



# Convict Trash

Run 1862 – 21<sup>st</sup>. November 2022

## Hare – Dundee's Directional Dilemma

Returning to old haunts, Dundee was looking to remember where he first joined the Feros Group pubs but unaware that this one had been sold some years prior & was in a state of refurbishment, The staff, however, seemed very friendly & happy to oblige the booking & the food appeared from my perspective to be well above average for the cost.

Having received schooling from Grewsome as to how to use the app – Map my run – I had done just that, which was easier than first thought. Unfortunately, it was also not anywhere near close to the run eventually set, which means, I think, one should set the run then record it on the app.

Obviously this now meant the Hare was also to be the Trail Master but would be ably assisted by the endorsed TM, who had no bloody idea where it went.

Over to Merkin:

### Run Report

RUN 1862 -DUNDEE – ROCKSIA HOTEL, BANKSIA

Like a lot of us Hashers the Rocksia was looking a bit dishevelled, as it was going through a major renovation. Several attempts were made to enter the Hotel, before we finally found a way through their new gaming room.

As 6.30pm came along we tried to exit the Hotel, albeit I hit a glass door, and luckily Grewsome and Rabbit opened it quickly and we all made it through.

On On was called and we took off with visitor Qualified Seaman from the UK, Pig, Blondie, Bingo, Cold Dick Dundee (stand in TM), Grewsome, Andrew, Scotch Mist and Cameron looking at me for directions. Little did they know that I didn't have a map, hence why Dundee was TM.

Late to turn up were Dame Nellie and Kizzme who started with the walkers included White Pointer, Rabbit, Doc, Dish, Moa Goa, Grenade, Dirty Weekend, Stop Cock on a tramp around Banksia.

It was a good day for a daylight-saving run, as the runners negotiated the Bardwell Valley Golf Course, then some more parks, with Dame Nellie hot on our heels. Nellie missed the trail after the Golf Course, but made it back to the bucket at the same time as the walkers and runners.

Dundee had set a great run before Cold Duck awarded it 8.5/10.

On ON Merkin

## Circle:

Doc called Circle Up & none of the females paid any attention as they hadn't seen each other for about a week & needed to let out some of their vocal restrictions to the rest of the Banksia populace.

So on his third attempt he was ably assisted by Pig to establish some decorum by yelling "fucking shut up", which quietened the group cause he's bloody big & is used to engendering his way on everyone except his wife, where he's a real pussy. So Doc called on Duck to issue the last rites to Dundee's run (I had to check with thesaurus to see if engender was the correct word & it suggested it is the correct word now but, back in the 16<sup>th</sup>. Century it was a term meant for procreation so I want all to understand that I wasn't suggesting that Pig & Kerry were fucking or anything).

So Duck began his appreciation but I couldn't hear a bloody thing cause, apart from my poor hearing, there was a bloody big jet trying to land & this set the theme for the rest of the presentation. But eh then suggested it was a hilly run, well it's just adjacent to a suburb called Arncliffe so that was the expectation.

Dame Nellie then assisted by noting there was a long row of olive trees somewhere or other, which nobody else noticed & may not have actually been on the trail cause he's liable to disappear into trails of his own setting – we really miss you Nell, particularly me as you give me heaps to write about.

Duck also noted we ran past a purple cross on a building, which was only noticed by Grenade as she sees & adores anything purple, including clothes worn by other people. So if any of you blokes are in need of some female gobbledegook about the Melbourne Storm or the Hobart Hurricanes.....

He noticed some flour & thought it was a very scenic run with heaps of hills & gave the run 8.5 out of 10, which was previously mentioned by Merkin.

Over to Doc

A little history about Banksia

- 🕒 One of the smallest suburbs we have run and home to only 3388 residents in the 2016 census, half of which were born in Australia
- 🕒 Suburb named after the railway station which opened in 1906. Railway station named after Sir Joseph Banks
- 🕒 The Market Gardens on West Botany St have operated since 1892 and are heritage listed.
- 🕒 Wikipedia did not name any notable residents but we know the famous Hasher Sandra Dee lived on Bestic St for some years

## Visitors

**White Pointer & Qualified Seaman – returners – Kizzme & Dame Nellie**

## **Birthdays**

None

## **Athletes**

**Duck – 850 Runs – another badge for the drawer.**

## **Pricks of the Week**

**Bingo** was nominated by Grewsome for interrupting the RA while he was trying to grab the attention of the masses.

**Grenade** was nominated by Pig for not knowing how to set a holiday unless she sees somebody else's photos. She was also nominated by Duck for not wearing purple, which, we all thought, was the only colour apparel she owned.

**Grewsome** was nominated by Grewsome for mistaking Duck for some old Indian bloke, who was staggering up the hill & blamed it on the sun in his eyes. Most of us felt sorry for the Indian.

