



Convict Trash

Run 1839 – 13th. June 2022

Hare – Grewsome

Grewsome had taken on the last minute task of organising the run & chose Vivid to be the main point of the proceedings, with the thought that he would book the Captain Cook Hotel as the venue, thus allowing access to all the main functions.

Unfortunately, for no known reason, that hotel was closed for the night as were all the other Rocks & near environs pubs, which may have been a blessing as most of the streets in the area were closed as well, making parking a major problem.

Much soul searching & phone calling ensued until he contacted the Lord Roberts in Darlo, which, as it happened, turned out to be an inspired selection as the food & booze was good & reasonably priced. But more about that later in the report.

Not expecting a large turnout, due to sickness & late cancellations, it was pleasing to see 21 smiling faces in the interior & exterior of the quaint pub with some recent renovations, that supplied a large number of eating rooms & a very cozy room & bar for us. Parking was also better than expected so we began with a very happy contingent.

Over to Anonymous:

Run Report

Merkin had succumbed to the dreaded (or maybe not so dreaded) Covid, which, he decided, would be spread amongst us due to his ability to contaminate & obliterate large communities apparently. So a number of people were offered the Trail Master job by Bingo, which didn't include her amongst the nominees & for which we were all extremely grateful else we end up in Parramatta or somewhere.

Luckily, Grewsome continued his highly committed group comradeship by offering his services to act as Hare & TM, for which we were all, again, extremely grateful as it meant it would be impossible for us all to become lost, even though some members tried their best.

The group split, as usual, at the start, with the walker/talker group heading for the Quay & the runners, all nine of them, following a really well set trail, given the foot traffic, proceeded south towards Oxford Street. A couple of people, who knew where they were heading, including Dopey Dundee, asked "why are we heading away from Vivid?"

The answer soon became obvious as they headed back north & up a steep hill to an On Back, which gave Dopey a reason to complain again as he was racing Andy at the time. Back down & up another hill to College Street & over to the park & Shrine of Remembrance, before heading down to Darling Harbour & the spectacular water & light show.

It should be mentioned here that the Sydney Vivid light show is now the largest of its type in the world & receives major press coverage on overseas networks so expect a large contingent of overseas & interstate visitors from now on.

Without that contingent, it still attracts a large crowd as the runners spent a lot of time sidestepping not as nimble amblers, through Tumblong Park (I don't know what the bloody name is) & finding, amongst many other attractions, some rings that you can press & they light up – incredible.

On towards Central station, it was noticed, a massive throng entering a small tunnel expelling copious volumes of smoke, which had the effect of reminding everyone of Hitler's gas ovens so they didn't go there.

Back up to George Street, then up again to the inter & interstate section of Central, Dopey was running out of gas & sounded like Duck on a good night. Scotch Mist was prancing around like a two year old, which she is compared to older participants – Sir Les, Duck & Bingo – herding Cam & Andy.

On on to Oxford Street & down to Stanley Street, where Dopey decided to test his new found athleticism by trying to race the two greyhounds up a bloody hill of all things, then down to a non existent bucket as the walker/talkers were walker talking their way back from the Quay. Guess who won?

On On

Anonymous

Circle:

I'm listening to all the drivel prior to Doc taking control & was amazed to hear Dirty suggesting "Dundee's a wanker". Now I don't know how she knows cause I don't do my wanking anywhere near her abode & I think she must be mixing me up with Duck, with whom she barely cohabits according to local banter. And I wouldn't either cause he snores.

Before expounding his incredible knowledge of the suburb &, after finally bringing the group to order, Doc handed over to Duck to administer the last rites to the run.

He began by rambling on about the walker/talkers seeing everything cause they went to the Quay but then expounded how much better it was in Darling Harbour with water spires & music.

Probably a bit of one upmanship over his sleeping partner, who didn't get to experience the section.

