



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 coming soon to an estate near you! Or at least within reasonable driving distance from K.L.

Again, if you haven't heard, International Bash will be held on **28 October 2001** in conjunction with Halloween! .

So come one and come all (kids bring your fancy costumes!) to experience the thrills, chills and spills (Long run only) of the International Bash.

Mark your calendars, look out for updates and never fear, for the date is near!

Ed.

Ed.itorial

1. We all know about the series of tragic events that took place on 11 September 2001 in New York and Washington. My heart goes out to the victims and survivors. Much has been said and written about it and I won't add that much more. Just remember that you'll never know when you're going to go so make the best out of every situation in life.
2. It's **exposé** time once again. This month, the sad saga of Along (pronounced A-l ng). Some of you may not know who Along is so let me give you a little refresher. He's the giant cat 🐅 (a.k.a. Tiger) who appears in the kid's TV show of the same name. The theme song goes "A-l-o-n-g, Along! A-l-o-n-g, Along!" . Perhaps you've heard it . Or maybe not ☹.

Well anyways, the show was the local equivalent of the Mickey Mouse Club meets Barney, was underwritten by a large local bank and was universally loved by most Malaysian kids from the time it came out in the early 90's (or was that late 80's?). Along had a whole bunch of little cohorts who sang and danced with him and did the stuff that kids do on these musical educational shows. It was pretty cool if you were a kid.

Now it's no secret that people get paid to appear and act in shows such as these and these kids were no different. However, the shocking thing is that most of these kids were never paid the measly RM300 or so they were promised!

What happened? I don't know the exact truth of the matter but suffice to say that the bank paid the producers every cent they were invoiced. The money must have been pretty liquid, cause it leaked out somewhere along (no pun intended) the way and probably turned into a Mercedes-Benz.

The saddest thing was that some parents actually dug into their own pockets and paid their kids, telling them that the producers had paid up, just so their kids wouldn't be disappointed and grow up being bitter and distrustful of other people.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE SEPTEMBER BASH @ TUAN MEE ESTATE – 9.30 a.m., 23 September 2001

Take NKVE north and exit at Sungai Buloh. After toll take first left slip road to Sungai Buloh. At traffic lights reset trip. [S.Buloh railway station is on your right, old Subang road joins from left.] Continue straight on following signposts for route 54 "Kuala Selangor dan Barat". At 10.8 km continue straight past road on left to "Sungai Buloh Country Resort" (sign temporarily removed at time of writing). At 18.8 km pass Tuan Mee football field on right and turn immediately right into run site.

Haremobile Blue Short Land Cruiser WCA 541

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 and continue on as above.

Hares: Nick Smith and Joe "Casper" Adnan

www.bikehash.freesevers.com

Nani's First Bike Bash

When Mazlim told me to go on a bike bash, I seriously had no idea what I was getting myself into. I mean, the most I had done was take my mountain bike on scenic road rides around Kenny Hills, Hartamas area and Putrajaya.

The one time going off road into the RRI plantation had me huffing and puffing and thanking God I bought the Camel Bak a day earlier.

The weather was very good that morning and we took off for Salak, arriving in good time. The place was no problem to find at all.

I had already decided much earlier I'd go for the short run seeing this was my first bash (plus seeing all the equipment and fancy gear on the regulars left me feeling apprehensive and inadequate).

The brief sounded fairly straightforward – go with a group of fellow bikers into an oil palm estate and keep looking out for pieces of paper as you go along the trail.

The first half was basically everyone cycling and walking around the oil palm trails searching for the sheets of paper and keeping our ears sharp for the call of "On, on!".

The tracks were fairly easy to cycle on and it was not a very difficult scenic trail at all.

There were slopes of course, and although most of us *did* try our damn best to cycle up them, most proved to be very slippery with bits of gravel that made it hard to balance on the bikes. So we'd cycle up halfway and carried our bikes rest of the way up.

Cycling down wasn't difficult – I found if I balanced my body forward it helped control the bike better (I bet most of you knew that anyway but hey, it was fun to discover that, that day)

There was one hill in the first half of which the track was pretty steep and slippery, and I guess the majority of us decided we'd walk the bikes up.

I had by then, had my chains come loose twice which was very frustrating – was wondering if I was straining the gears or changing them too quickly. Because of this as well I kept lagging behind the rest of the bashers.