**Cameron** was nominated by Duck for telling him of all the arrows on the trail instead of calling On On.

**Duck** was nominated by Cam for not seeing all the arrows on the run, which prompted the above nomination.

**Andrew** was nominated by Pig for ignoring him all the way round the trail as he would only listen to Mum (I think that was what was said but it amazes me he listens to any of us old pricks except his mother cause she makes dinner)

**Merkin** was nominated by Pig for mistaking a glass door in the pub for not being a glass door & improving his eyesight.

**Winners were Grenade & Merkin**

## **BEST T SHIRT SLOGAN OF THE WEEK:**

**“I got this T shirt for my wife – best trade I ever made”**

## **DUNDEE'S PONDER OF THE WEEK:**

**Is it just me or are there others out there who think that our politicians have a direct relationship to the Jerry Springer Show, where contestants (combatants – whatever) are super keen to show just how stupid they are by appearing in a very public forum mouthing stupidities for all the world to see. Yelling abuse at one another & promising to fix all the mistakes of their own making & think that we should pay for all this nonsense. They also think that they're so bloody smart that we should elect them to continue wasting our hard earned on their stupid policies.**

**I'm over democracies, give me a friendly dictatorship any time.**

## Future Runs

Unaware of any of the calendarised projects this year now.

## **Jokes**

This is an actual review on [amazon.co.uk](https://www.amazon.co.uk) for Veet Hair Removal for Men... A. Chappell

After having been told my danglies looked like an elderly Rastafarian, I decided to take the plunge and buy some 'Veet Hair Removal'

as previous shaving attempts had only been mildly succesful and I nearly put my back out trying to reach the more difficult bits. Being a bit of a romantic I thought I would do the deed on the Missus's birthday as a bit of a treat.

I ordered it well in advance and working in the North sea I considerd myself a bit above some of the characters writing the previous

reviews and wrote them off as soft office types...oh my fellow sufferers how wrong I was.

I waited until the other half was tucked up in bed and aftergiving some vague hints about a special surprise I went down to the bathroom.

Initially all went well and I applied the gel and stood waiting for something to happen.

I didn't have long to wait.

At first there was a gentle warmth which in a matter of seconds was replaced by an intense burning and a feeling I can only describe as like being given a barbed wire wedgie by two people intent on hitting the ceiling with my head. Religion hadn't featured much in my life until that night but I suddenly became willing to convert to any religion to stop the violent burning around the back passage and what seemed like the destruction of the meat and two veg.

Struggling to not bite through my bottom lip, I tried to wash the gel off in the sink and only succeeded in blocking the plughole with a mat of hair. Through the haze of tears, I struggled out of the bathroom across the hall into the kitchen. By this time walking was not really possible and I crawled the final yard to the fridge, in the hope of some form of cold relief. I yanked the freezer drawer out and found a tub of ice cream, tore the lid off and positioned it under me. The relief was fantastic but only temporary as it melted fairly quickly and the fiery stabbing soon returned.

Due to the shape of the ice cream tub, I hadn't managed to give the 'starfish' any treatment and I groped around in the drawer for something else as I was sure my vision was going to fail fairly soon. I grabbed a bag of what I later found out was frozen Brussell Sprouts and tore it open, trying to be quiet as I did so. I took a handful of them and tried in vain to clench some between the cheeks of my arse. This was not doing the trick as some of the gel had found its way up the chutney channel and it felt like the space shuttle was running its engines behind me.

This was probably and hopefully the only time in my life I was going to wish there was a gay snowman in the kitchen, which should give you some idea of the depths I was willing to sink to in order to ease the pain. The only solution my pain crazed mind could come up with was to gently ease one of the sprouts where no veg had gone before.

Unfortunately, alerted by the strange grunts coming from the kitchen, the other half chose that moment to come and investigate and was greeted by the sight of me, arse in the air, strawberry ice cream dripping from my nuts, pushing a sprout up my arse while muttering..." Ooooh that feels good ".

Understandably this was a shock to her and she let out a scream, and as I hadn't heard her come in, it caused an involuntary spasm of shock in myself which resulted in the sprout being ejected at quite some speed in her direction.

I can understand that having a partially thawed Brussell Sprout farted against your leg at 11pm at night in the kitchen probably wasn't the special surprise she was expecting and having to explain to the kids the next day what the strange hollow in the ice cream was didn't improve my status...

So to sum it up Veet removes hair, dignity and self respect...:)

AND...totally removes the possibility of any chance of a naughty in the near to distant future....

