



Convict Trash

Run 1837 – 30th. May 2022

Hare – Venus

Twenty three battle hardened & trusty individuals stood shivering in the library carpark as Scotch Mist arrived, obviously acknowledging the intricate detail applied to the agreed meeting place on the web site.

The sleet & gale had diminished as God smiled down offering a cold but dry opportunity to the assembly, which was accepted by six hardy runners, sans Bingo, who had decided that it was going to rain, hail, sleet & it would send her hair frizzy. Even enlisting the aid of Dundee to drive her a few hundred metres up the road from her abode just in case.

Over to Merkin:

Run Report

Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and stick up your Uranus. The planets must have been out of alignment as Venus had been out setting the run for hours, only to have the trail washed away just an hour before the run.

As the pack gathered at the start of the run, everyone seemed a little cold, as the temperatures had dropped so much we thought it would snow before we left.

With no chalk marks left, the TM had the job of trying to keep Dundee, Cold Duck, Sir Les, Short N Curly and Scotch Mist all together and on trail. Just in case there was any late comers I continued to put down arrows which helped the walkers navigate the trail.

Bingo decided it was too cold to strip down and run, so decided to walk with Sniffer, Moa, Stop Cock, Taxing, Blondie, Doc, Dish, Brockie, Rabbit and Dirty Weekend. Upon our return we found Double Banger and Hell I Smell had slipped in and done a walk of their own.

As the rain held off for all the runners found the flour through the park off Rawson Street, before heading back to the bucket.

We set run, albeit there were no trail marks, so the TM awarded Venus with a well deserved 8.5/ 10.

On On

Merkin.

Circle:

Now here is the great Houdini act of all time, cause Dundee had remembered his glasses & his hearing aid but forgot his writing pad & pen so decided to enlist the aid of his trusty Iphone, which he noticed Slottie using when he was RA, she was scribe & would've been perfect if he knew how to use it. Enlisting the aid of tech expert, Doc, initially proved to be

of no assistance cause it was an Iphone but, perseverance & good luck noticing he had an app that said press here if wanting to tape a Hash meeting, won out. So here goes:

Welcome to Run 1838 (should've been 1837) of the esteemed Hash House Harriers, Hare was Venus Run Reporter is not Short & Curly but Merkin he does anything for a free drink, which means he reckons he forgets to nominate anyone.

He suggested he nominated S & C because she was only one of three that completed the whole run but then realised he would've missed a free beer. Venus had spent three hours setting the run, which didn't have any arrows but she was rugged up to the nines (from where does that term emanate? Can you be dressed to the tens?) & that was to imply she did what she said, which took her three hours (lots of bloody threes here).

Then there was heaps of women talking in high pitch, which meant I haven't a clue as to what the gaggle was about but someone suggested they actually saw some flour somewhere, which added tenure to the previous assertion.

Lots of hills to upset Dundee, saw flour again, headed home, a couple shortcutted – Sir Les probably did cause he does it every week but to insinuate Dundee also shortcutted was an untruth as the route he took was about the same length as the trail.

Gave the run 8.5 out of 10.

Rabbit then gave an expert presentation on how to use flour in a bottle to set runs at times of rain & sleet to which there was much astonishment & studying of the elite arrow she placed at our feet, using the said bottle. Doc immediately gave an assertion that this would be the future of all run setting & we should patent the device in case other Hash groups stole the idea.

Then, of course, the chefs in the group had to enquire as to the type & standard of flour to be used because you can't use the incorrect grade or something, heaps of giggling.

Doc then called everyone to order & started to talk about the suburb, which had been done to death over the past couple of years so he talked about Paddy Melon or someone.

Any birthdays & Goldie said never again, which placed her in an elite group of two.

Then on to Pricks:

Prick of the Week

Bingo was nominated by Duck for suggesting she had to help Dundee put his pants on, which is against her usual act of removing them. Much laughing ensued.

Dirty was nominated by Doc for suggesting it was always harder the first time you put it in, which obviously had nothing to do with her homogenous sex life but had something to do with her phone. That does suggest that she must keep it on vibrator all the time, but don't know about the first time bit, maybe at first it needs lubrication.

Dundee was then nominated by Duck for no bloody idea cause he never explained it except mentioning something about Bingo's knickers, when we all know she doesn't wear any.

Dirty then wanted to nominate Grewsome for suggesting the women arrived on broomsticks or something but he wasn't there so he'll probably cop it next week.