On one hill, after a short break, I found I was pretty much behind every one else except for Wai Meng and her kids. We could not find any pieces of paper at this point and took our bikes up around a mound.

We found some guys from the longer run resting on top of the hill, but found out that our paper trail led another way down.

Going down that hill, we found Matt waiting for us and telling us we had gone up the hill instead of around as we should have. Aww geez, we must've followed a false trail!!

Announcing that was the most difficult bit and the rest of the way was pretty much easy, I breathed a sigh of relief when we got to a check point. This off road bash thing doesn't look like it was going to be such a killer after all.

We met the rest of the short runners and cycled the last stretch parallel to the palm oil plantation and crosses the bridge back into the market area. Here Wai Meng fell forward tripping over some rocks near the bridge, but she was fortunately OK and her bike did not keel into the river. Phew!

We were done!! I had done my first bike bash!! OK, ok, so it was not the most technical and steep track, but hey, you gotta start somewhere. I reckoned we finished faster than I anticipated – I was expecting an hour and half but we were out in an hour tops.

It was a fun ride, not wet and muddy at all, and the weather and company made the ride very enjoyable. So yeah, I guess it won't be my last bash either!

Nani

The Short Run, 26 August 2001, Salak Hares: Rocketboy and Matt Schnellar

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) Users of Easton® CT2 carbon fiber handlebars (and carbon fiber handlebar users in general) BEWARE! I had to replace my CT2 when I discovered that the ends of the handlebar, where the bar ends are clamped, had delaminated and had started to crack. This was probably a result of the combination of clamping forces and the numerous crashes that I've been involved with over the past two years. Upon further inspection, I noticed that the bar had begun delaminating under one of the brake levers as well. I thank my lucky stars that the bar hadn't cracked there or I might have ended up in the hospital when it did. So make sure you inspect your handlebars (carbon or otherwise) on a regular basis to detect potential problems and nip them in the bud. 4) That's all for Bits & Bobs for now...

2001 Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks
23 Sept	KLMBH September Hash	14 Oct	Singapore Bike Hash	11 Nov	Kiara Grand Prix 6 – Final Race
28-30 Sept	Kenyir MTB Open, Terengganu	28 Oct	KLMBH International Bash	18 Nov	KLMBH November Bash
30 Sept	Eco X-Capade	11 Nov	Singapore Bike Hash	9 Dec	KLMBH Christmas Bash

Nilai Bash – Long Ride

26 August 2001

Hares: Rocketboy & Matt Schnelllar

I am definitely using this as an avenue to whinge – ‘Eric Teo, you should be writing this article not me! For all of you who have been shying away from scribing (Paul ‘beer me’ Sweeney, stop hiding behind marriage as an excuse to everything!), let me say that scribing is actually a LOT of fun. When else would you get the licence to criticise others namely the hares who made you suffer on a bash.

Well, it was a very interesting beginning to the bash since we all could not find a place to park in the ‘large carpark’. The whole Nilai town and maybe even from neighbouring towns were out to buy their groceries for the century it looked like. There were traffic police directing cars within the carpark itself for the market. The first time ever, I had to register attendance using my GT and probably covered some distance too from cycling up and down between the three possible places to park your car. (For all future Hares: Please, please recce the place at all hours possible so that we do not have to fight market shoppers for parking space – Malaysians can be very nasty when it concerns food)

Due to space confinement, we moved from the garbage area where it was too small and smelly to the football field for a briefing before starting. This time it was very straightforward – 24km for the long ride and 12km for the short. We all set off in the direction pointed to us. We cycled over a bridge to the other side where the plantations and jungle was. As usual the FRB’s (Front Running Bastards) led the way and the rest just followed, blindly of course and soon enough someone shouted, ‘Back check, back check!’ It was Eric and he proceeded to dump the responsibility of scribing to me. We were idling when Rocketboy, our sweeper, led us the correct way which was a little loop into the undergrowth then back out onto the tarmac.

We cycled along on the tarmac for a bit and came to Check #1. We all spread out and did our searches – left across the bridge, across to the little village house then found the paper trail to the right. We then cycled out to an open area where it got rather tricky due to large tyre tracks in the path. We all cycled carefully trying to balance without scrapping our shoes against the side. Two casualties in this section – Andrew fell first to the left then followed by our Hare-Raiser to the right (It looked like a dance sequence). Both got up immediately to carry on into the palm oil section.

