



Convict Trash

Run 1843 – 11th. July 2022

Hare – Tickle's Revenge

Arriving a little early, due to the fact I live so far away meaning only those within walking distance would arrive on time, with nobody in the pub or any sight of the Hare, suggested we might be at the wrong venue, wrong day or we were supposed to meet in the park, where the bucket is usually located.

But no, shortly after, a small, slow gathering arrived, 22 at the end, which included Tickle & Goon (in walking distance) & Pig, the furthest distance away, right on 6:30 & busting for a piss, which puts a lie to my theory about arriving early if you live a long way away.

Bingo was in a hurry again as we left the pub sans our TM, who had left something in the car. Luckily the traffic flow allowed him to make the start.

Run Report

As it turned out, assistance from the TM was pretty much unnecessary as, true to form, Tickle had set a very well marked trail as usual.

With the knowledge that the pub was the very high point of the suburb & everything else would be a sharp decline, probably to the east, Dundee had noted there was no traffic coming & crossed Alison Road, heading north, before turning east towards Coogee as surmised.

By this time Sir Les was using his superior athletic ability & had sprinted to the lead as we headed back down Alison Road & catching up to the walking group, who were engaged in animated conversation & oblivious to the rampaging running group.

Down, down, down we went, in the realisation that this meant up, up, up near the end of the run, when everyone would be bugged. Pig & Bingo were staying close to the TM, thereby removing all obligation to investigating checks & on backs, which was left to the aforementioned.

Eventually reaching the easternmost point of Australia, Dundee had once again taken the lead or thought he had cause SL had run out of sight somewhere & headed through the park area then back west for the long climb to the bucket.

Then it started to rain & Merkin decided to shortcut some of the run to avoid a possible downpour but Dundee & SL were too far away to hear any on backs that were called & Dopey didn't have his hearing aid in anyway so it was a waste of time.

Off trail & heading ever upward the Merkin group hit the trail again & staggered back to the bucket, whilst the other two ventured into parts unknown & eventually found the convivial crowd & Doc wanting to start the Circle.

Well set run Tickle even with the bloody hills.

On On Anonymous!!

Circle:

Merkin gave his run report – well set run, heavy rain, surprising the walkers, who were so busy talking they didn't notice or else were under cover somewhere.. Hills & stairs, SL & Dopey off trail, good run & conditioning for Sutherland to Surf – 9.5 out of 10.

Doc then discussed the suburb but didn't give me the bloody speech so I'm attempting to write this while listening to his report, which is bloody difficult. He mentioned that he saw a Rabbit chasing a dog, which she was trying to befriend cause nobody else was talking to her,

Apparently Randwick was home to some abo groups up until 1825; they still raced horses in Hyde Park & in 1823 the government decided to build Randwick racecourse. The other racecourses in the area were Rosebery, Mascot, Zetland & Kensington (must've been a lot of meetings those days).

Named after the Randwick village in Gloucestershire, some brothers built the first convict house in 1848 & a huge church in 1865, which has a graveyard over there (pointing east) & you can get there if you walk a different way & walk a little quicker apparently.

Prince of Wales Hospital, which was some mental institution or something named in 1953 & Doc asked was anyone born there, then suggested probably nobody cause we were all born before that date, which went over the group's head cause nothing was said.

1928 Kingsford Smith crossed the Atlantic & landed at Randwick racecourse, which must've been an horrendous journey, with no fuel or airports, he flew all the way from the Atlantic to Sydney, amazing flight.

Then Bren Gun gave us some information as to why Alison Road is Frenchmans Road, which had something to do with La Perouse & his idea of smuggling stuff from the local Randwick pub to his ship or something. He must've used that road using horses cause they hadn't tarred it yet.

Visitors

Bren Gun & Lantana

Birthdays

None but Ice Box sang some song to commemorate Bastille Day in French..

Prick of the Week

Bingo nominated by Pig for turning right when the TM said turn left & why was anyone astonished.

Dundee was nominated by Pig for following her, which was a complete lie cause anyone knows that you never follow Bingo if she's in the lead & she wasn't anyway so I was glad to get a free beer as I'd arrived late at the bucket & missed my second beer.

Winners – Bingo & Dundee **Apres Circle:**

I thought you weren't too interested in what Slottie wanted to rant about over dinner so below is the run report for our third Old Bastards Run, remember them?

Bingo's Mountainous Maroubra Mixture.

And so it was that it was decreed that the poor old bastards from the only serious Hash group in Sydney (The Convicts) would assemble, once again, at one of the few places that would entertain such a gathering – Maroubra Junction pub – for the 3rd. annual meeting of the rapidly expanding Botany Bay Old Bastards group.