He reckons the runners didn't see anything cause they were running but did notice the Powerehouse Museum, which would've been out of his vision & didn't do anything for Vivid but he mentioned something about the Industrial Revolution?? I think he must've had a bad dream.

He then went on to talk about Grewsome's siblings in an unhealthy manner as they're both quite capable of causing extreme harm if they so desire to any who make fun of them. Anyway, in respect of the effort & short notice given to the Hare, he gave the run 9.5 out of 10. Then he decided to tell me again, even though I heard it & had recorded it.

Doc then started to ramble on about the suburb & some bloke called Ralph Darling, who was the Governor of NSW in the early to mid 80's – that's the 1800 ones not the 1900 ones – then he made a disparaging remark about the Shire not having as many pages in Wikopaedia as Darlo & the reason for that is, obviously, the Shire doesn't have as many crims.

Then he talked about green bans & gay marches &, because my phone was near Rabbit I distinctly heard her remembering the gay march & one needs to query as to whether it was an appearance or just oggling?

Famous residents were Baz Lurman, Phillip Adams, Michael Hutchins & Carl Stepanic?? Now there must be some conjecture as to the notoriety of Phillip Adams & Carl Stepanovic (is the other Stepanovic not really a relative or of non relevance?) And there seems to be some unknown detail as to Michael Hutchins, who it was thought was born in Perth.

Apparently Darlo was known as Governor Darling's wooded hill & was named after his wife & it was wondered as to what the governor called his wife when he couldn't recall her name? If he called her Darling then it was surprising he lived to the age he did.

Birthdays

None but Goon talked about a horn that he wanted to give to Blondie & Tickle laughed.

Then on to Pricks:

Prick of the Week

Blondie was nominated by Doc for taking him to a monastery to see the choir practice & asked the Priest to open up but she was a week too early.

Dirty was then nominated by Duck for looking like an outlaw with her mask, which meant she was looking the part in the suburb.

Duck was nominated by Grewsome for casting nastursions about other football teams cause his team lucked a win but he thought they didn't play well.

Grewsome was nominated by Scotch Mist for something about the venue but I couldn't understand it.

Winners – Blondie & Duck

Apres Circle:

As Sniffer was demolishing a cow's rear end & half of Dirty's Squid meal, she thought it the right time to discuss how the eating of beetroot & analysing your stool afterwards can give you an excellent idea as to your metabolic rate of consumption or something, which created great discussion amongst the female group.

Apparently Sniffer has gone to great lengths to discover her noticing said stool was very red (bloodlike) & thought it appropriate to let all who know her understand the ramifications of her study. This was, obviously, of great interest to all who attended that end of the table, except for Stopcock & Dundee, who understood that, if you eat beetroot, you're going to have bloodlike piss symptoms.

This is the stimulating section of the Hash evening we enjoy most & I look forward to the next installment when we can discuss breast implants or colonoscopies.

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/>

From my Trash 11 years ago:

DUNDEE'S OBSERVATION OF THE WEEK:-

Not having seen **Doctor Hook** for some time it has become noticeable of his weight loss & how lithe & svelt his physique – almost female looking (if you like ugly females that is). I was considering that it must have something to do with the Chinese one child policy, where the rate of female births has declined alarmingly, thereby resulting in a large poofter enclave..... The bloke's definitely turned.

It was only brought to my attention when his poor suffering wife continually asked why I didn't visit her in China (notice not them) & then proceeded to let me know when **Hook** was away, He's obviously not fulfilling his marital duties & the frustration's there for all to see.

