

# COVID HHH - Trash

RUN LX – FoBB

Tom Rose Park, NERANG

Hare: GM **BallPoint**

17 May 21

In a body blow to the Climate Change Charlatans whose claims include, among a host of ludicrous thought bubbles, the idea that exhaled breath (CO2) is what's frying the planet, the universe had other ideas and delivered a most chilly autumn evening... However, this unseasonal chill didn't deter the hordes from turning up at the Nerang Forest FoBB i.e. Fuck off **Brownie Boxxxxx** run. In fact, many an astute COVID Hash observer commented that the joy of seeing **Brownie** for the very last time was the only plausible reason why anyone would venture out on such a brutal, brass monkey kinda night....

Visitor **Slab**, a bloke with a particular penchant for the comforts of home, rocked up against all expectation: *"I'm here to make absolutely certain that the **Brown Hole** is gone and gone for fucking good.... But I won't be running coz I prefer me Hash trail bituminised with road signs and traffic lights for ease of navigation... So, just fuck off **Brownie**..."*

There were other 'virgin' visitors of the no-dicks variety who turned up simply to bid final adieu to an old flame, but they were to be disappointed as the apple of their eye was still at large, apparently jamming something, somewhere, with bestie **Ah Pisto**.

Yogi Bear **BallPoint** got things cracking along with final instructions: *"I've already had 5 beers and don't intend on stopping soon, so anyone thinking of getting lost does so knowing that I'm no chance of going in to look for them. Take my tip (please), and stay on trail."*

The pack took off with surprising gusto and soon, only the blissful sound of bush silence could be enjoyed.... However, up at the coal face, things were hotting up: Check 1 was quickly negotiated across the fire trail and a delirious **Derrolicked Myballs** was calling it 'on'. But in his eagerness to stay ahead of the train, **Derro** was first to a massive on-back and, instantly, found himself at the back of the big pack. Second Check had the punters scurrying in all directions but for **Baaaaah Sinister** who took time out to introduce/endear himself to virgin visitor **Nadia**: *"This is a very dangerous place **Nadia**, I strongly suggest we stick very close."* It ought to be remembered that the **Sinister** one is a big fan of Victoriastan's DickTator Dan and loves the Dear Leader's fear mongering ways: *"I'm doing this for your safety **Nadia**, to make sure you get out of here alive..."* In the meantime, **Arsenic** and **Safe Sex** were tearing the trail up front and, somehow, avoiding the pack-assembling on-backs. **Botcho** and **Miscarriage** also avoided all the on-backs but that was more due to nous than laziness. **Fanny Charmer** cracked the fourth Check: *"I was busting for a piss and was looking for privacy away from the no-dicks and blow-me-down-with-a-feather I found trail....I took a while calling it though coz me prostate isn't what it used to be and it takes quite a bit longer these days to have an empty."* From here the trail zig zagged up the valley wall in a most uncompromising manner until finally the top was reached for a breather and Check 5. **BallBag** made it to the top with another virgin visitor **Gam** (Thai no-dick) holding his hand: *"**Gammy**'s a bit scared of the dark so I'm just comforting her. She's bloody terrified of getting lost so I'm trying not to lead her astray...."* Said he who's made a habit of losing himself in these bushy parts. With most of the pack sticking to well-worn paths and finding fuck all, it was Nerang Hasher extraordinaire **Excellent Pet (Exelpet** for short) who took the path less travelled and cracked it up on the rocky ridge. He led the pack to Check 6 on the fire trail

but checked up the trail and got badly stung. By this time **Botcho** had had enough so he headed down the FT towards 'home' with a bunch of softcocks (visiting virgins notwithstanding). **Bent Banana** thought about joining them for a moment but the idea of stumbling on behind **Nadia** was too big an attraction and he followed her instead. The trail meandered across new virgin bush territory and eventually tracked down the hill to a few rickety bridge and log crossings. The impressive, svelte-looking **Sexy Safe** was first to the piss stop and the well-earned frothy. A cast of thousands welcomed her to the eski including man-o-the moment **Brownie Boxxxx**, bestie **Ah Pisto**, the forlorn looking but otherwise injured **Pepe Le Spew** and the I-got-stuck-in-Brisbane bullshit artist **Y2ky Jelly** as well as the Yogi Bear (hare). **Arsenic** was close behind her where, according to him at least, he claims he does his best work. The rest of the non-bludging hashers streamed in for their well-earned brew including **Baaaaaah** who'd re-connected with **Nadia** and was now busy discussing cutting edge graphic design work with her. **Fanny Charmer** lobbed in looking rather chipper: "how much further mate, I'm fuckin' rooted?" Two more kms of flat track lay ahead but the beer had done its job and the pack attacked the final stretch with renewed vim and vigour. Halfway home and they would cum across **BallBag** stumbling around aimlessly up and down the fire trail and his virgin companion **Gam** whose hand he was still holding but whose eyes were bawling: "Please get me out of here" she said between sobs, "I just wanna go home...."