As is usual with such a club, there are probably many more who qualify but haven't had the preoccupation of partners and friends????? to nominate them for such an illustrious event and behave as though they haven't as yet reached that wonderful pinnacle in their life. Many even refuse to attend but we know who you are. Take this as a warning that next year, should there be such a reluctance to nominate oneself as an Old Bastard, then God will strike and render all those unwilling creatures geriatrically commotosed and unable to run, just like Dr. Hook.

Anyway a reasonably large group of OB's and rapidly approaching OB's assembled at the aforementioned hostelry awaiting Big Ben Bingo to officially set the participants on their way. Unfortunately, BBB had assigned herself the position of food secretary and couldn't give a rat's whether we left or stayed, her parting shots, heard by all and sundry, was FUCK OFF, and so we left to reassemble at the front of the pub.

Some bright soul (probably a visitor) then suggested that he thought we were supposed to be running or something and following some arrow thingys so we could find a bucket with some drinkies and QR thought he saw some arrow thingys next to where the aforementioned bucket would be located so off we proceeded to a lane behind the pub. The next ten minutes of the run was spent discussing with Spinifex how to dismember a muslim bomb suspect, which seemed to me to be a pretty stupid idea as they usually dismember themselves. Our answer to the declining Bali population was to promote the thought of creating a number of cardboard cutout cafes with cardboard cutout westerners dining therein and allowing the muslim bombers to blow them all up every six months. The silly bloody muslims would be too stupid to realize they're only cardboard cutouts and we'd be saving on hospital bills, creating work for the Balinese (making cardboard cutouts) and ridding the world of the most stupid religious zealots ever known.

After overcoming the problems of the world with Spini I thought it might be a good idea to do some genuine running and decided to catch up with Cold Duck, SLAP, Hannibal Lector & some bloke from Trinity Hash in Cairns, who wasn't really from Cairns (I was already aware of this as he was actually reasonably articulate and could put two words together without saying AY in between each of them – he also had more than 3 teeth in his head, which is a dead giveaway), I think his name was Laidback or Layabout or something. Hannibal spent most of his time, before becoming breathless, telling everyone how Wests Magpies had won the grand final and yelling “up the Tigers” in the heart of Rabbitoh territory and in Lexington Place, where the populace are either in gaol or awaiting a trial. Poor bastard's brain must've become pickled from too much celebrating.

Somehow we made it down to Maroubra beach, where we lost trail because Cold Duck & his group had shortcutted and found an on back without realizing they were off trail. Superior hashing skills from your scribe – or more probably just good luck – allowed us to find trail again heading back up to Malabar Road, before we lost it again at another on back. Proceeding towards Coogee beach we soon understood that it must've been in the wrong direction and decided to shortcut back to the bucket, which was actually a very long cut via the elite mansions of Maroubra heights.

This bloody story is getting too long and I have to get back to work so we arrived at the bucket, eventually, & the world was wonderful once more.

Good run Bingo.

On On 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

Never Pass a Toilet Relay 17th, to 19th. March 2023

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

Jokes



One day, long, long ago, there lived a woman who did not whine, nag, or bitch.



But it was a long time ago, and it was just that one day.

The End

You pick the Winner!!!

The Annual Belly-Button Jewelry Contest between Florida

and Alabama

Brewed In Latrobe, Pa.



*Kinda makes you want to poke your eyes out,
don't it?*

*There was a knock on the door this morning, I opened it and there was a young
bloke*

standing there who said:

"I'm a Jehovah's Witness".

I said "Come in and sit down, what do you want to talk about"?

He said, " Fucked if I know, I've never got this far before

My wife and I walked past a swanky new restaurant last night.

"Did you smell that food?" she asked. "Incredible!"

Being the kind hearted Scotsman that I am, I thought, "What the heck, I'll treat her."

So we walked past it again.

*Two Irish friends leave the pub. One says to other, 'I can't be bothered to
walk*

all the way home.'

'I know, me too but we've no money for a cab and we've missed the last
bus
home.'

'We could steal a bus from the depot.' replies his mate..

They arrive at the bus depot and one goes in to get a bus while the other keeps

a look-out.

After shuffling around for ages, the lookout shouts, 'What are you doing?

Have

you not found one yet?'

'I can't find a No. 91'

'Oh Jeysus Christ, ye fool, take the No. 14 and we'll walk from the roundabout

Did you plant any willypeppers?

Something new for the garden.....

Laughter is the best medicine.

Willy Peppers - Tears Of Joy -

..nature is very interesting

For all the keen gardeners out there.....

I have never seen a Willy Pepper before...

These are actual peppers from a garden. They really are called

'Willy Peppers'..



