



Convict Trash

Run 1833 – 2nd. May 2022

Hare – Scotch Mist

Been a while since our last Kirrawee excursion from The Prince, which, tonight, had attracted an enormous gaggle of underage girls (I can't tell ages anymore but they looked to be about twelve) drinking ugly looking cocktails with heaps of cream on top.

It looked to be a small group of runners until it was realised that there were at least the same number outside & down the road. Bingo decided to round everyone up, which enabled all the harriettes to let every other harriette know what had transpired in their individual world over the past week. This is really amazing if you're aware of the dribble being spilled by them every available minute on WhatsApp.

As shown on her new watch, it became after 6:30 sending Bingo in a tizz as to why we weren't already in pursuit of the Hare, who was standing beside her. And so the annual Scotch Mist birthday run began:

Run Report

Darn that Council for doing works just where we were due to meet for Scotch Mists Birthday Celebration run. As a result, the bulk of the pack had gone to the pub and the rest were outside hiding in the darkness.

On On was called and off went the front runners including Duck, Dundee, Bingo, Grewsome, Cameron, Andrew and Pig headed off west towards Bonnet Bay, only to find the first of many on backs.

Over the first of the bridges crossing the Princes Highway with most of the pack cursing the grade of the stairs. As we got to the to Pig was seen pushing the button for the lift to try to shortcut.

Shortly after we found Canookie who looked surprised that she had found us so easily. On we went around the back streets of Kirrawee and Gynea with Hell I Smell Her and Tickle chatting at the rear of the pack and keeping a close eye on Curtsing.

As we headed back towards the highway to cross the second of the bridges for the night, Scotch Mist had set the trail through a townhouse development that had bright lights around the "Private Property" sign and this confused some of the front runners and they do not like to disobey the law.

On On we went, past Grewsome and Scotch Mist's old home in Tea Gardens Avenue and back to the bucket.

Great run and great map (street-directory.com.au) and worthy of the 9.5 score from Grewsome who was obviously looking to give Scotch Mist a special birthday present the next day.

On On

Merkin

As an adendum – It's believed Grewsome offered the score he did not as a birthday present to SM for the next day but as a present he could receive later that night.

Doc then delivered the following eulogy:

- Tonight I have for you a brief talk about the hole of Kirrawee, also known as ... "the brickpit"

And what a big hole it was, holding an estimated 42.7 million litres of water before the site was redeveloped. That is equivalent to 17 Olympic swimming pools, or enough water to shower 7 harriettes for 10 minutes every day for a lifetime (a).

- Kirrawee may be an aboriginal word for lengthy. It might also mean **white or sulphur crested cockatoo**, which used to inhabit the area. Not surprisingly there is some debate on this as there are about 250 Aboriginal languages and about 800 aboriginal dialects in Australia, (almost as many as the 808 units built in the former brickpit after lengthy delays) .

- Residents from the whole of Kirrawee (but not the hole of Kirrawee), past and present include Bower bird, Cannonmouth, Ralf, Nadger, Goldmark. According to the MOB (b), it was also home to **Grewsome, Scotch Mist, Lone Arranger Squatting Squaw and Slotcard.** It was also home to **Goldmark's neighbour**, the recently departed league great, **Johnny Raper.**

(a) assuming 10 mins x 19 litres x 365days x 89.2 years)

(b) where MOB = meeting of brains AKA the hash circle.

Visitors

Curtseying – Bloody rain, soggy courses, have to do something on Mondays.

Birthdays

Scotch Mist of course, celebrating her 39th like all the other harriettes,

Badges

None

Prickette of the Week

Venus was nominated by Duck for losing her glasses on a weekend away & foraging everywhere for them, which including accosting poor old Duck as he was the only harrier, not realising they were sitting on her forehead.

Grenade was nominated by Slotcard for something about getting a second booster or something & being a copycat – bugged if I know, it didn't make sense to me at the time either.

Moa was nominated by Pig for looking all around for trail, which was under her feet or something like that.

HISH was nominated by Grewsome for inciting some family high jinks, resulting in poor old Double Banger suffering a bad back & inability to attend the run.

Prick of the Week

Duck was nominated by Grewsome & Venus for not accepting his rightful position as weekly Prick by using his exalted position of Religious Advisor to quell the nominations, thereby now having to accept the inevitable.