Winners – Dirty & Dundee

Apres Circle:

Scotch Mist began a rant about her poor suffering husband over his inability to overcome something she called “manflu”. Apparently he has a runny nose, which requires constant nasal snot removal causing her great anguish during the sleeping hours & removal from the partnership sleeping device (bed). Now, being a female, she obviously has no knowledge of how debilitating “manflu” can be, causing the recipient much anguish & possible fatal consequences. The only possible solution is constant nasal snot removal, which, apparently doesn't apply to those affected by “girlflu”.

I'm not worried about repercussions to this post as she doesn't read the Trash.

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 man joined a very exclusive nudist colony. On his first day he took off his clothes and started to wander around the area. A gorgeous petite blonde walked by, and the man immediately got an erection.

The woman noticed his erection, came over to him and asked, 'did you call for me?'

The man replied, 'No, what do you mean?'

She said, 'You must be new here. Let me explain. It's a rule here that if you get an erection, it implies you called for me.' Smiling, she led him to the side of the swimming pool, laid down on a towel, pulled him to her and happily let him have his way with her.

Later, the man continued to explore the colony's facilities. He entered the sauna and as he sat down, he farted.

Within seconds a huge, hairy man lumbered out of the steam room toward him.

'Did you call for me?' asked the hairy man. 'No, what do you mean?' replied the newcomer.

'You must be new' answered the hairy man. 'It's a rule that if you fart, it implies that you called for me.' The huge man easily spun him around, put him over a bench and had his way with the newcomer.

The newcomer staggered back to the colony office where he was greeted by a smiling, naked receptionist, 'May I help you?' she asked.

'Here's my membership card. You can have the key back and you can keep the \$500 membership fee.'

'But, Sir,' she replied, 'you've only been here a few hours. You haven't had a chance to see all our facilities.'

'Listen lady, I'm 68 years old. I only get an erection once a month, but I fart 15 times a day. I'm outta here.'

Ford has announced plans to acquire French automaker Renault and engineering teams have already joined forces to create the perfect small car for women.

Mixing the Renault 'Clio' and the Ford 'Taurus' they have designed the 'Clitaurus'. It comes in pink and the average male car thief won't be able to find it - let alone turn it on - even if someone tells him where it is and how to do it.

Rumor has it though, that it leaks transmission fluid once a month and can be a real bitch to start in the morning!

Some have reported that on cold winter mornings, when you really need it, you can't get it to turn over.

New models are initially fun to own, but very costly to maintain, and horribly expensive to get rid of. Used models may initially appear to have curb appeal and a low price, but eventually have an increased appetite for fuel, and the curb weight typically increases with age. Manufacturers are baffled as to how the size of the trunk increases, but say that the paint may just make it LOOK bigger. This model is not expected to reach collector status. Most owners find it is best to lease one, and replace it as needed.

As an addendum to the above, Rachel Riley, the genius on Nine out of Ten Cats does Countdown, reckons the female clitoris is ten centimetres long, about the same length as Duck's penis, which he only sees if he's looking in the mirror.

An elephant asked a camel, "Why are your breasts on your back?"

'Well,' said the camel, 'I think that's an entirely inappropriate question for somebody whose dick is on his face.'

I went to the doctor's office the other day and found out that my new doctor is a young female and drop-dead gorgeous!

I was embarrassed, but she said, "Don't worry, I'm a Professional - I've seen it all before. Just tell me what's wrong and I'll "check it out."

I said "My wife thinks my penis tastes funny."

A professor at the University of Queensland was giving a lecture on Paranormal Studies.

To get a feel for his audience, he asks, 'How many people here believe in ghosts?'

About 90 students raise their hands.

Well, that's a good start. Out of those who believe in ghosts, do any of you think you have seen a ghost?'

About 40 students raise their hands. That's really good. I'm really glad you take this seriously. Has anyone here ever talked to a ghost?'

About 15 students raise their hand. Has anyone here ever touched a ghost?'

Three students raise their hands. That's fantastic. Now let me ask you one question further...Have any of you ever made love to a ghost?'

Way in the back, Ahmed raises his hand.

The professor takes off his glasses and says 'Son, all the years I've been giving this lecture, no one has ever claimed to have made love to a ghost. You've got to come up here and tell us about your experience.'

The Middle Eastern student replied with a nod and a grin, and began to make his way up to the podium.

When he reached the front of the room, the professor asks, 'So, Ahmed, tell us what it's like to have sex with a ghost?'

Ahmed replied, "Oh shit, from way back there I thought you said Goats."



The 'MUST HAVE' Rugby shirt for all Rugby Lovers

It has been announced that the police are going to be allowed to use

water cannons on rioters.

They are putting some Persil in to stop the coloureds running.

Two Muslims have crashed a speedboat into the Thames barrier in London .

Police think it might be the start of Ram-a-dam.

Following the riots in Tottenham, it's important to remind ourselves that not all black people are stereotypical thieves and arsonists.

