



Convict Trash

Run 1836 – 23rd. May 2022

Hare – Rabbit

Raining all day again, who was it who pissed God off this year? But Dundee made a decision, after consulting his trusty radar guide, that it would stop before the run as Penshurst is a slightly western suburb from those on the coast & he was heard to expound his usual predictions, which, after recent misjudgements, were completely disregarded by all & sundry. This time, however, he would be right.

A few notable omissions offering apologies via WhatsApp & Moa enjoying the new arrival of her second grandson, suggested it would a depleted pack for the run but not so. Around thirty desperates assembled in the pub, for those fearing the cold weather & in the carpark for the others, apart from Scotch Mist, who mistook the carpark across the road from the pub to be the very small carpark around the next side street.

Keen to admonish the culprit for her inability to read directions correctly, she began ringing Dundee, who was already taking part in the run, sans Iphone but avec Iwatch, which announced the call but as it was now well away from the said Iphone & lacking sim card in said Iwatch, couldn't be acknowledged by said recipient.

Later having received said admonishment & noticing the missed call, Dundee rang the sender to return her call & all she could do was giggle.

Over to Merkin for the run report – I'm actually writing this without the knowledge that he's actually going to send it to me.

Run Report

Rain Rain Go Away was on everyone's mind as we gathered at the carpark behind the Penshurst RSL, where we normally meet. That was except for Scotch Mist who was at another carpark next to the pub.

Rabbit was confident that as she had set the run at 2.00pm there would still be arrows, as it hadn't rained in Penshurst for some time. Unlike the rest of Sydney, which was copping an absolute drenching.

True to her word, Rabbit's arrows were still there as the runners including Tickle, Sir Les, Dundee, Bingo, Scotch Mist, Goon and Cold Duck headed out for the first on back. Up to King Georges Road toward Hurstville we went before heading back toward Mortdale Station, before winding back to Penshurst.

The walkers were doing their own thing with Hell I Smell Her and Double Banger joining Cannon Mouth, Stopcock, Sniffer, Grenade, Goldmark and Bower Bird for a stroll around Penshurst. before heading back to the bucket.

Sir Les gave the run report and gave a well deserved 9/10 to Rabbit who not only put down chalk, but also had flour and toilet paper to guide us all around the trail.

On On

Merkin.

The absence of Doc enabled Bingo to fill his empowering shoes & cloak & began by presenting Taxing a very pretty orchid plant as B2H3 sympathy to her losing her Mum last week. Taxing was quite stunned & emotional on the presentation, thanking everyone for their best wishes.

Bingo then began to appraise the suburb of the run, having almost no knowledge of where she was, could've been Timbuktu for all she knew but was able, with her canny ability to enlist aid from the populace to cover most of the questions usually asked by the incumbent – how far is Penshurst from the city? Someone replied not very far & she said correct – how much is the average house price? Someone replied \$1.5 million & she said correct again. Isn't it amazing how much our people know about stuff?

Run Reporter was Sir Les & there was loud booing & hissing from the populace, wondering whether he was going to ensure his relative comfort for the rest of the evening or be made to walk home. Apparently, according to the speaker, it was the Hare's birthday on Saturday, which had nothing at all to do with the run but would engender him a smile & a large slice of cake later.

Because of the rain, Rabbit had set the run with flour arrows, which seemed to become impervious to water & remained in situ & in grand style throughout the run. The reporter seemed intrigued by this & asked the Hare how she had managed to achieve such an amazing result? This was obviously a Dorothy Dixier that had been rehearsed.

Rabbit then began to explain that she used a drink bottle (she has some experience with them apparently), with a cut top & it was decided by the group that this would be the future of rain affected runs.

SL then suggested that it was a good run well set, crossing over & under the railway line at Mortdale & gave it 9 out of 10 – more knowing smiles from the Hare.

Prick of the Week

Grenade was nominated by Dirty Weekend for wearing long shorts or short longs so everyone could see her Storm socks bit I think she wore them on the wrong day as the past two weeks has seen her team being thrashed by supposed lesser lights of the competition.

Taxing was nominated by Dirty Weekend for wearing wet weather hiking gear that included big boots to cater to the wet weather, creating chaos when the said boots failed to handle a small puddle, sending the wearer skating along on her rump for a short distance.

