



Convict Trash

Run 1832 – 18th. April 2022

Hare - QR

With another holiday weekend upon us there was a reduced group assembling at the seemingly regular meeting place for Taren Point Bowlers runs, in the park next to the bay, which houses a nice area to get changed & have the occasional ablution & sufficient light to hold a Circle assembly.

Some late arrivals saw the Hare accosting your old scribe for the opportunity to act as Trail Master, given the appointed holder of the illustrious service was away getting pissed as is his tradition on Anzac Day. Fortunately, the Grewsome/Scotch Mist clan arrived just before the start & kindly accepted the pleading from the Hare as it looked as though there would only be three runners prior, meaning Dundee would've been able to forget the map & set his own run.

Around the same time Sir Les & Rabbit arrived with Goon & Tickle, growing the run group to eight & thirteen walkers (dunno just made that up).

Doc called Circle up, which was immediately completely ignored by the female participants, who consider their contributions to each other (all talking nobody listening) much more important than the regularly celebrated proceedings as applied by our religious advisor. I mean who can't understand that just because you've been talking for an hour during the walk doesn't mean you've depleted your vocabulary, does it?

In order to maintain the female gaggle, the opportunity to deliver the last rites to the run was given to Tickle, who must have some male tendencies as she has a restricted oral management style, can read maps & doesn't know colours & stuff. Accordingly she suggested the report would be short – like the run - & gave it 6 out of 10, then Goon thought it should be worth a 7 because it was in the Shire & then Scotch Mist said it was good weather so it should be an 8. Luckily we ran out of superlatives at this time lest we ended up at a 100 & missed the meal.

Doc then delivered the following eulogy:

Anzac Day Facts

107 Years ago, on 25 April 1915 the first Australian and New Zealand soldiers landed at Gallipoli. By the end of the day 16000 Anzacs had landed there and 2000 had been killed or injured. Anzac Cove is only 600m long and for the next 8 months they fought in an area not much bigger than Taren Point.

Anzac Day has been gone on to become the day we remember all the Australians who fought and died in wars and peacekeeping activities since then. About one in nine of those who served overseas died as a result of serving their country and all the rest were affected by the experience.

Let us take a moment to raise our glasses and make a toast – **to all who served.**

Visitors

Bren Gun – sans rifle & bullets but an obvious traditional adjunct to the day. Join us mate it'll be cheaper.

Birthdays

Nobody admitting to getting older. (I said this last week as well)

Badges

None

Then something happened that brought a condemnation about not wearing hats in the Circle or something – buggered if I know but I wrote it in my book for some reason.

Prickette of the Week

Tickle was nominated by Grewsome for wanting to get shitfaced & making Goon drive home tonight – see I told you she had male tendencies.

Blondie was nominated by Dundee for interrupting the proceedings by trying to take photos while also trying to open & pour a bottle of wine into her glass, thereby achieving neither but creating a complete disaster. Then she started talking about using her vibrator for some reason & it was suggested that she shouldn't need one as Doc would be sufficient but she just giggled.

Prick of the Week

Grewsome was nominated by Scotch Mist in the continuing saga of the new caravan, which is apparently quite heavy, thereby requiring more fuel fills during any excursion. Anyway, away in the rain over the weekend, the vehicle was running low on fuel, which became an item of discussion from the bride – you know what women are like “don't you think you should stop to buy more petrol” etc. etc., with the obvious consequence – he ran out of bloody fuel. So he had to pull over to the side of the road & then I sorta lost the gist of the rant a bit but it had something to do with wanting to talk to someone or something & if you want to know more ask Scotch Mist I'm sure she'd be happy to tell the world. I think if he sells the van we'll have lost our main means of entertainment.

Winners – **Blondie & Grewsome.**

Possible Events Calendar

B2H3 Events Diary (Proposed)

AGPU - 18th March 2023

Sutherland to Surf - 17th July

Xmas in July - 29th July

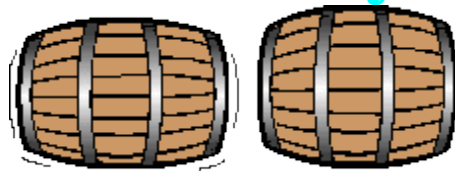
1850 Gold Rush Run - 29th August

Pub Crawl - 16th September

Check the Web Page: <https://www.botanybayh3.com/>

Jokes

**A Drover walks into a bar with
a pet crocodile by his side.**



**He puts the crocodile up on the
bar..**

**He turns to the astonished
patrons.**

**'I'll make you a deal. I'll open
this crocodile's mouth and
place my manhood inside.**



**Then the croc will close his
mouth for one minute.**



**'Then he'll open his mouth
and I'll remove my unit
unscathed.**

**In return for witnessing this
spectacle,
each of you will buy me a
drink.'**



**The crowd murmured their
approval.
The man stood up on the bar,**

**dropped his trousers,
and placed his Credentials and
related parts in the crocodile's
open mouth.**

**The croc closed his mouth
as the crowd gasped.**

**After a minute,
the man grabbed a beer
bottle and smacked the
crocodile really, really hard on
the top of
its head**

**The croc opened his mouth
and the man removed his
genitals unscathed as
promised.**

**The crowd cheered,
and the first of his free
drinks were delivered.**



**The man stood up again and
made another offer. 'I'll pay
anyone \$100 who's willing to
give it a try.'**

**A hush fell over the crowd.
After a while, a hand went up
in the back of the bar.**



A blonde woman timidly

**Spoke up.....
'I'll try it -
Just don't hit me so hard
with the beer bottle!'**



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It was the famous actor Clint Eastwood's birthday last week and to celebrate a few of his friends got together and organised a sky writer

to put a message above the Hollywood sign.

I don't think it worked out the way they wanted it to ...



A woman goes to the Doctor, worried about her husband's temper and threatening manner.

The Doctor asks: "What's the problem?"

The woman says: "Doctor, I don't know what to do. Every time my husband comes home drunk, he threatens to slap me around."

The Doctor says: "I have a real good cure for that. When your husband comes home drunk, just take a glass of water and start swishing it about in your mouth. Just swish and swish but don't swallow it until he goes to bed and is asleep."

Two weeks later the woman comes back to the doctor looking fresh and reborn.

The woman says: "Doctor that was a brilliant idea! Every time my husband came home drunk, I swished with water. I swished and swished, and he didn't touch me!

How does the water do that?"

The Doctor says: "The water does sweet fuck all...it's keeping your mouth shut that does the trick...."



PRESUMPTION OF GUILT ?

In a criminal justice system based on 12 individuals not smart enough to get out of jury duty, here is a jury to be proud of:

A defendant was on trial for murder. There was strong evidence indicating guilt, but there was no corpse.

In the defense's closing statement, the lawyer, knowing that his client would probably be convicted, resorted to a trick.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have a surprise for you all," the lawyer said as he looked at his watch. "Within one minute, the person presumed dead in this case will walk into this courtroom." He looked toward the courtroom door. The jurors, somewhat stunned, all looked on eagerly.

A minute passed. Nothing happened.

Finally the lawyer said, "Actually, I made up the previous statement. But you all looked on with anticipation. I, therefore, put it to you that you have a reasonable doubt in this case as to whether anyone was killed, and

I insist that you return a verdict of not guilty."

The jury retired to deliberate. A few minutes later, the jury returned and pronounced a verdict of guilty.

"But how?" inquired the lawyer. "You must have had some doubt; I saw all of you stare at the door."

The jury foreman replied:

"Yes, we did look,

But Your Client Didn't."