**This guy continues to amaze people with his sidewalk 3D chalk drawings.**



















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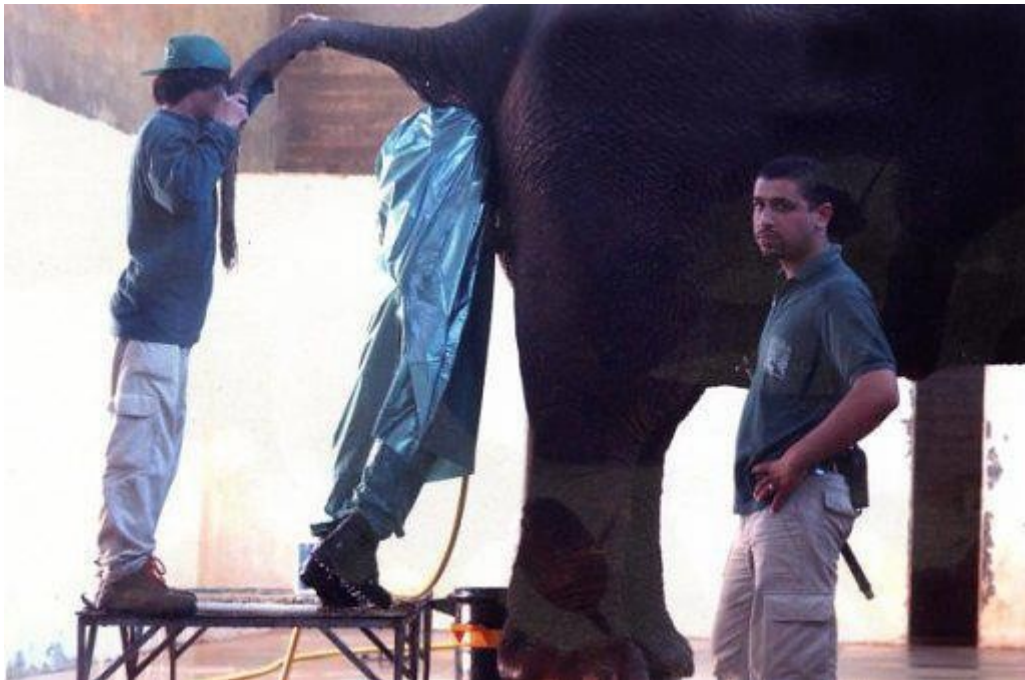