Scotch Mist was nominated by Dundee for making it known that she didn't care what was written about the run because she hasn't read the Trash for 15 years. All previous scribes immediately took umbrage to such an uncaring member, who failed to acknowledge the many hours of sweat & pain that go into these pages.

Dundee was then nominated by Scotch Mist for not correctly displaying the start of the run in the web site, which she probably doesn't also read because it was clearly apparent to everyone else, who appeared in the rightful place. Not to be outdone, Duck also thought it would be good idea to nominate him for being heartless or something for which he offered no further explanation or if he did I wasn't listening.

Merkin was nominated by HISH for incorrectly marking off flour arrows with chalk when a shoe would've been a better choice.

Sir Les was nominated by Duck for something about a sports bottle drink but I missed most of the rant.

Winners – Taxing & Dundee

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

Here is a riddle for the true intellectual....

Try to come up with the answer on your own.

However, the answer is at the bottom for those who are unable to think this one through.

Here's the riddle:

At the exact same time, there are two 35-year-old men on opposite sides of the earth.

One is walking a tight rope between two skyscrapers at the 85th floor.

The other is getting oral sex from an 85-year-old toothless woman.

They are both thinking the exact same thing ...

What are they both thinking?

The answer: Don't look down!

US RECESSION

The recession has hit everybody really hard...

My neighbour got a pre-declined credit card in the mail.

Wives are having sex with their husbands because they can't afford batteries.

CEO's are now playing miniature golf.

Exxon-Mobil laid off 25 Congressmen.

A stripper was killed when her audience showered her with rolls of pennies while she danced.

I saw a Mormon with only one wife.

If the bank returns your check marked "Insufficient Funds," you call them and ask if they meant you or them.

McDonald's is selling the 1/4 ounce.

Angelina Jolie adopted a child from America.

Parents in Beverly Hills fired their nannies and learned their children's names.

A truckload of Americans was caught sneaking into Mexico.

A picture is now only worth 200 words.

When Bill and Hillary travel together, they now have to share a room.

And, finally.....

I was so depressed last night thinking about the economy, wars, jobs, my savings, Social Security, retirement funds, etc., I called the Suicide Hotline. I got a call centre in Pakistan, and when I told them I was suicidal, they got all excited, and asked if I could drive a truck.

Price of gas in France

A thief in Paris planned to steal some paintings from the Louvre.



After careful planning, he got past security, stole the paintings, and made it safely to his van.

However, he was captured only two blocks away when his van ran out of gas.

When asked how he could mastermind such a crime and then make such an

obvious error, he replied, 'Monsieur, that is the reason I stole the paintings.'



I had no Monet



to buy Degas



to make the Van Gogh.'



**See if you have De Gaulle to
send this on to someone else.**



I sent it to you because I figured I had nothing Toulouse.

I have
PMS & GPS.
Which means
I am a bitch
and
I will find you.



photos, stories & more
APlaceToLoveDogs.com

With Age comes skills
It's called MultiTasking
**I CAN
LAUGH, COUGH,
SNEEZE, AND PEE ALL
AT THE SAME TIME.**



Press Any Key
To Start.

WHERE IS THE
"ANY" KEY?!




They don't keep YOU on a leash
because they WANT you to run away


Sometimes I laugh so hard
the tears run down my leg



Got my coffee..
Got my cigarettes..
Got my computer
and took my prozac..
It's gonna be a great day!



Don't let aging
get you down.
It's too
hard to
get
back up!



I farted
& the dog
got in trouble! lol



**I DON'T HAVE AN
ATTITUDE I HAVE A
PERSONALITY YOU
CAN'T HANDLE**

Your happy pills...
I ate the whole bottle!



"I swear to you the mouse
was this fricken big!!!"





SARCASM

because beating the crap out of people is illegal.

think yeah 96GAG.COM



Sex is now classified as a misdemeanor....
the more you miss....
da meaner ya get!



WE IS FRIENDS!
Me and You is friends
You smile, I smile...
You hurt, I hurt...
You cry, I cry...
You jump off a Bridge
I gonna miss your E-Mails.