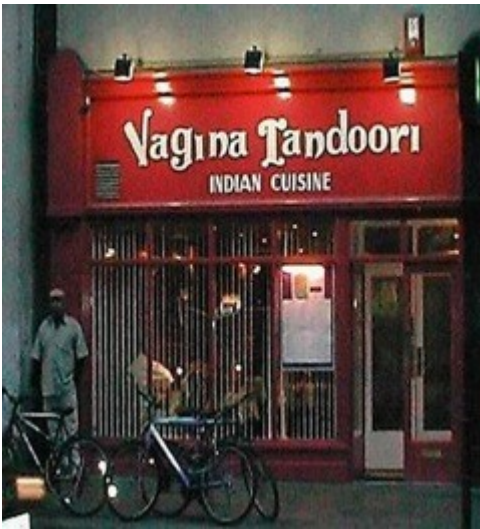
Then to top it off, did anyone fail to notice his Taylor Square multi coloured striped cut way shorts at the dinner, something of which Freddy Mercury would be proud.

No it's certain now that he's a genuine card carrying member of the **Elton John for PM fan club** with the motto, "never leave your mate's behind".

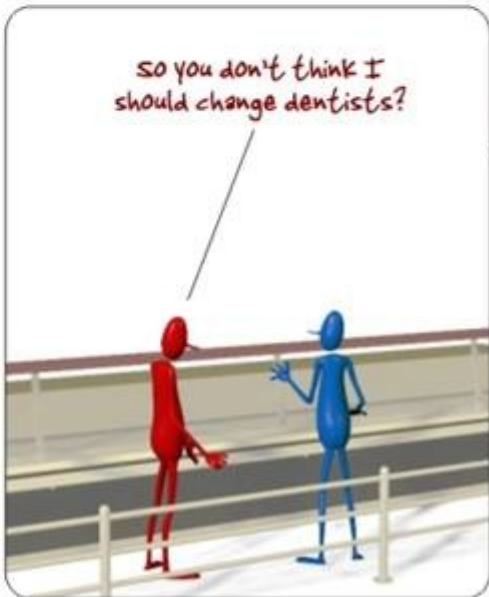
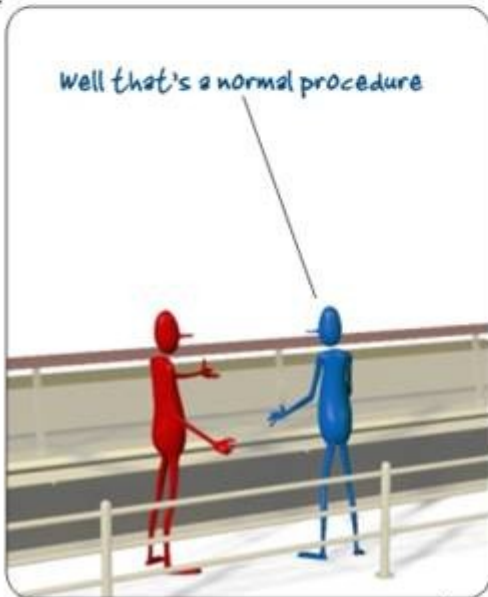
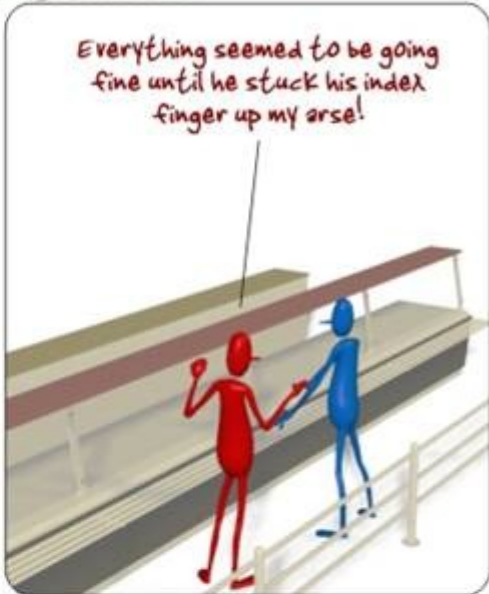
Rock Hudson was once asked whether he knew who gave him aids, his reply was "do you think I have eyes in the back of my head?"

Jokes





Faceless



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A short bedtime story

"Ya know, when I was 25 and got a hard-on, I couldn't bend it with both hands.

