

DEER DROPPINGS



Official Newspaper of the
Red Deer Hash House Harriers
Established In 1997
www.reddeerhhh.ca

“Never Let the Truth or Libel Laws Stand in the Way of a Good Story”

Run # 863 – Sept 17th

Hares : Pleasure Chest & Jennifer

Location: Red Deer Alliance Church

ON ON: Chillabongs

Scribe: Sir Cums A Lot

What do you do with a drunken Hasher?
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What do you do with a drunken Hasher?
Early in the evening?



Well, it appears that the thing to do with a drunken Hasher is to dress Him/Her as a pirate, get more drunk and run all over town!

Herein follows the absolutely (not) true and totally (not) honest account of the rag-tag band of scallawags known as the Red Deer Hashers on that most holy of nights “ The Annual Pirate Run”

This harrowing tale was found scrawled in what looked to be blood (or rum) on the back of a coaster from Chillabongs. We have no record of what happened to the author of this recounting of love, danger and deception...perhaps he (or she) staggered off into the gloom of the night , not to be seen again until next Pirate Run.

Yarr, it were shapin' up to be a fine beauteous evenin'. The sun were shinin' down and the weather gods were smilin' upon us poor scallawags that was slowly comin' together at a scurvy dive bar called Chillabongs for some grog during that strange pass time that be called a “pre-lube”. Methinks that pre-lube just be an excuse to beat up yer liver so it don't complain too much later on.

After we sucked down that sweet nectar of the gods, it were time to head for the run, off we went to a church parking lot of all places.... good thing

thing none of us wharf-rats was actually tryin' get inside...even with the skies bein' true blue, I got no desire to be laid low by a lightnin' bolt!

It were time to circle up and what a sight we was! There was captains and crew and virgins and wenches galore... all lookin' so fine it near about made me eyes fall out.

Some of them wenches looked so good it nearly made **Sir Cums A Lot** run out his long cannon and try to board!

It were surely the scurviest crew of salty dogs that were ever gathered , **Curb Crawler, Broken Boner, Cum Liquor Snatch, Cum Honour, Lickin' the Bone, Don't Know Dick, Brooke, Hymen Trouble, Sir Cums A Lot, Dripping Wet Gap, Chips a Whore, Pleasure Chest, Jenn, Two Virgins (Amanda and Kara), Schweaty Balls, Rose, Crash Test Rummy, Pucker Sucker, and Slippery When Wet** was all there, ready to be let loose in all their glory.

Pleasure Chest, The most swashbucklingest pirate wench to ever sail the Seas of Red Deer were the Captain of this Run, she had us poor scurvy dogs in a circle and listenin' to her beltin' out orders and instructions..we was all gob-smacked by her captainly ability to get us ship-shape in no time. There was some shackles for the galley slave (**Cum Honour**) but for some reason he were lookin' pleased as a wet seal to be wearin' chains... I be guessin' some people be into that sort of thing! She booted the walkers to her First Mate, Jenn and whipped the ragged ass runners off into the settin' sun.

The walkin' (or more like staggerin') Crew made good time, there was booty to be looted along the trail,(fine pirately treasure like eyepatches...most befitten' a scurvy lot like us!) and off in the

distance we could see the runnin' Crew lootin' their own booty and and yellin' nonsense like "on Hare" to each other.

After us poor hashers wandered around for what seemed to be a dog's age, and we was all feelin' more parched and starved than a shipwrecked cabin boy, we was finally led to the Hash Hold.

AHHH Holy Mary Mother of God, the delicious beer and grog flowed like water from heaven and the snacks, OHHH Sweet Heavenly Father, I nearly wept like a babe, over the snacks. It were a very close call that we all escaped a slow agonizin' death from thirst and starvation!

Durin' the break of Hash Hold, we was comparin' notes about the adventure thus far and one of the young runners (The galley slave **Cum Honour**) made a comment that he were not familiarized with the fine art of Dirty Limericks...so since we be of the book learnin' sort, we decided to learn him a fine example of a true classic

There once was a man from Nantucket
Who's cock was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin
As he wiped off his chin
"If my ear was a cunt, I could fuck it!"



We is not too sure if **Cum Honour** be truly appreciatin' the fine craft of Limericks but time will tell.

Well, after the book learnin' it were called for us poor dogs to go "ON -IN", so we staggered off into the dark of the night and made our way back to the parkin' lot. When we all had dragged our sorry arses back into a circle, the steely eyed Captain **Pleasure Chest** handed out rewards for the lucky bastards that looted the booty on the trail.

The black hearted new R.A., **Chips A Whore** were handin' out punishments like it were judgement day.

- The Virgins **Kara** and **Amanda** were toasted
- Jenn** had to drink from her Virgin's new shoe
- Cum Honour** got awarded a grog and an eyepatch for bein' a good slave
- Sir Cums A Lot** and **Crash Test Rummy** got a reward for runnin' in full pirate gear

-**Chips A Whore** was punished for drinkin' that most un-hasher of beverages (water!!)

There may have been more punishments and rewards but after all of that, I were feeling a mighty powerful need to find me some grog.

So on we went to Chillabongs where warm companionship, free popcorn and plenty of grog awaited us poor lost cold souls.

And that be the strange tale of the 3rd Annual Pirate Run, as far as I can recollect and I swear to all the powers of the sea and Hash that it be entirely true.

Arrgh Arrgh

Sir Cums A Lot

UpCuming Run

Run # 864 - Sept 24th

Hare(s) : Cum Liquor Snatch & Cum Honor

Location: Kin Canyon

ON ON & Prelube: Bo's Bar & Grill

Monthfull of Hares

Run # 865 – Oct 1st

Hare(s) : Curb Crawler

Location: TBA

Prelube: TBA

ON ON: TBA

Run # 865 – Oct 8th

Hare(s) : Cum See My Box

Location: TBA

Prelube: TBA

ON ON: TBA

Mark The Date

RDH3 Halloween Party – Oct 31st

Hosted by Hymen Trouble & Sir Cums A Lot

Details to Cum.....