

COVID HHH - Trash

RUN LV – Tom Rose Park, NERANG

12 April 21

Hare: ArseNic

It was after 11pm, **Brownie Boxxx** was again Brahms & Liszt, when his Dog & Bone rang... "Mr **Boxxx?**" said the distant voice, to which he answered: "What if it is, you fucking Pommy git?" "There's been a terrible tragedy Sir, his Royal Highness Prince Philip is Brown Bread. Her Majesty the Nellie Dean was wanting a Dickie Bird with you Sir....."

The passing of Prince Philip or Phil Thee as he preferred to call him, hit **Brownie** particularly hard. Drinking buddies for well over 30 years – they'd served together in the British Peas & Gravy on that fateful tour of Turkey - they'd remained very close. "I once told Phil Thee that I'd take care of his Trouble & Strife if he ever fell off the Royal twig, and I was true to me Dickie Bird... So I Dog & Boned her next day: "G'day Lizzy, **Boxxx** here, all right my luv? Sorry 'bout Phil an' all that bollocks but he was an old Ice Cream Freezer, and anyway, the only other Heap o' Coke who's averaged 99 is bloody Don Bradman so fair dues Liz...a great innings! I'd luv to cum and 'elp out with the funeral and stuff, but I got an important **COVID** Hash gig tomorrow which I know Phil wouldn't want me to miss, so I couldn't be there before Wednesday or Thursday depending on how much Pig's Ear I get through... "

As a way of paying homage to the **COVID**'s most ardent Royal supporter Phil Thee, Yogi Bear **ArseNic** designed a run ready-made for the hardened Rats of Tobruk. The in-trail to the fire track was as tough as any previously seen on the **COVID** HHH. **Bograt** sniffed out the on-trail snaking up a long rocky path to another fire track above. Second check had the pack spread out in all directions before **Le Spew** finally cracked the trail deep into the forest. The pack quickly filed behind him as they bashed their way into the most impenetrable scrub...only to finally emerge where the Yogi Bear and an eski full of Snake's Hiss awaited. **Safe Sex** was most grateful: "I cum on the Hash for this" she said voraciously sucking on her stubbie "it makes bush bashing all the more enjoyable..." The Yogi Bear got the pack moving once again, pointing them north towards the notorious Casuarina Loop. **Y2Ky Jelly** was first into the Loop but he turned back soon after: "Fuck that for a joke, too bloody dangerous in there...I know this shortcut...follow me" But **Baaaaaah Sinister** was having none of it: "It's this kinda squat-to-pee attitude which lost us the bloody Boer war **Jelly**, gotta toughen the fuck up ole son... let me show you how Kiwis do it." He immediately adopted the warrior stance and with yells of "kamate, kamate" advanced into the dark. An hour later, and the weary pack staggered out somewhere near the velodrome. Fourth check was quickly negotiated and the runners finally headed Pope in Rome. Just over 5.5kms in length, the run took a smidge over the hour to complete. It would be another 35mins before **GM BallPoint**, the perpetual late cummer, made his way out.

Looking like Kermit with his Bonaparte Tiffer Tat, **GM BallPoint** called the Circle to order and welcomed seasoned guests **I Give (GoodHead)** and **Coitus Interruptus (Safe Sex)** for the **COVID**'s 'ball hanging ceremony'. Having previously being awarded a big pink strap-on with pubic fur, the eager harriettes were honoured with a coupla oversized pink balls to dangle with their favourite wedding tackle (see video link attached).

Sergeant **Brownie Boxxx** took over proceedings and reported on the run: "Wot an Orchestra Stalls Up, that was... 'Ave you ever seen them Ice Cream Freezers on the Cream and Jelly, them ponces who celebrate way too early? The cyclist who raises his arms in victory only to go Khyber Pass over tit before the finishing line. Well, our man **Arsenic** was that stupid James Hunt.

His North & South claiming a perfect Cock & Hen before the run had even Jam Tarted. The Box of Toys was fucking deafening. Run of the fucking Year he chanted before his Barney Rubble really kicked off. **RA Y2Ky Jelly**, with new, highly scientific measuring apparatus, marked the run a lowly 52/100.... a Bobby Moore the Yogi Bear was visibly pissed off about.

Sergeant **Brownie** then charged **Baaaaah Sinister** for falsifying immigration papers (he revealed changing his name from Ian to **Baaaaah**... but always **Sinister**) when cummin' to Australia via the back door..."**Baaaaah** is a variety-is-the-spice-of-life freak so when he was done with screwing all the Kiwis ewes, he cum to Oz trying to charm the Aussie ones..." **GM BallPoint** charged the Yogi Bear for a dry Snake's Hiss stop and denying the late cummers a deserved Tiddy Wink to which **Arsenic** counter charged the GM for being a late cummer. **Brownie Boxxx** charged **Safe Sex** (of all people) for infecting her GP with a disease and **CumSmoke** was charged for the heinous crime of 'signing in' someone other than himself. A myriad of other important charges (too many to recall) were laid, all of which were cleared with Pigs Ear down-downs and a song.

Yogi Bear **Arsenic** was awarded the Covidiot of the Week for attempting to be the COVID's Bogey (Hump Bogart), i.e. fucking (up) everything he touched.

GM BallPoint finally brought the Circle shenanigans to an end with a touching, sombre tribute; He concluded: "It matters not that you're Brown Bread Phil Thee, for your non-PC larrikin spirit will live on on on on on on on on the **COVID Hash**. Let's sing the **COVID 'Fuck' Hymn**... Him!... Him!... Him!... Fuck him!..... Unable to hold back his welling tears **Brownie Boxxx** wanted the final Dickie Bird: "'e woz me best China Plate... a great Heap o' Coke not afraid to speak his Roman Blind... I admired his unerring Mince Pie for the quirks of human nature as well as the originality and independence of his Nails & Screws..."

"Vale, Phil Thee."

Very heavy drinking ensued.

OnOn,

COVID correspondent

"hash FREE & live"

Glossary

Brahms & Lizst = pissed

Dog & Bone = phone

Brown Bread = dead

Nellie Dean = Queen

Dickie Bird = word

Peas & Gravy = navy

Trouble & Strife = wife

Ice Cream Freezer = geezer

Pig's Ear = beer

Yogi Bear = hare

Snake's Hiss = piss

Pope in Rome = home

Tiffer Tat = hat

Orchestra Stalls up = Balls Up

Cream & Jelly = telly

Khyber Pass = arse

James Hunt = cunt

North & South = mouth

Cock & Hen = ten

Barney Rubble = trouble

China Plate = mate

Mince Pie = eye

Jam Tarted = started

Bobby Moore = score

Heap o' Coke = bloke

Nails & Screws = views

Box of Toys = noise

Tiddly Wink = drink

Roman Blind = mind