

JUNE 9TH 2016

DEER DROPPINGS



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

Run# 895 – April 28th 2016

Hare: **Stick Handler & Sir Cums A Lot**

Location: **Ground level, maybe a few feet higher for some; behind the indoor tennis courts**

Prelude & On On: **Murph's Pub**

Scribe: **Curb Crawler**

It is with great pleasure that I present to those waiting with bated breath this most delinquent scribe. Insofar as this fable could have been presented only two weeks late once this most highly regarded and underappreciated author returned from adventures abroad it seemed such a great opportunity to retain this scribe for another week where a scribe may have missed the boat*. Having precipitated withdrawals for those with insatiable needs that, outside of Hash scribes; may perhaps only be satisfied by alternate means of pleasure it seemed wise to retain this scribe for future presentation rather than proffer two scribes within the same week thereby facilitating two orgasmic events within only a few days. This would most likely result in setting the bar even higher for all those men within the Hash who already go above and beyond meeting the desideratum of Harriettes.

*Authors note: 6 Hashers did not miss the boat the week of May 1st

And so....

T'was not a dark and stormy night, albeit there was a hint of Alfred Hitchcock in the air as we loitered once again behind the indoor tennis courts. Not that any of the Hashers are tennis players; they (as in all) just play with their respective balls within the confines of alternate locations; not sure what constitutes a racquet for these socially challenged individuals. I digress, a hint of Alfred in the air I say as the virgin run of the enigmatic **Stick Handler** ended up being 3 runs (all virgin runs?) with there being an alleged Eagle run, a Budgie run and a Chicken run. My personal observations were these turned out to be more like Magpie, Pigeon and Sparrow trails given the feedback of all those partaking in these nefarious activities.

Checking my notes on how to scribe I see that I must make mention of all the illustrious aka dubious characters that were present on trail so moving on; our eminent RA **Chips** called circled up and Hares **Stick Handler** and **Sir Cums** presented their case and dobs of flour leaving many of us in a most confused state but like all good lemmings we headed out in various directions once the RA fulfilled his responsibilities. The Mapie folks consisted of **Dirty Pole, Head First** and her offspring **Taylor, Don't Know Dick**, Virgin Rimbeyonites **Holley** and **Alfred** sponsored by **Cumsee, Wet Denim, Slippery When Wet, Urine My Way, Strippy Tipper, Hymen Trouble**. Magpies I suppose because these individuals do tend to indulge in a lot of conversation as opposed to the flighty group who are more in to heavy breathing. Sparrows were made up of **Pucker, Sir Mobey's Dick**, fair weather Hasher **Craig, Pole Her Express & Pleasure Chest**. The Pigeon Group; well I really have no idea who took this trail; no doubt it was shitty and no navigational skills required since pigeons are homey's. My apologies if I have missed anyone. My memory is somewhat void of all the adventures on trail although I do recall **Urine** making a wise decision to take a detour from crossing the creek on a fallen tree which had many crotch grabbing branches on it. The ladies didn't seem to mind this at all though and **Head First** even stopped half way across spending extra time hovering over one interesting looking branch whilst feigning a phone call for which she was justly punished in the Circle. Without further ado, all made it safely to the Hash Hold for re-hydration aplenty.

The Circle Up was grandiose, so much so that my recollection is challenged. **Stick** and **Sir Cums** were rewarded and serenaded as were a few other rebellious souls whose names I shall not mention due to the shortage of gigabytes in yours truly (I really must get an upgrade). The On On unfolded at Murph's Pub where comradery once again was warm and heartfelt.

On On
Curb Crawler