



# DEER DROPPINGS

Run# 880 – January 14<sup>th</sup> 2016

Hare: Crash Test Rummy & I'm Cumming

Location: Tennis Club parking lot on 43rd St

Prelude: Murph's Pub

On On: East 40th

Scribe: Sir Cums A Lot

## CRASH TEST RUMMY:

A Glimps Into the Life of A Live Hare!



Yes, like all of us, Crash was born a bouncing baby boy. Don't worry, we are sure the doctor caught him on the third or fourth bounce! As a baby, Crash was like most other babies. Despite his woody configuration and wired joints, he liked being fed breast milk and he grew and grew!

Truth be known, he was a fat infant really. Should have eased up on the gluttony. A trait that carries through even today. As we say at work, leave the food out, Crash is coming.



Yes, he grew into a fine young boy and like, us all, Crash had aspirations, dreams and heroes. Ah Pinnochio! However, while none of these dreams seemed to come true, it can be witnessed here that Crash is seen wearing running shoes- a snapshot in the past of a future live hare!

So, Crash trudged his way through his childhood years, to amazingly make it to the adolescent journey of his life. As he got bigger, his accidents got bigger too!



Perhaps his Dad should not have let him drive the car. Here Crash seems to have developed a taste for alcohol (another reason to be a hasher).

Crash always recovered well. A transfusion of blood here, a transfusion of blood there. A splint here, a sling there. But, despite his many bandages, As time passed, Crash could not stay warm. He was lonely!



So, Crash bent his will to heal and began a quest to find the love of his life! He set many trails (again a hasher in the making) that would hopefully lead his treasured to his heart. Did he succeed?



Yes he did!

Crash found someone who would care for him, form injury to injury. He wohooed her with flowers and gifts.



Together, their love blossomed.



So, many happy years was spent by Crash at his job, with his adoring wife, with his two children. As the kids grew, the too moved on leaving Crash alone with his wonderful wife (I'm Coming)!



You know, the MIND of crash is an unusual thing.



It works but Crash was worried. He needed to support his wife and budding family but also really needed to be close to hospitals and medical attention.

But she needed him to have an outside interest. He tried things, many things. Like darts!



Oh My, What to Do?



..but that did not go so well. It was then, that the brilliant Sir Cums A Lot came onto the scene. He convinced Crash to come to a little running group known as the Hash House Harriers and there he became the Crash Test Rummy we know today. And while Crash struggled with the alphabet (turning 'W' into an 'X') and with simple symbols such as dots and arrows..

So, Crash diddled until his diddler was sore!



He was feeling trapped!

But, when hope was almost lost- Bang (like the cars he did not see) a brilliant idea slammed into his skull.

..his runs have been fun and interesting. But the pinnacle of his haring career was his most recent run where Crash Test Rummy ventured out as a Live Hare!



So we circled up and Chips called out names introduced a virgin (Amanda). Hasher, young and old came out in droves. Here to witness the ultimate demise of Crash Test Rummy or to witness one of the most fun and fantastic runs of the week!

He would begin a medially oriented career. Job security and bandages for life!



Crash began to explain his run. Yeah, I don't know what he is doing here either! But that is what happens when Crash gives directions.

So, thankfully Chips (our most clever RA) kicked him outta the circle, "Go run live hare, run like you have never run before!"



and off he went.

Like all good hares who care for their clutch, it was later learned that Crash did not want us crossing a busy road (experience I guess).



So he set a safe trail. We all waited, then charged after our hare. On On we called. Then within seconds, the call came, there he is! He's just right there!

And sure enough, up the road he was stooped trying to shake 'hot chocolate' into the form of trail markings. Fearful, he took off like a timid rabbit.

We never really saw him again after that. We passed the walkers, some hashers went to pee, Chips went up a hill and then we came to the Hash Hold.

I think we were about to catch him so he quickly jotted down the symbol for the HH and ended the run early.

Short and Sweet was the run. So I had to fill the scribe with something. We met at the cars, where our walking hare, \*I'm Coming delved out bags of goodies (Trail Mix), such a brilliant idea (right Crash). Potato Chips, Twizlers, Chai Tea and Cold Beers. We will not mention the cheesies.

Off to circle up, to sing a few songs, to punish a few hashers, to toast a virgin and to share good times with good friends.

On On you bastards!

### **Sir Cums A Lot**

#### **\* Nudie Pic of I'm Coming**



### **UpCuming Run**

**Run # 881 – January 21<sup>st</sup>**

**Hare(s) : Swings Both Ways & Pleasure Chest**

**Location: Mackenzie Trails, parking by the pond**

**Prelube: Mr Mikes**

**On On: Murph's Pub**

### **Monthfull of Hares**

**Run # 882 – January 28<sup>th</sup>**

**Hare(s) : Wee Little Bladder & Whore Sleigher**

**Location: Parking lot south side of bottom or 55th**

**Street Hill opposite Lindsay Thurber**

**Prelube: Mr Mikes**

**On On:TBA**