The vast majority are drug dealers and rapists.

Ngogo Mwambi has to travel 5 miles every day for fresh water, 7 miles every day for food & 10 miles every day for medicine for him & his family.

This is because the daft bastard and all his mates torched the Peckham Spar, Tottenham KFC and Hackney Medical Centre and now he has to walk to Shoreditch for his breakfast.

Riots in Wythenshawe last month caused over £1 million worth of improvements

Muslims have gone on the rampage in Bradford, killing anyone who's English.

Police fear the death toll could be as high as 5.

Sat opposite an Indian lady on the train today, she shut her eyes and stopped breathing.

I thought she was dead, until I saw the red spot on her forehead and realised she was just on standby.

They've had to cancel the panto 'Jack & the Beanstalk' in Birmingham , Bristol , Oldham, Bradford, Burnley, Leicester, Luton and London :

Apparently the giant couldn't smell any Englishmen.

Cougar sleeping in a tree.

King's Canyon National Forest, near Yosemite



They look pretty harmless when they're asleep, don't they?

You have nothing to worry about.

They prey on *younger* men...

Some guys from Maine dressed their truck up with a guy spread eagle on the roof of the truck.

The driver and passenger put on Moose Heads.

Down the Maine Toll interstate they went causing about 16 accidents.

They went to jail. Maine cops have no sense of humour.



It was a romantic full moon when Pedro said, "Hey, mamacita, let's do Weeweechu." Oh no, not now, let's look at the moon!"; said Rosita. Oh, c'mon baby, let's you and I do Weeweechu. I love you and it's the perfect time," Pedro begged.

"But I wanna just hold your hand and watch the moon.", replied Rosita.

"Please, corazoncito, just once, do Weeweechu with me."

Rosita looked at Pedro and said, "OK, one time, we'll do Weeweechu."

Pedro grabbed his guitar and they both sang.....

"Weeweechu a Merry Christmas, Weeweechu a Merry Christmas, Weeweechu a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year !"

Politically Incorrect

In a local sports bar trivia quiz the other night, I lost by one point. The question was, where do women mostly have curly hair? Apparently, it's Africa

One of the other questions was to name two things commonly found in cells. It appears that Mexicans and African Americans is not the correct answer

I've heard that Apple has scrapped their plans for the new children's-oriented iPod after realizing that iTunes Kids is not a good product name.

A new Muslim clothing shop opened here in Lakeland, but I've been banned from it after asking to look at some bomber jackets

**You can say lots of bad things about pedophiles but at least they drive slowly past schools
A friend of mine has just told me he's shagging his girlfriend and her twin. I asked, "How can you tell them apart?" He said, "Her brother has a moustache"**

Just put a deposit down on a brand new Porsche and mentioned it on Facebook. I said "I can't wait for the new 911 to arrive!" Next thing I know 4000 Muslims have added me as a friend!!

Being a modest man, when I checked into my hotel on a recent trip, I said to the lady at the registration desk ... "I hope the porn channel in my room is disabled." To which she replied, "No, it's regular porn, you sick bastard."

The red cross knocked at my door asking if I could help towards the floods in Pakistan . I said I would love to, but my hose only reaches the bottom of the driveway.

A family is at the dinner table. The son asks his father, 'Dad, how many kinds of boobs are there? The father, surprised, answers, 'Well, son, there are three kinds of boobs: In her 20's, a woman's are like melons, round and firm. In her 30's to 40's, they are like pears, still nice but hanging a bit.

After 50, they are like onions'