It was getting late so Scotch Mist called time & no other nominations were accepted.

Winners – Venus & Duck.

Possible Events Calendar

B2H3 Events Diary (Proposed)

Rim Liquor's Memorial run on Saturday see the web site.

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

_Only an Aussie could pull this one off ! A true story from Mount Isa in Queensland ..

Recently a routine Police patrol car parked outside a local neighbourhood pub late in the evening. The officer noticed a man (Luke Sandery) leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk.

The man stumbled around the car park for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five vehicles. The man managed to find his car, which he fell into. He was there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off. Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine dry night). Then flicked the indicators on , then off, tooted the horn and then switched on the lights.

He moved the vehicle forward a few metres, reversed a little and then remained stationary for a few more minutes as some more vehicles left. At last he pulled out of the car park and started to drive slowly down the road. The Police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrol car, put on the flashing lights, pulled the man over and carried out a breathalyser test.

To his amazement the breathalyser indicated no evidence of the man's intoxication.

The Police officer said "I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the Police station - this breathalyser equipment must be broken."

I doubt it," said the man, "tonight I'm the designated decoy"..

Some years ago, a small rural town in Spain twinned with a similar town in Greece. The mayor of the Greek town visited the Spanish town. When he saw the palatial mansion belonging to the Spanish mayor, he wondered how he could afford such a house.

The Spaniard said, "You see that bridge over there? The EU gave us a grant to build a two-lane bridge, but by building a single-lane bridge with traffic lights at either end, this house could be built."

The following year, the Spaniard visited the Greek town. He was simply amazed at the Greek mayor's house... gold taps, marble floors, it was marvelous. When he asked how this could be afforded, the Greek said, "You see that bridge over there?"

The Spaniard replied, "No."

A man asked a waiter to take a bottle of Merlot to an unusually attractive woman sitting alone at a table in a cozy little restaurant.

So the waiter took the Merlot to the woman and said, 'This is from the gentleman who is seated over there'.... and indicated the sender with a nod of his head.

She stared at the wine coolly for a few seconds, not looking at the man, then decided to send a reply to him by a note. The waiter, who was lingering nearby for a response, took the note from her and conveyed it to the gentleman.

The note read: 'For me to accept this bottle, you need to have a Mercedes in your garage, a million dollars in the bank and 7 inches in your pants!'

After reading the note, the man decided to compose one of his own in return. He folded the note, handed it to the waiter and instructed him to deliver it to the lady.

It read:

'Just to let you know things aren't always what they appear to be, I have a Ferrari Maranello, BMW Z8, Mercedes CL600, and a Porsche Turbo in my several garages; I have beautiful homes in Aspen and Miami,

and a 10,000 acre ranch in Louisiana . There is over twenty million dollars in my bank account and portfolio. But, not even for a woman as beautiful as you, would I cut off three inches. Just send the wine back..





While visiting the United Kingdom , Winnie Mandela was invited to a cocktail party which was also to be attended by Margaret Thatcher.

When Winnie saw the ex-prime minister on the other side of the room she barged past everyone, spilling the drinks of several invited guests on the way.

Winnie elbowed her way to Maggie, stood brazenly in front of her and declared, "I hear they call you the **Iron Lady** !"

"I have been referred to by that name, yes," replied Maggie, peering down her nose at this impudent upstart. "And whom, may I enquire, do I have the honour of addressing ?" asked Maggie icily.

"I am the iron lady of South Africa !" bragged Winnie, waving her fist in the air.

"Oh, yes," replied Maggie dryly. "And for whom do you iron ?"

AN ACTUAL PERSONAL AD

To the Guy Who Tried to Mug Me In Downtown Savannah night before last.

Date: 2010-05-27, 1:43 a.m. E.S.T.

I was the guy wearing the black Burberry jacket that you demanded that I hand over, shortly after you pulled the knife on me and my girlfriend, threatening our lives. You also asked for my girlfriend's purse and earrings. I can only hope that you somehow come across this rather important message.