By the time I was 40, I could bend it about 10 degrees if I tried real hard.

By the time I was 50 I could bend it 20 degrees, no problem.

I'm gonna be 70 next week, and I can bend it in half with just one hand."

"So, what's your point?"

"Well, I'm just wondering how much stronger am I gonna get!"

Since the Christmas holidays are fast approaching, and you may be attending festivities where alcohol might be served, I would like to share an experience with you about drinking and driving.

As you well know, some of us have been known to have had brushes with the authorities on our way home from the odd social session over the years. A couple of nights ago, I was out for a few drinks with some friends and had a few too many beers and some rather nice bourbon. Knowing full well I may have been slightly over the limit, I did something I've never done before - I took a bus home. I arrived back safely and without incident, which was a real surprise since I had never driven a bus before and am not sure where I got this one.

A TOUCHING CHRISTMAS STORY

A couple was doing last minute shopping on Christmas Eve. Walking through the very crowded mall the wife looked up and noticed her

husband was nowhere around. She became very upset because they had a lot to do. She used her cell phone to call her husband to ask where he was.

The husband, in a calm voice said, "Honey remember the jewelry store we went into five years ago, where you fell in love with that diamond necklace that we could not afford and I told you that I would get it for you one day?"

The wife, crying, said, "Yes, I remember".

Husband: "Well, I'm in the bar next to that jewelry store."

**My neighbors, the two cute young lesbians
next door, asked me what I would like for
Christmas**



**I was quite surprised, when they gave me
a Seiko!**

**It was very nice of them, but I'm pretty
sure that they misunderstood me, when I
said:**

"I wanna watch"

Pete was at the country club for his weekly round of golf. He began his round with an eagle on the first hole and a birdie on the second.

On the third hole he had just scored his first ever hole-in-one when his cell phone rang... It was a doctor notifying him that his wife had just been in a terrible accident and was in critical condition and in ICU.

The man told the doctor to inform his wife where he was and that he'd be there as soon as possible. As he hung up he realized he was leaving what was shaping up to be his best ever round of golf.

He decided to get in a couple of more holes before heading to the hospital. He ended up playing all eighteen, finishing his round shooting a personal best 61, shattering the club record by five strokes and beating his previous best game by more than 10. He was jubilant....

Then he remembered his wife. Feeling guilty he dashed to the hospital. He saw the doctor in the corridor and asked about his wife's condition.

The doctor glared at him and shouted, "You went ahead and finished your round of golf didn't you! I hope you're proud of yourself!"

"While you were out for the past four hours enjoying yourself at the country club your wife has been languishing in the ICU! It's just as well you went ahead and finished that round because it will be more than likely your last! For the rest of her life she will require round the clock care and you will be her care giver! She will need IV's; you will have to change her colostomy bag every 3 hours; she will have to be spoon fed 3 times a day and don't forget the hygiene care."

The man broke down and sobbed.

The doctor chuckled and said, "I'm just f*ing with you. She's dead. What'd you shoot?"**

A little old manshuffled slowly into an ice cream parlor and pulled himself slowly, painfully, up onto a stool.. After catching his breath, he ordered a banana split.

The waitress asked kindly, 'Crushed nuts?'

'No,' he replied, 'Arthritis.'

Hospital regulations require a wheel chair for patients being discharged. However, while working as a student nurse, I found one elderly gentleman already dressed and sitting on the bed with a suitcase at his feet, who insisted he didn't need my help to leave the hospital.

After a chat about rules being rules, he reluctantly let me wheel him to the elevator.

On the way down I asked him if his wife was meeting him.

'I don't know,' he said. 'She's still upstairs in the bathroom changing out of her hospital gown.'

Patriotism

I can send this to only a few special friends because Patriotism doesn't seem to be a shared value anymore!

Every once in a while you see a simple act of patriotism that just fills your heart with so much pride that you get a lump in your throat



