

RUN LVII (ANZAC / FREEDOM run) – Davenport Park, BONOGIN

26 April '21

Yogi Bear: **Baaaah Sinister**

The telling of this run report actually starts a week or so earlier with a phone call

“Baaaah, I reckon with it being a public holiday we should start the run at 5pm so we can squeeze in more ANZAC related shenanigans” quote from **BallPoint (GM)**

With clear instructions (or as it turned out not so clear to **Brownie Boxx**) the troops, a hearty group of young and young at heart, assembled at the rendezvous for the run. Our fearless leader **BallPoint (GM)** was missing in action but the general consensus was that he was a useless prick and that we should just plough on without him.

Y2KY Jelly kicked things off with his unique and stirring bugling of the Last Post. As we wiped away the tears it was time for the first ‘down’ of the evening. With Gunfire (Baaaaahcardi Rum & Milk) in our bellies, the troops were off to courageously tackle the “Battle of the Bush”.

The beach landing re-enactment was as successful as the 1915 original, or to put it another way, a complete bloody debacle. Somehow **ArseNic** managed to lead the troops directly into enemy territory (someone’s back garden) but a successful retreat to safer shores across the mighty Bonogin Creek was achieved and everyone filed back on trail.

Alas, at this early stage, we suffered our first casualty (**Miscarriage**)..... but he wouldn’t be our last.

The first check had everyone haring around but deep down everyone knew the only plausible way was up. The assault on Lone Pine (aka Telstra mobile phone tower) was relentless and unforgiving resulting in **GoodHead** and **Marathon Man** to scream “*were fuckin out of here*”.

We were dropping like flies but a phone call from our fearless leader **Ballpoint (GM)** saying the trench stew was now cooked and he was en route helped us push through the pain barrier. **Ballbag**, the inspiration, now started to gallop up the hill making it to the top first and welcoming the rest of the troops with one of his legendary cringeworthy jokes; then he was off barrelling down the hill to pastures new (short cut trail home).

The rest of the troops headed off in the direction of Springbrook National Park and the “Lost Valley of Doom”. This was pure bush bashing at its absolute best. The incredibly well marked trail was followed with ease but this didn’t stop the incessant winging and moaning from the troops. It would seem that abseiling down a waterfall in pitch darkness isn’t everyone’s cup of tea. Once we’d reached the creek below **Bograt** delighted in a wildlife massacre on a scale not seen before on the COVID Hash (which is saying something). No Crayfish, Eel, Frog or Cane Toad was safe from ordinance (aka rocks and boulders) being deployed left, right and centre. With many near misses (“friendly fire”) a ceasefire was enacted to ensure we escaped the creek with all our limbs intact but not before the biggest “Log of Doom” ever experienced on a COVID Hash. **ArseNic** lead the charge over this moss laden beauty and exclaimed “*this is the best run ever Baaaah, you’re a hash legend*” upon making to the other side.

At this point it was time to depart the relative safety of the creek bed to once again enter the fray. **Pepe Le Spew** took charge and we were back into full on bush bashing. The extremely well marked trail lit up like a runway under torch light and nobody got lost or were slightly concerned at any point about their safety.

Climbing out of the valley and onto the main track, a disturbing breaking signal was received of a serious injury. Upon hearing the signal, it was unanimously decided by the troops that **BallPoint (GM)** was full of shit and to ignore his request for an ambulance. In an instant our mantra of



was dead.

Embarrassingly, as we bashed our way out aimlessly, it would be **BallPoint (GM)** who rescued us out. Awkward conversation ensued.

Once on the main track we also had time to exchange war stories and inspect our wounds.

PHOTO of Ballpoints flesh wound?

By this time, the disoriented, battered and bruised troops were longing for shelter and a cold stubby but it wasn't to be... more endless trail upon endless trail beckoned but the pack plodded on, generally singing the praises of the Yogi Bear and his most exceptional run. At this point **Baaaah** turned **Sinister** and secretly dropped off the trail and let the troops head down towards the steep false trail, allowing him to scurry off and set up the....



The troops would eventually make it back to the Baa and many a rewarding 'Ewe Beaut' were sunk. But all was not well... whispers turned into full blown tirades about a hasher who had broken the number 1 rule of the Hash with no rules. News of **BallPoint (GM)** running through the clearly marked false trail had the pack cheering for he was now en route distant Tallebudgera Valley. Calls to get him back onto trail were all met with silence...

Back at the Baa, and after all the Beauts had been demolished, the troops filed off once more Only for **Baaaaah Sinister** to live up to his name by sending them off on a false trail once again. A desperate **Derro Licked my Balls** was heard telling **Max** "if only there was more fuckin' piss to drink" while **Sexy Safe** chipped in with "had there been some tits, this would be the 2022 Karen Pini for certain".

Back at the barracks and, with the missing GM still missing, the troops were stunned to find the Baa tastefully transformed into

Anita's



As ANZAC tradition dictates it, sweet & sour green booze was dispensed and enjoyed by all but not before an enquiry was held into why Anita had declined her invite to attend in person. In due course, it would be revealed that, due to some previous boorish, salacious behaviour, Anita had decided to give the **COVID HHH** a very wide birth. Archival evidence has now identified who that guilty bastard is.

Suspect #1



Suspect # 2



Guilty as Charged



Eventually, **GM BallPoint** staggered back to barracks..... battered, bugged but beautifully fulfilled. He gathered the troops around: "As a tribute to all those who've fallen before us, this ANZAC Day run had the lot. My Polish grand-parents fled the tyranny and barbarity of communist Russia after WW1, for the opportunity to be 'FREE' coal miners in Northern France.... whilst my parents escaped the cloying oppression of the FSNS (French Socialist Nanny State) for me to live FREE, in Australia. Today is a day we say "*merci*" (ta) to those who sacrificed their lives for our FREEdom. As a way to pay homage to those fallen, Baaaaah has produced an exceptional (1hr57mins) 5.47km horror show most worthy of the ANZAC / **COVID** spirit.

RA **Y2Ky Jelly** was asked to rate the run and immediately declared it "full marks"; however, but for the fact that tits were non-existent at the piss stop, he marked the run 58/100.

Serjeant-at-Arms **Brownie Boxxx** called for charges and the assembled troops fired from all directions. Most of the bullets hit **GM BallPoint** (serial offender) who, despite the many bleeding wounds, will survive to live another hash.

The night concluded with a lively game of 2-UP with **ArseNic** ruling the unruly mob. Many tossers had a go but none tossed better than **GoodHead** who managed to hit the high note on 3 successive occasions. However, it was visitor Max who proved the best tosser on the night and who took the loot home.

OnOn,

COVID correspondent