First, I'd like to apologize for your embarrassment; I didn't expect you to actually crap in your pants when I drew my pistol after you took my jacket. The evening was not that cold, and I was wearing the jacket for a reason. My girlfriend had just bought me that Kimber Model 191145 ACP pistol for my birthday, and we had picked up a shoulder holster for it that very evening. Obviously you agree that it is a very intimidating weapon when pointed at your head ... isn't it?!

I know it probably wasn't fun walking back to wherever you'd come from with that brown sludge in your pants. I'm sure it was even worse walking bare-footed since I made you leave your shoes, cell phone, and wallet with me. [That prevented you from calling or running to your buddies to come help mug us again].

After I called your mother or "Momma" as you had her listed in your cell, I explained the entire episode of what you'd done. Then I went and filled up my gas tank as well as those of four other people in the gas station, -- on your credit card. The guy with the big motor home took 150 gallons and was extremely grateful!

I gave your shoes to a homeless guy outside Vinnie Van Go Go's, along with all the cash in your wallet. [That made his day!]

I then threw your wallet into the big pink "pimp mobile" that was parked at the curb ... after I broke the windshield and side window and keyed the entire driver's side of the car.

Later, I called a bunch of phone sex numbers from your cell phone. Ma Bell just now shut down the line, although I only used the phone for a little over a day now, so what 's going on with that? Earlier, I managed to get in two threatening phone calls to the DA's office and one to the FBI, while mentioning President Obama as my possible target.

The FBI guy seemed really intense and we had a nice long chat (I guess while he traced your number etc.).

In a way, perhaps I should apologize for not killing you, but I feel this type of retribution is a far more appropriate punishment for your threatened crime. I wish you well as you try to sort through some of these rather immediate pressing issues, and can only hope that you have the opportunity to reflect upon, and perhaps reconsider, the career path you've chosen to pursue in life. Remember, next time you might not be so lucky. Have a good day!

Thoughtfully yours,

Alex

An old retired sailor puts on his old uniform and heads for the docks once more, for old time's sake.

He engages a prostitute and takes her up to a room.

He's soon going at it as well as he can for a guy his age. Needing a little reassurance, he asks, "How am I doing?"

The prostitute replies, "Well, old Timer, you're doing about three knots."

"Three knots?" he asks. "What's that mean?"

She says, "You're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back."

Very touching,

A Marines Wife Confesses

This came from a Marines wife. It says it all:

I sat, as did millions of other Americans, and watched as the government under went a peaceful transition of power two+ years ago.

At first, I felt a swell of pride and patriotism while

Barack Obama took his Oath of office.

However, all that pride quickly vanished as I later watched 21 Marines, in full dress uniform with rifles, fire a 21-gun salute to the President. It was then that I realized how far America's military had deteriorated. every one of them missed the bastard.

"Of course I won't laugh," said the nurse, "I'm a professional. In over twenty years I've never laughed at a patient."

"Okay then," said Fred, and he proceeded to drop his trousers, revealing the smallest male part the nurse had ever seen.

It's length and width was almost identical to a AAA battery.

Unable to control herself, the nurse tried to stop a giggle, but it just came out. And then she started laughing at the fact that she was laughing.. Feeling very badly that she had laughed at the man's part, she composed herself as well as she could. "I am so sorry," she said, "I don't know what came over me. On my honour as a nurse and a lady, I promise that won't happen again. Now, tell me, what seems to be the problem?"

"It's swollen," Fred replied.

She ran out of the room.

Four guys have been going to the same fishingtrip for many years.
Two days before the group is to leave, Nick's wife puts her foot down and tells him he isn't going.

Nick's mates are very upset that he can't go, but what can they do.
Two days later the three get to the camping site only to find Nick sitting there with a tent set up, firewood gathered, and dinner cooking on the fire.

"Shit Nick, how long you been here, and how did you talk your missus into letting you go?"

"Well, I've been here since yesterday. Yesterday evening, I was sitting in my chair and my wife came up behind me and put her hands over my eyes and said, 'Guess who?'"

I pulled her hands off, and she was wearing a brand new nightie.
She took my hand and pulled me to our bedroom.. The room had candles and rose petals all over.

On the bed she had handcuffs, and ropes! She told me to tie and cuff her to the bed, and I did.

And then she said, "Do whatever you want."

So, Here I am.

“Glad to see me?” Didn’t know Ballet could be that exciting.