By this time the FRB’s had long ditched our slower group. We entered a beautifully shaded section of palm oil estate and saw coloured paper, which was not the long ride then found some correct paper but it was a loop so we were confused. We knew it was Check #2. But did not look quite hard enough when Rocketboy emerged again but the saviour turned out to be someone else via a mobile – we confirmed with Matt the correct trail, which was a little path on the left, right after entering the palm oil section. Thank goodness for small inventions like the mobile.

This was a lovely section of single-track which included a river crossing, pushing up a small hill for those who cannot stand and climb on a bike like Mike (When are you holding your riding clinics – we all want to cycle like you?) and it led us back to where we were lost earlier. That explains the weird loop we encountered before. Our pack kept together through most of the trails and we always waited for the slower ones. Then the pack slowly separated going uphill to a pineapple plantation on top of the hill with a view. Wow, can we have some fruits please? There we met Low who was resting with Speedo under a little hut. According to Rocketboy, Check #3 is supposed to be the toughest so he was curious to see that the FRB’s were nowhere in sight. We soon heard that they were assisted by the short riders. After everyone arrived, we rode down a tricky single-track section. Then there was an interesting squeeze down a narrow gap leading around the ‘four sides’ of a little garden. This barely slowed the FRB’s down.

Check #4 was after some down hill and some flat track on a crossroad with red dirt. I was told that Jake was riding everywhere but did not pursue far enough in the correct direction to pick up the trail. Bet he enjoyed himself thoroughly riding in the nice single-track section.

Suddenly, we closed in on the heels of the FRB’s, so this means Check #5. We just saw some riders go up a really steep section then come down on the other side. Only Mike, in our group was brave enough to tackle the monstrous task. The rest of us took the short-cut through. Well this cheeky loop check claimed two victims who ended up with ‘hissing tyres’.

A group of us had just bombed down some terraces then the paper disappeared from sight. We all cycled around to look but it took us awhile to find the path and by that time some had gone off without shouting ‘on-on’. When we finally caught up it was a hill climb to where the rest of the group and Rocketboy was waiting for us under the shade. This was supposed to be Check #6, but he just led us the correct way. I suspect he is getting soft in his age or maybe feeling guilty for putting us through the Sepang Bash. That will definitely go down as the most unforgettable bash for this year.

I have to admit I was surprised that 24km did not turn into 40km this time. It was a very enjoyable bash with good single-track, lots of shade and a good crowd. Well-done hares! When would you like to set another one?

Melody Tan, Hare-Raiser

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.

Also, Orange KHS softtail for sale. View at Bike Pro Centre.

Ed.itorial Cont'd

3. **Wedding and birth** announcements are in order. **Paul "Beer Me!" Sweeney** tied the knot with **Josephine Koay** on 15 August 2001. Three days later, none other than our Bash-Cash, **Hulk a.k.a. Shaharin Hashim** married **Rohaizah** in a simple ceremony in Klang. And **Mitchell Anthony Brennan** was born to **Noel** and **Susan** on 2 July 2001 in Singapore.
4. Are you a Saggi Pig? No, it's not an insult. We're looking for Sagittarius Pigs. No, they're not crossbreeds. Are you a Sagittarius born in the year of the pig? If so, we're looking for you. Contact **Ed.**

5. Three Guys, Three Bikes and Four Adventures in Taman Negara has been held over until Basherama! 68. Stay tuned for this and the saga of the Bitten Heroes.
6. Always check that you have all of your riding gear properly loaded into or onto your vehicle. Lately, people have left everything from gloves to mobiles to shoes on top of their cars and just driven off, with predictable results.

On a lighter note, the unpredictable result of one such incident was that my trusty Pinarello road bike rode 400km without me! Eeeek! Read about it soon...

Ed.

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	Rainman, Hulk, Chew (a.k.a. The Terrible Three) and Paul "Beer Me!" Sweeney
November	86	18 November 2001	Jake Slodki and Conrad Fawcett
December	87	9 December 2001	Matt Schnelllar and Melody Tan
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!