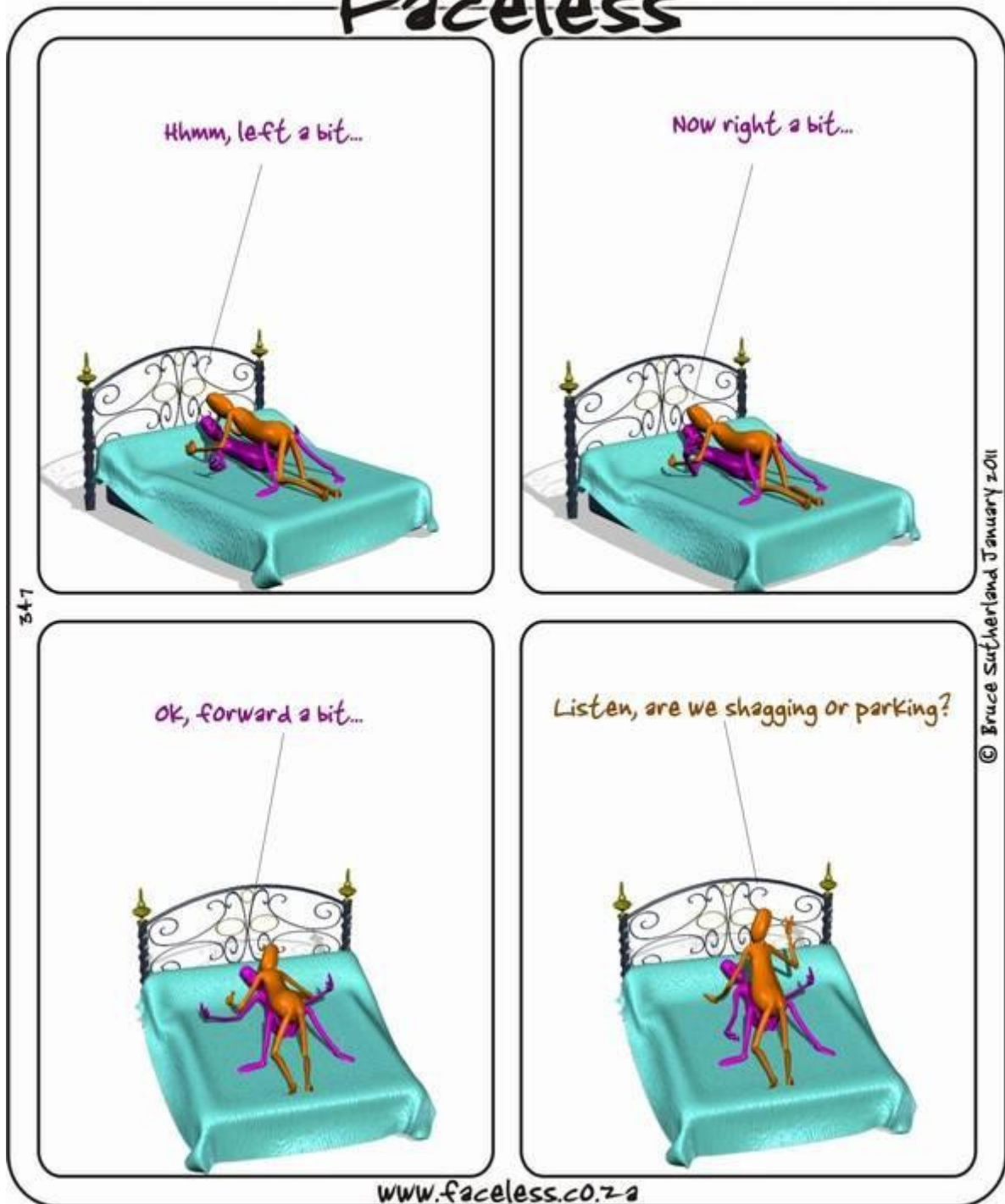
'Onions?' 'Yes, you see them and they make you cry.'

This infuriated his wife and daughter so the daughter said, 'Mum, how many kinds of 'willies' are there? The mother, surprised, smiles and answers, 'Well dear, a man goes through three phases. In his 20's, his willy is like an oak tree, mighty and hard. In his 30's and 40's, it is like a birch, flexible but reliable. After his 50's, it is like a Christmas Tree.'

'A Christmas tree?'

'Yes - the tree is dead and the balls are just for decoration

Faceless



The above apparently was sent to me by Carpet Burn & I made the remark “you can tell where their marriage is heading”

This is brilliant in its simplicity...

- A. Back off and let those men who want to marry men, marry men.**
 - B. Allow those women who want to marry women, marry women.**
 - C. In three generations, there will be no surviving Greens.**
-I love it when a plan comes together so simply.**

The Teacher asked young Patrick Murphy: "What do you do at Christmas time? Patrick addressed the class: "Well Ms. Jones, me and my twelve brothers and sisters go to midnight mass and we sing hymns; then we come home very late and we put mince pies by the back door and hang up our stockings. Then all excited, we go to bed and wait for Father Christmas to come with all our toys. "Very nice Patrick," she said. "Now Jimmy Brown, what do you do at Christmas?"

Well, Ms. Jones, me and my sister also go to church with Mom and Dad and we sing carols and we get home ever so late. We put cookies and milk by the chimney and we hang up our stockings. We hardly sleep, waiting for Santa Claus to bring our presents.

Realizing there was a Jewish boy in the class and not wanting to leave him out of the discussion, she asked, "Now, Isaac Cohen, what do you do at Christmas?"

Isaac said, "Well, it's the same thing every year...Dad comes home from the office.

We all pile into the Rolls Royce; then we drive to Dad's toy factory.

When we get inside, we look at all the empty shelves...And begin to sing: What A Friend We Have in Jesus".

Then we all go to the Bahamas