***By the way, the farmer says they can grow up to 18"
long!***
Sort of brings tears to my eyes

**The secret of enjoying
a good wine:**

- 1. Open the bottle to allow it to breathe.**




- 2. If it does not look like it's breathing, give it mouth-to-mouth.**


For his birthday, little Joseph asked for a 10-speed bicycle. His father

said 'Son we'd give you one but the mortgage on this house is £280,000 and your mother just lost her job. There's no way we can afford it.' The next day the father saw little Joseph heading out the front door with a suitcase. So he asked 'Son where are you going?' Little Joseph told him; 'I was walking past your room last night and heard you telling mum you were pulling out. Then I heard her tell you to wait because she was coming too. And I'll be damned if I'm staying


here by myself with a £280,000 mortgage and no bloody bike!


SUNBURN TREATMENT - A man named Ben, visiting in Hawaii fell asleep on the beach for several hours and got a horrible sunburn, specifically to his upper legs. He went to the hospital, and was promptly admitted after being diagnosed with second degree burns. With his skin already starting to blister, and the severe pain he was in, the doctor prescribed continuous intravenous feeding with saline, electrolytes, a sedative, and a Viagra pill every four hours. The nurse, who was rather astounded, asked, 'What good will Viagra do for him, Doctor?' The doctor replied, 'It won't do anything for his condition, but it'll keep the sheets off his legs.'

 **Law of Mechanical Repair** - *After your hands* become coated with grease, your nose will begin to itch and you'll have to pee.


 **Law of Gravity** - Any tool, nut, bolt, screw, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible corner.


 **Law of Probability** - The probability of being watched *is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act.*

 **Law of Random Numbers** - *If you dial a wrong* number, you never get a busy signal and someone always answers.

 **Variation Law** - If you change lines (or traffic lanes), the one you were in will always move faster than the one you are in now (works every time).

 **Law of the Bath** - When the body is fully immersed in water, the telephone rings.

 **Law of Close Encounters** - The probability of meeting someone you know increases dramatically when you are with someone you don't want to be seen with.

 **Law of the Result** - When you try to prove to someone that a machine won't work, it will.



Law of Biomechanics - The severity of the itch is inversely proportional to the reach.



Law of the Theater & Hockey Arena
– At any event, the people whose seats are furthest from the aisle, always arrive last. They are the ones who will leave their seats several times to go for food, beer, or the toilet and who leave early before the end of the performance or the game is over.

The folks in the aisle seats come early, never move once, have long gangly legs or big bellies and stay to the bitter end of the performance. The aisle people also are very surly folk.



The Coffee Law - As soon as you sit down to a cup of hot coffee, your boss will ask you to do something which will last until the coffee is cold.



Murphy's Law of Lockers - If there are only 2 people in a locker room, they will have adjacent lockers.






Law of Physical Surfaces - The chances of an openfaced jelly ("jam" in England)sandwich landing face down on a floor, are directly correlated to the newness and cost of the carpet or rug.






Law of Logical Argument - Anything is possible if you don't know what you are talking about.

   **Brown's Law of Physical Appearance** - If the clothes fit, they're ugly.

   **Oliver's Law of Public Speaking** - A closed mouth gathers no feet.

   **Wilson's Law of Commercial Marketing Strategy** - As soon as you find a product that you really like, they will stop making it.

   **Doctors' Law** - If you don't feel well, make an appointment to go to the doctor, by the time you get there you'll feel better.. But don't make an appointment, and you'll stay sick.

A tough looking group of bikers were riding when they saw a girl about to jump off a bridge so they stopped.

The leader, a big burly man, gets off his bike and says, "What are you doing?" "I'm going to commit suicide," she says.

While he did not want to appear insensitive, he didn't want to miss an opportunity so he asked... "Well, before you jump, why don't you give me a kiss?" So she does... And it was a long, deep lingering kiss.

After she's finished, the biker says, "Wow! That was the best kiss I have ever had. That's a real talent you are wasting.. You could be famous. Why are you committing suicide?"

"My parents don't like me dressing up like a girl....."

An old guy goes to his doctor for his physical and gets sent to the Urologist as a precaution. When he gets there, he discovers the Urologist is a very pretty female doctor. The female doctor says, "I'm going to check your prostate today, but this new procedure is a little

different from what you are probably used to. I want you to lie on your right side, bend your knees, then while I check your prostate, take a deep breath and say, '99'.

The old guy obeys and says,
"99".

The doctor says, "Great", now turn over on your left side and again, while I repeat the check, take a deep breath and say,
'99".

Again, the old guy says,
'99'."

The doctor said, "Very good".

Now then, I want you to lie on your back with your knees raised slightly.

I'm going to check your prostate with this hand, and with the other hand I'm going to hold on to your penis to keep it out of the way

Now take a deep breath and say,
'99'.

The old guy begins,

"One...

two...

three..."