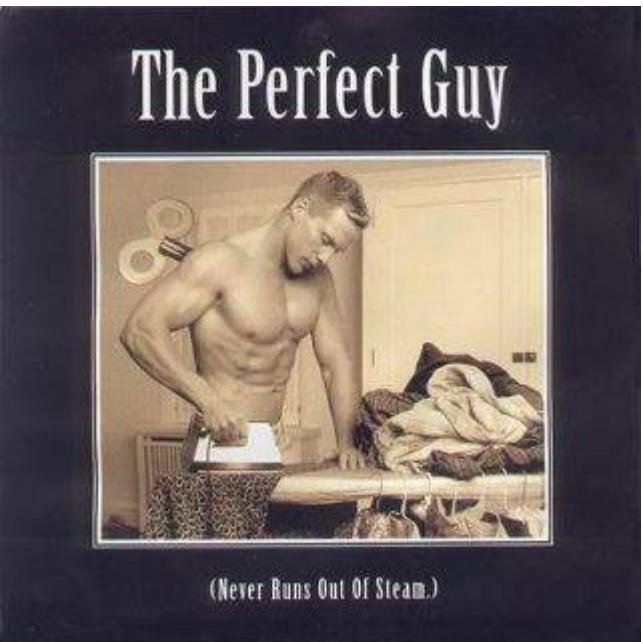
**SOMETIMES
I PRETEND TO BE
NORMAL.**

**BUT IT GETS BORING...
SO I GO BACK TO BEING ME.**

myhotcomments.com



Okay, Ralph let me 'splain it you again.
You're big, I'm little; **BUT!!!** you're dog, I'm
cat that makes me the boss. Got it ??



**I DON'T
NEED SEX**
THE
GOVERNMENT
F*CKS ME
EVERY DAY



TO MY SENSITIVE FRIENDS



Three old Aussie rednecks were working up on an outback Queensland cell phone tower:

Coot Hooter, Hurricane Lamp* and Martin Place *.

As they start their descent, Coot slips, falls off the tower and is killed instantly..

As the ambulance takes the body away,

Martin says, 'Well, bugger me; someone should go and tell Coot's wife.

Hurricane says, 'OK, I'm pretty good at that sensitive stuff, I'll do it.'

Two hours later, he comes back carrying a case of Beer.

Martin says, 'Where did you get that beer, Hurricane?'

'Coot's wife gave it to me,' Hurricane replies.

'That's unbelievable, you told the Missus her husband was dead and she gave you a case of beer?' 'Well, not exactly', Hurricane says. 'When she answered the door, I said to her, "you must be Coot's widow." She said, 'You must be mistaken.. I'm not a widow.' Then I said,

'I'll bet you a case of beer you are..'

Queenslanders are good at that sensitive stuff.

Hello friends,

I wanted to send some sort of holiday greeting to my friends and colleagues, but it is difficult in today's world to know exactly what to say without offending someone. So I met with my lawyer yesterday, and on advice I wish to say the following :

Please accept with no obligation, implied or implicit, my best wishes for an environmentally conscious, socially responsible, low stress , non addictive, gender neutral celebration of the summer solstice holiday practiced with the most enjoyable traditions of religious persuasion or secular practices of your choice with respect for the religious / secular persuasions and / or traditions of others, or their choice not to practice religious or secular traditions at all .

I also wish you a fiscally successful, personally fulfilling and medically uncomplicated recognition of the onset of the generally accepted calendar year 2012, but not without due respect for the calendar of choice of other cultures whose contributions to society have helped make our country great (not to imply that Australia is necessarily greater than any other country) and without regard to the race, creed, colour, age, physical ability, religious faith or sexual preference of the wishee .

By accepting this greeting, you are accepting these terms :

This greeting is subject to clarification or withdrawal. It is freely transferable with no alteration to the original greeting. It implies no promise by the wisher to actually implement any of the wishes for her / him or others and is void where prohibited by law, and is revocable at the sole discretion of the wisher. The wish is warranted to perform as expected within the usual application of good tidings for a period of one year or until the issuance of a new wish at the sole discretion of the wisher .

Best Regards (without prejudice)

Name withheld (Privacy Act).

