

2013-11-17 Chiang Mai Outstation Hash - Sunday write-up

By The Inseminator

After a good night's rest we woke up to the beautiful scenery of the Lanna resort, it made me forget immediately that the man-made structures hadn't changed at all over the last 10 years since my last visit. Maybe Hot Totty's local vodka helped too. I was ready to roll-off at 10am for a Sunday hangover ride. One of us was eager to indulge himself in the surroundings and splattered 200m later against a tree. I had no time to see who it was, as I was trying to keep my bike and myself upright in the slippery first curve. Focus.

The hares had no mercy for us urbanites from the concrete jungle 600km to the South. They showed us the décor for real mountain biking, a place that divides the Pussies from the Men of Steel. The ride took us over meandering dirt roads and single tracks with short steep climbs and corresponding downhill. Heart rates went soaring, the speed was high. We focused on the line, the tires screeching in every curve, turning rocks and moving dirt. The ride was both fast and technical, this was going to be the hangover ride with the highest average speed. We all had a flight to catch? Or was it all imagination, an illusion created by the stunning scenery with so many things to see, and the high rate of challenges that the trail kept throwing at us? We are Men and Women of Steel. It must be. It must be.

We were smacked back to reality shortly after arriving at the waterstop when a jolly hasher arrived on a local market bike.

Luckily it turned out that the bike was well-equipped with the latest imported Japanese bike technology, hidden battery packs in the front basket and a hub-dynamo rewired as a hub-motor. Did I mention a new wheel size of 27" or ERTRO 34-630 ?

With our self-image still intact, we were eager to get going again. Dominatrix provided us with important ride instructions: 'Follow the arrow! On-On!'. Hare Stairs Masturbator joined us again, but this time decided to add some challenge by removing the Golden Triangle white powder at crucial locations, leaving us craving and circling around like vultures.

The trail proved again to be great, which made many of the pack conclude to always pack a bike when catching a flight to Chiang Mai.

Back at the resort I enjoyed the most scenic circle venue ever, and then rushed off to catch my flight.

Thanks hares, Andrew B. and Stairs Masturbator, for a fantastic weekend that left us feeling high.