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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”

DEER DROPPINGS

Hare(s) : Whore Slayer & Wet Denim

Location: Safety City

Prelube: Mr Mikes

On On: Famoso Pizza

Scribe: Sir Cums A Lot

Oh What a Magical Mystical Run

'Circle Up, C'mon, Circle Up' called our stellar RA (**Chips A Whore**)! Tits a bit nippy out! Indeed, as chill as it might be, our crazy-assed (or senile) **Broken Boner** donned his Hash Apparel in the form of shorts! Crazy Mother Fu.....

Eager, for the night to unfold, we gathered round to form a not so tidy circle, when we noticed something askew. We've got Virgins, We've Got Virgins, At our Hash! At our Hash! Virgin **Rebecca** was announced and she was quickly greeted by the group's boisterous "Hello Rebecca!" followed with hash introductions. Each of us proudly shouting out our names, some making perverted gestures (**Doggy**) and so on and so forth, until the entire group was formerly introduced. Who knew that we were about to embark upon a mystical, magical adventure!

Whore Sleigher tromped into the circle, he pranced around, sprinkling a little chalk here, a little chalk there, a dab of chalk there followed by a dob of chalk here. A 'On On' here, an 'On On; there. An 'X' here, an '→' there, a Ill here.... you get the idea (a pack of dirty rotten lies- you made the baby Jesus cry!)

Trail Markings My Ass!

Well, all started out as normal. We fanned out, ran off and within an instant, "On On" was called and off on trail we went. The snow swirled from heavy foot falls of **Broken Boner**. **Whore Sleigher** kept the pack together, well laid out markings guiding our way. Happily, we followed trail. On On, On On we called as we innocently bounded away.

Then, the OOOPS began.

'On Hare', came the call from way behind, where **Whore Sleigher** stood with a smug grin! You guys missed the 'X'! You are going off trail! Unbeknownst to us trustful hashers, we gleefully came about and headed back thanking **Whore Sleigher** as we passed. Boy, thanks **Whore Sleigher**, that would have been bad if we had continued that away, missing an 'X' like that. We would have been as lost as **Pucker** and **Drippy**! OMG, even maybe as lost as **Crash**! (who should be scribing BTW).

OnOn was called and we rallied together, once again and went along, on trail. OnOn, OnOn, OnOn we happily cried and ploughed through drifts and jumped mounds of icy rubble. We got this. We got this! We are hashers extraordinaire! OnOn the trail we go!

'On Hare!' came the call. You guys missed the → We stopped waaaaaay past, where the arrow was! Turned around, shaking our heads in disbelief, more than somewhat bewildered. How did we miss another marking? We were somewhat dumbfounded! Sure enough, there it was! A bright red arrow, fresh in the snow! WOW how did we miss that! That's almost impossible for us to have missed that! Whew, thanks **Whore Sleigher**!

If this isn't the biggest bag over the head punch in the face I ever got, God Damn It!

Its good, Its good, Its good!

Ahhhm, Hey!

If any of you are looking for any last minute gift ideas for me, I have one!

I'd like **Whore Sleigher**, my Hare, right here tonight and I want him brought from his happy holiday slumber over there on Melody Lane with all the other lying hares!

I want him brought here, right here, with a big ribbon on top of his head!

I want to look him straight in the eye and I wanna tell him

what a cheap, lying, no-good, rotten, four-flushing, low-life, snake-licking, dirt-eating, inbred, overstuffed, ignorant, blood-sucking, dog-kissing, brainless, dickless, hopeless, heartless, fat-ass, bug-eyed, stiff-legged, spotty-lipped, worm-headed sack of monkey shit, he really is!

Hallelujahs Holy Shit !!!!

Where's the Tylenol?

Yes **Whore Sleigher**, you were sprinkling the chalk a little too thick that night, after we had gone by! Markings that magically appeared. where once there were no markings at all. Yes, **Whore Sleigher** or judging from the load of crap you were spreading about, should I say 'Horse Layer'!

So, we followed the hare, until we came to the Hash Hold, ate some cookies, chips and drank some beer! Beer is Good, Run is now good! Great Run **Whore Sleigher**!

We walked back, a long way back, a 'Devils ThreeWay' was had in the form of tainted snow angles. The **virgin** and **Paul** were toasted. The **Virgin**, **Sir Cums** and **Paul** were punished. All in all, despite being smitten with lies, it was a good run!

OnOn

Sir Cums A Lot