Back at 'home' and **CumSmoke** had busied himself with fire making duties which impressed greatly: "*I'd do anything to get me a man who could stoke my fire this way*" said **Legs Akimbo** pensively...."**Pisto's** spent too much time in the bloody Middle East, no need for fire there, so he's lost his touch....."

Serjeant **Brownie Boxxxx** rallied the troops into Circular order and called on GM **BallPoint** for a word. "We have a problem fellas, regular Hash Monk **Bograt** is otherwise committed so we need a volunteer to assist the Sarge...." To which out popped a delightful looking lass with leather high heel boots, g-string body suit and a black designer jacket for warmth. Having sat Serjeant **Boxxxx** down she proceeded to audition for the 'Monk(ey)' position by straddling him and grinding herself in a most seductive manner whilst peeling off her top and letting **Brownie** review her appreciable assets up close. To his credit, **Brownie** had an immediate, positive reaction and Zoe got the ~~æb~~, nod.

Calling the Yogi Bear into the Circle, he asked **Baaaaaah Sinister** for a run report: "It was a fucking great run, 9.87 kms of awesome bush trails, great checks, good on-backs, fantastic new bush...it had it all. Up to the piss stop that is.... BUT AFTER THE PS, THE HARE MADE US CROSS TWO ROADWAYS WHICH IS THE MOST HEINIOUS CRIME ON THE **COVID** HHH. AN ABSOLUTE FUCKING DISGRACE, THE YOGI MUST BE ICED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

RA **Y2ky Jelly** was asked to score the run and with the assistance of those who'd done it, it was scored a credible 62/100.

Charges from the run were called and, as is his routine, the Sarge immediately charged himself for turning up late to his farewell. **Ah Pisto** joined him for aiding and abetting. **Arsenic** charged the Yogi Bear for making it too easy to detect on-backs through the use of oversized flour mounds at strategic intersections. **Baaaaaah Sinister** was charged for salacious behaviour and **Nadia** was charged (in absentia) for encouraging it. **Fanny Charmer** was charged for believing the Yogi when told it'd be a short flat run, whilst **Miscarriage** was charged for bringing his clown shoes to Hash and falling on trail as a result. **BallBag** was charged for carnal knowledge whilst **Gam** was charged for helping **BallBag** when the primary objective is to lose the old bugger for ever. **Miscarriage** charged **Brownie Boxxxx** for something important and **Botcho**, **Bent Banana**, **Exelpet**, **Ah Pisto**, **Badger**, **Miscarriage** and

**Fanny Charmer** were all charged for failing to contribute to the Gourmet Hash bank account and its GM's AGPU indulgence.

The much sought after **COVIDIOT** of the Week award was a tight affair between Web Wanker **Derrolicked Myballs** who, the previous week, had posted an incorrect run site address and RA **Y2ky Jelly** who, the previous week, had made a total dog's breakfast of the run scoring brouhaha. **Jelly** got to suck on the pissoon by virtue of the fact that **Derro**'s crime was a near miss but his was a rolled gold fuck-up.

The raucous Circle was brought to a close with GM **BallPoint** saying a few words to the soon to be deported Sergeant: *"The **COVID** HHH is only 13months old and you **Brownie Boxxxxx**, have been part of it for 6 of those... it's been very tough on the troops to have to carry you, week in week out, having to put up with your whiny Pommy voice and your whiny Pommy ways. Personally, I'm bloody delighted that some clown in Indonesia thinks you're worth taking a punt on. The bloke needs his head read obviously. But enough of my opinion, let's hear from the rest of the troops.... **ArseNic**, our resident **COVID** HHH bard cum poet has penned a limerick in your honour...."*

**Brownie Boxxxx** was a hasher with grunt,

Whose antics with **COVID** were a stunt,

"I love fucking new bush,

Not some wrinkly old tush,

The truth being: I'm a dirty ole cunt"

**ArseNic** counted the troops in and a booming rendition of 'Fuck off you cunt, Fuck off' was sung. After which, a visibly moved **Brownie Broxxxx**, eyes welling with tears and a quivering lip, could only mutter: *"With the possible exception of the day I got divorced, this is undoubtedly the greatest day of my fucking life.....On, On the **COVID!**"*

Very, very heavy drinking ensued.

OnOn,

**COVID** correspondent

"hash FREE & live"