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 5 August 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	13	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	2	Annett Frohlich	1	Phaedra	1	Your name here!	1

A ride into the jungle... and beyond

by Casper

Last week Teh and I went exploring on our mountain bikes on a four-wheel drive trail that seemed to go on forever into the heart of the Ulu Langat Reserve. We turned back 5 km into the trail, as Teh was feeling a twinge in her knee, the result of an old motorcycle injury. On the way back we more or less stuck together on the descent. About 500m from the car, I popped along ahead because I knew we were close to where we started and because I wanted to grab a photo of Teh as she sped past.

She took longer than expected, because soon after I had sped on ahead, she came across a empty, shuttered wooden house on stilts on the trail. She stopped to have a look. Now, without wanting to sound immodest, I believe that I am an observant person, especially when it comes to trails. I can remember details of a trail months after having ridden it, despite only having done so once. But I didn't see any house on the trail. Not on our way in, nor on our way out.

Returning to Teh, she pondered the house for a while, and continued on her way. But she only travelled another 50 metres before she encountered a fork on the trail. This again I did not see, although I must have passed the same path mere seconds previously. She was slightly confused because she did not remember having seen a fork on the way up, but reasoned that this must have been because of the oblique angle in which the two trails met, making it difficult for a rider to notice the junction.

She pondered the choice before her. Right or left? Right or wrong?

Something suggested to her that left was the right way back to the car. Later, she told me that she had felt that this was the right option to take, but somehow her reasoning and logic told her that the right fork was the one that led to the car. The left trail looked more overgrown, she would tell me later, and so her rational thinking told her that right was right, because she did not remember any junctions nor making any turns on the climb, over an hour previously.

Since then, I have spent a lot of time thinking about the difference between "thinking" and "feeling", and have so far not been able to discern any, at least in my own mind. Perhaps, her instincts told her to take the left turn, but when she examined the merits of this proposition with the cold incisive blade of logical thought, the proposition did not make sense.

At that point, anxiety began to well in her. A flush seemed to pass over her, swelling from her stomach, and breaking like a wave over her face, followed instantly by a cold sweat.

There are two verses from the Quran that are sometimes recited to repel the influence of evil. She recited both, and made up her mind to take the right fork. She remembered that shortly before I had sped ahead, I told her that, according to the GPS unit I had on me, the car was only about 1.2km away. And surely, she thought to herself, she had travelled at least 500m since then, meaning that the car was only another 500m or so away. If after 500m she did not find the car, she could always turn back to try the left fork.

As she continued down the trail, everything seemed unfamiliar. And the trail seemed to go on and on, far longer than just 500m. All the while that she was descending, the same nagging feeling kept playing in her mind: the *left* fork leads to the car, turn back, turn back.

Suddenly, she burst out of the dark, shaded trail into the sunlit clearing in which the car was parked. I had been waiting at the side of the trail, camera at the ready. I caught her tentative posture: fingers on brakes and an expression that seemed to me to be neutral, not a face that one adopts when blasting downhill on a mountain bike.

I shouted to her, "Faster, fasterrrr!!", to further my own futile search for photographic perfection. I reeled off 3 exposures before she rolls to a stop beside me.

"You OK?"

"Yeah. Did you see the house?", she asked casually, masking her earlier anxiety.

"What house?" I replied.

"There was a house by the trail".

"Nope. Good thing you didn't stop then. Sometimes you'll see houses but they're not really there..."

Logistics

Check the trail out for yourself. Tell me if you see a house on the trail. The trail is located off the Semenyih - Genting Peras road, just South of the Semenyih reservoir.

To get there, proceed to heart of Kajang by your favourite method. Re-set trip meter at the traffic lights adjacent to the Kajang Police station, also notable for its proximity to the Kajang Stadium. Proceed East towards Semenyih via Route 1. If you are on the right track you will pass Kajang Hospital on your left after 500m. At about 8km you will enter Semenyih; at about 8.8km you will pass a sign for Genting Peras/Kuala Klawang/Sg Lalang; at 9.0km turn left at the traffic lights and proceed North. After passing the Nirvana cemetery on your left, look out for a turning on the right signposted "Teratak Tekala". Turn into this gravel road, following it until you reach a bunch of fishing ponds. Proceed directly across the bank in between the ponds, going straight until you hit the jungle. The trail starts here.