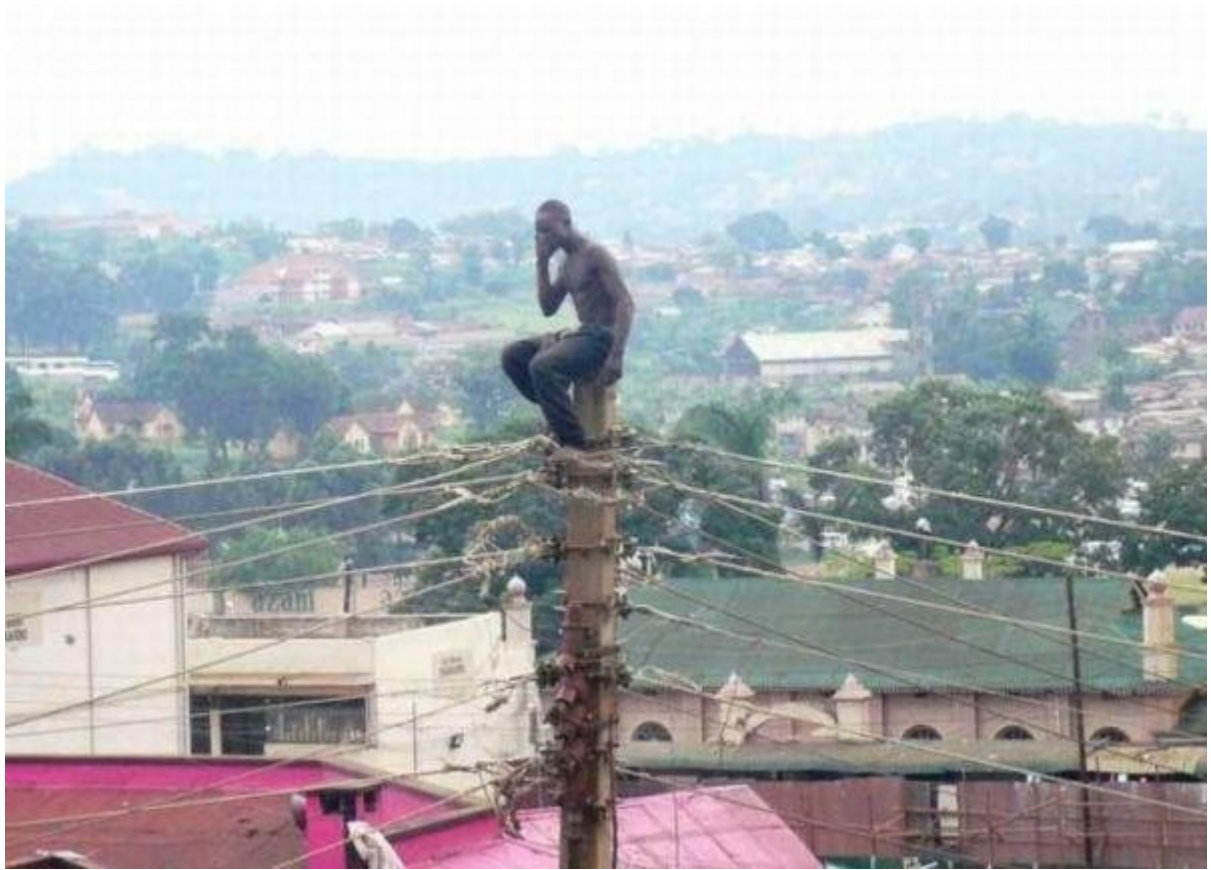




**DO NOT  
BREATHE  
UNDER  
THE  
WATER**

es Only.  
Flotation  
s or Arm  
No Rough Play.  
es Allowed In







Read the manual that is provided before using this equipment.

**DANGER**

**DO NOT TOUCH**

Not only will this kill you,  
it will hurt the whole time  
you're dying.













Province of Inhambane  
Ministry of Fish and Wildlife  
MOZAMBIQUE

## WARNING

Due to the rising frequency of human-lion encounters, the Ministry Fish and Wildlife, Inhambane Branch, Mozambique is advising hikers, hunters, fishermen, and any motorcyclists that use the out-of-doors in a recreational or work related function to take extra precautions while in the bush.

We advise the outdoorsman to wear little noisy bells on clothing so as to give advanced warning to any lions that might be close by so you don't take them by surprise.

We also advise anyone using the out-of-doors to carry "Pepper Spray" with him or her in case of an encounter with a lion.

Outdoorsmen should also be on the watch for fresh lion activity, and be able to tell the difference between lion cub shit and big lion shit. Lion cub shit is smaller and contains lots of berries and dassie fur. Big lion shit has bells in it, and smells like pepper.

Enjoy your stay in  
MOZAMBIQUE







### WOMEN'S REVENGE

'Cash, check or charge?' I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase. As she fumbled for her wallet, I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse.

'So, do you always carry your TV remote?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, 'but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally.'

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## UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

### (A MAN 'S PERSPECTIVE)

I know I'm not going to understand women.  
I'll never understand how you can take boiling hot wax,  
pour it onto your upper thigh, rip the hair out by the root,  
and still be afraid of a spider.

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## WIFE VS. HUSBAND

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word.  
An earlier discussion had led to an argument and  
neither of them wanted to concede their position..  
As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats, and pigs,  
the husband asked sarcastically, 'Relatives of yours?'  
'Yep,' the wife replied, 'in-laws.'

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## WORDS

A husband read an article to his wife about how many words women use a day.  
30,000 to a man's 15,000.  
The wife replied, 'The reason has to be because we have to repeat everything to men...'  
The husband then turned to his wife and asked, 'What?'

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## CREATION

A man said to his wife one day, 'I don't know how you can be  
so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time.'  
'The wife responded, 'Allow me to explain.  
God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me;  
God made me stupid so I would be attracted to you!'

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## WHO DOES WHAT

A man and his wife were having an argument about who  
should brew the coffee each morning.  
The wife said, 'You should do it because you get up first,  
and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee.'  
The husband said, 'You are in charge of cooking around here and  
you should do it, because that is your job, and I can just wait for my coffee.'  
Wife replies, 'No, you should do it, and besides, it is in the Bible that the man should do  
the coffee.'

Husband replies, 'I can't believe that, show me.'  
So she fetched the Bible, and opened the Old Testament and showed him at the top of several pages, that it indeed says . 'HEBREWS'

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### The Silent Treatment

A man and his wife were having some problems at home  
and were giving each other the silent treatment.

Suddenly, the man realized that the next day, he would need his wife to wake him  
at 5:00 AM for an early morning business flight.

Not wanting to be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper,  
'Please wake me at 5:00 AM .' He left it where he knew she would find it.

The next morning, the man woke up, only to discover it was 9:00 AM and he had missed  
his flight

Furious, he was about to go and see why his wife hadn't wakened him,  
when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed.

The paper said, 'It is 5:00 AM . Wake up..'

Men are not equipped for these kinds of contests.

Banker\_Sa...wmv  
[Download](#)(9.7 MB)

