!

Election fever shall once again upon us @ the KLMBH as the present committee gets run out of town by a bunch of two-wheeled rowdies at the annual dinner.

In order to facilitate the smooth transition of responsibilities (let's not use the p-word) and ensure well-informed decisions by the electorate during the Annual Dinner on 8 December, the duties and responsibilities of the KLMBH Committee, as seen by Ed., are summarized below. Read on and happy voting!

Basher-in-Chief

- Leader of the bunch who requires great organizational, (crisis) management, and logistical skills to keep the KLMBH alive and kickin'

Hare Raiser

- Responsible for raising the hares for the hareline
- Responsible for light secretarial duties as well

Bash-Cash

- Responsible for the cash ("dosh") of the Bash
- Responsible for the Habedashery ("stuff")

News-Bash

- Responsible for producing the **Basherama!** on a monthly basis
- Ability to communicate and coordinate with other committee members, hares, scribes, and other members is vital (Helps to have e-mail, mobile phone, and home fax)
- Able to take constructive criticism ☺

Bash-Piss

- Responsible for liquid refreshments @ the On-On Site
- Requires vehicle large enough for the "C****n" (preferably 4wd; Kancil owners require towing bars/balls)
- Knowledge of where to obtain ice on festive weekends and to accurately predict the number and type/breakdown of drinks required per Bash is an added advantage

www.Bash

- Responsible for constant updating of the KLMBH webbe site with news, gossip, pictures, information, links, and amusing/informative stories
- Required to entertain e-mail queries from around the globe

Ed.

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 webbe site and further updated by my own count as at 1 November 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	1	Peter Pickernell	1
Richard Aubrey (Awarded)	12	Simon Kenney	2	Annett Frohlich	1
Eric Teo	8	Dick Shelly	2	S.Y. Chong	1
Ngah Fuji Bakri (Oi, where's me mug?)	8	Grant Lee		Clara Chin	1
Gordon Fraser	6	Jake Slodki		Colin Jackson	1
Pat Brunndon	6	John Hagedorn	2	Dave Baker	1
Hulk	6	John Mugford		David Foo	1
Peter Bloomer	5	John Spencer		Emma Booth	1
Barry Hills	5	Kelvin Wong	2	Geoff Stecyk	1
Mike Elliot	5	Noel Brennan		Graham	1
Paul Sweeney	5	Nigel Blott		Ian Miller	1
Denis French	4	Shariman Alwani	2	James Aubry	1
Alison Keeler	4	Speedy the Dog		Jeff Dean	1
Shaharudin Damis	4	Tan Boon Foo		Johnathan Startin	1
Raymond Keys	4	Larry Chan	2	Marie Benedix	1
Bill Steven	3	Melody Tan	2	Mark Clark	1
Mark Chaterton	3	Chew		Mike Smit	1
Peter Heston	3	Andy Blake		Mike Wright	1
Animal Elfrod	3	Andy Knellar	2	Paul Booth	1
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			1			
			1			

Webbe Site Newz

While you're surfing the net , don't forget to check out the newly updated KLMBH webbe site (see below for address) for all the latest news affecting the KLMBH like our link in National Geographic Traveler and the fact that **the Channel NewsAsia TV crew that will be at the next Bash!** And they'll be conducting interviews! Woo Hoo! Don't forget to break out your Sunday best jerseys and shorts and be mindful of your helmet hair as well!

www.bikehash.freesevers.com