A beautiful woman loved growing tomatoes, but couldn't seem to get her tomatoes to turn red. One day, while taking a stroll, she came upon a gentleman neighbour who had the most beautiful garden full of huge red tomatoes. The woman asked the gentleman, "What do you do to get your tomatoes so red?" The gentleman responded, "Well, twice a day I stand in front of my tomato garden naked in my trench coat and flash them. My tomatoes turn red from blushing so much." Well, the woman was so impressed; she decided to try doing the same thing to her tomato garden to see if it would work. So twice a day for two weeks she flashed her garden hoping for the best. One day the gentleman was passing by and asked the woman, "By the way, how did you make out? Did your tomatoes turn red?" "No", she replied, "but my cucumbers are enormous."*

Dementia - short and sweet



Merry Christmas

A guy goes into a pub and the barmaid asks what he wants. "I want to bury my face in your cleavage and lick the sweat from between your tits," he says.

"You dirty bastard!" shouts the barmaid, "Get out before I get my husband." The bloke apologizes and promises not to repeat his gaffe.

The Barmaid accepts this and asks him again what he wants. "I want to pull your pants down, spread yoghurt between the cheeks of your arse and lick it all off."

She says, "You dirty filthy pervert! You're banned. Get out!!" Again, the bloke apologizes and swears never ever to do it again.

"One more chance," says the barmaid, "Now - what do you want?" "I want to turn you upside down, tear your knickers off and fill your pussy with Guinness, and then drink every last drop from the hairy cup."

The barmaid is furious at this personal intrusion, and runs upstairs to fetch her husband, who's sitting quietly watching the TV.

"What's up love?" he asks.

"There's a guy in the bar who wants to put his head between my tits and lick the sweat off", she says.

"I'll kill him. Where is he?" storms the husband. "Then he said he wanted to pour yoghurt down between my arse cheeks and lick it off" she screams.

"Right. He's dead!" says the husband, reaching for a baseball bat. "Then he said he wanted to turn me upside down, fill my pussy with Guinness and then drink it all" she cries!

The husband puts down his bat and returns to his armchair, and switches the TV back on. "Aren't you going to do something about it?" she cries hysterically.

"Look love, I'm not messing with any bloke who can drink 15 pints of Guinness..."

The Lone Ranger's Last Request

The Lone Ranger was ambushed and captured by an enemy Indian War Party.

The Indian Chief proclaims, "So YOU are the great Lone Ranger"... "In honor of the Harvest Festival, YOU will be executed in three days." "Before I kill you, I grant you three requests"

"What is your FIRST request? The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse."

The Chief nods and Silver is brought before the Lone Ranger who whispers in Silver's ear, and the horse gallops away.

Later that evening, Silver returns with a beautiful blonde woman on his back. As the Indian Chief watches, the blonde enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.

The next morning the Indian Chief admits he's impressed. "You have a very fine and loyal horse", "But I will still kill you in two days."

"What is your SECOND request?" The Lone Ranger again asks to speak to his horse.

Silver is brought to him, and he again whispers in the horse's ear. As before, Silver takes off and disappears over the horizon.

Later that evening, to the Chief's surprise, Silver again returns, this time with a voluptuous brunette, more attractive than the blonde. She enters the Lone Rangers tent and spends the night. The following morning the Indian Chief is again impressed. "You are indeed a man of many talents," "But I will still kill you tomorrow."

"What is your LAST request?" The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse...alone." The Chief is curious, but he agrees, and Silver is brought to the Lone Ranger's tent. Once they're alone, the Lone Ranger grabs Silver by both ears, looks him square in the eye and says, Listen Very Carefully!!!FOR...THE...LAST...TIME... "BRING POSSE!"

WHERE I HAVE AND HAVE NOT BEEN

I have been in many places, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Cahoots with someone. I've also never been in Cognito. I hear no one recognizes you there.

I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my friends, family and work.

I would like to go to Conclusions, but you have to jump, and I'm not too much on physical activity anymore. I have also been in Doubt. That is a sad place to go, and I try not to visit there too often.

I've been in Flexible, but only when it was very important to stand firm. Sometimes I'm in Capable, and I go there more often as I'm getting older.

One of my favorite places to be is in Suspense! It really gets the adrenalin flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age I need all the stimuli I can get!

But one place I don't ever want to be is in Continent.

