

**RUN REPORT      HASH RUN No 2673**

**“ THE BREAKOUT RUN “    AKA    “ COVERT COVID CAPER”**

( For the benefit of the Censors, this was NOT set by Verbal Diarrhoea, and did NOT take place on 9<sup>th</sup> August 2021)

**LOCATION:** St.... C.....r C.r P..k ( Redacted by the Censors)

“Taking a final deep breath and steeling myself against certain recrimination, I gingerly drove out of my drive on a bleak and already darkened Monday evening. “ Is your journey really necessary ?” I could hear that mantra echoing through my brain. The roads were empty. I had already taken a huge risk earlier in the day , having “played” ( discrete cough) golf with another Hashman who shall not be named for his own protection, but would be useful against flying or crawling insects. Fortunately, we were able to maintain social distancing , rarely approaching the fairways or greens , let alone each other.

By some miracle, I made it to the “ location “without encountering police roadblocks checking for non-mask wearing and other heinous offences.

At the designated secret location, I encountered V..o and Tink.....I, who behind cupped hands, whispered the course of the trail, not that we had ANY intention of walking , or God forbid, talking together. I can also confirm that F..g..s was also not there and didn’t walk with us. Neither was P..h U. .

Avoiding the CCTV cameras , we set off in a foolhardy manner, along the footpath alongside N.rm.n Creek. Walking briskly, we encountered very few other miscreants flagrantly disobeying orders to stay at home. The walk , I’m told, described a circular route ( yes, sadly, the other form of that word is but a distant memory) , around the Gabba, and cunningly used a few little footpaths here and there. There were very risky crossings of Ipswich Road and the Freeway where we expected at any moment to be apprehended. Miraculously, we emerged unscathed at the roundabout at O’Keefe Street and with the St.... H...I in sight, a hugh sigh of relief escaped our lips. An excellent 5+ km walk which would have scored 8/10 in the old days. ....I farted to conceal a nervous cough ( thank you, Scruffy).

Suddenly!.....from over the loudspeaker on every corner.....” If you continue to be really, really, really good....” and the ubiquitous image of our dear CHO , flaxen hair blowing in the breeze...”

Dear Hashmen,

This is an extract written and smuggled out from Howard Springs Camp in the Northern Territory, where the author is completing another 6 months of compulsory quarantine. The report finishes abruptly as the author has to attend “re-education” classes, today celebrating the Life Presidency in Perpetuity awarded to .....

George Orwell would be proud.

Zit