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

DEER DROPPINGS

Run# 909 – August 4th 2016

Hare: Pucker Sucker & Wee Little Bladder

Location: McKenzie Trails

Prelube: Murph's Pub

On On: Hudson's

Scribe: Sir Cums A Lot

Welcome Fellow Hashers

To the Recounting of run 90 something (eludes my memory)

To be or not to be? That is the question. No, that is not the question, the question is 'Hey **Pucker**, where's the flour? Actually, a better question is 'Hey **Pucker**, where did you put that trail?'

Although, I must admit, on such a fine evening with a group of beautiful hashers, a fun and exciting **Pucker** run, the promise of cold beer, What more could anyone ask? (maybe a trail, was that too much to ask LOL).

Anyway, we were gathered in a loose rag-tag band of uniquely clothed hashers. All at various stages of merriment and artificial joy (of pre-lube beers and rum (let's not forget the rum)). To get to it, **Sir Cums A Lot** called everyone to Circle Up! Quick introductions were held, no virgins, no visitors (as **Nookey** is not a visitor), just a small group of the best hashers in Alberta and Canada. The hares were brought in, brandishing abundant bottles of flour. Oh what a farce! From the moment **Pucker** could not unleash the powder we should have realized the cruel foreshadowing. Thank the Lord, **Wee Little Bladder** blessed us with the Hasher Prayer prior to the run (looking back now, that was probably the only reason we survived)!

Off the walkers trudged, off the runners sped. On On, the call or On Hare the call. Can't seem to recall. Believe it must have been ON HARE, as there was no flour and no trail. Hence we were forced to follow the hare. I believe we ran for miles before seeing flour, for miles before we heard On Hare.

We all congregated in the woods amongst the trees, bushes and flies, looking to our steadfast hare for direction. With a childlike comforting, innocent smile **Pucker** simply said, 'Well, I know I marked the trail, maybe it is this way!?' Off we went, no flour, no trail, no flour, no trail, no flour, no trail....**Boner** mentioned something about a 'regroup' as hashers were scattered all about and then, **Pucker**, with a childlike comforting, innocent smile, simply said, 'Well, I know I marked the trail, maybe it is this way!?' Off we went, no flour, no trail, no flour, no trail, no flour, no trail.... Hmmm, seems to be a recurring theme!

Starting to feel like 'Death on the Ice', a horrid tale of the lost, who slowly wither and die. Suddenly, ON ON came a distant murmur. Somewhere, past the trees and straight on until morning, the trail was located. Off went. Yes, finally having a trail to follow. What a trail it was. True to typical **Pucker** runs. Up the hill, down the hill, around the tree, over the logs, up the walkways, down the walkways, up the hill, down the same hill, over and over and over again. Long, difficult but exciting and fun. When we felt we could do no more, **Pucker** was there to inspire us, but throwing tiny fire crackers at our feet and says 'get moving you lazy bastards!' A little less than cordial. Crack, Crack, Crack! Diddimow!

Shortly after, we hooked up with the walkers, who appeared to be stuck on the side of a ravine. So, our dashing, always compassionate **Sir Cums**, stood imperiled on the steep embankment and offered a hand to all those passing by. Ensure all were safe and sound (did I mention **Sir Cums** also pulled **Crash Test Rummy** out of the river earlier)! What an RA. At the bottom of that steep embankment, we witnessed the spattering of **Crash Test Rummy** (for a third time – important to note) as he opted to swat away the friendly, extended hand of **Sir Cums**, yelled like tarzan's monkey friend, then proceeded to stumble and fall in such a manner that only one word can

possibly describe that complicated motion and sudden impact, SPLAT! Oddly enough, it was the same place where **Wee Little Bladder** has earlier splatted when marking trail.

I stepped over **Crash**, and we surefooted hashers speed off, leaving the walkers (and **Crash**) behind. We quickly found a 'BN'. Then a short three KM later, the hashold! We had beer, and chips, and firecrakers! Then, we were ambushed by the sweet adorable **Pucker**, smiling all the while, hurling water balloons at the safety lulled hashers enjoying their well-earned beers and treats. Oh yeah, **Wee** also smiling – but his smile more like the Joker from batman, kinda makes you uneasy, as if clowns were around. Although, **Pucker** (and **Wee**) did ensure that everyone got to throw water balloons. **Sir Mobey** and **Sir Cums** attempted ambushed **Katie** with the cooler full of water, man, she was ninja all over that, as she danced between the torrents of water, eluding it without the slightest drop striking her in the back. So the fun ended and the 'stand in RA' called Circle Up.

Must have been the evening of comradery, was one of the best circle ups in recent memory or at least since last year LOL! Wonder why that is? Almost eludes my memory.

So, the hares were toasted and a few casual punishments were handed out. **Hymen** got to drink from her shoes (at least a year old they were) then got the sleeve for bitching at the RA. Things were going well, when **Pucker**, despite her childlike innocent demeanor and smile, said '**Crash** needs to get the Plank, he fell three times, so one plank, just for him'!

Muahahhhahahhhhh! I was more than a little afraid of **Pucker** at that moment! So, **Crash** was called in by **Pucker** and his charge was stated, 'he fell three times, three times. Who falls three times? The obvious answer being **Crash**. So, **Pucker** smiled and **Crash** was given the plank, turned on end, to drink from all three goblets of golden ale. All hell broke loose! The song was begun and the 'not so nice' **Crash** grabbed the plank and tipped it attempting to ambush **Sir Cums**. BUT **Sir Cums** was ninja all over that, and eluded the cascade of beer without a drop spilling upon the magnificent RA. The whole group, seeing the spectacle and the blatant abuse of alcohol cried out for justice. Before I could even respond, **Pucker** had a bag of ice and **Crash's** fate was sealed. From the cooler icy beers, the icy waters were poured. **Pucker** dumped a full bag of ice in to the already icy water. I told **Crash** to take a seat.

Everyone, in unison screamed, 'bare ass! Bare ass!' Abhorred (I truly need some mindbleach) **Crash** dropped his pants and tucked his ass down into the ice water. Think his ass got **Pucker'd** in more ways than one. A down down was given and the song started. But wait, that was too quick, so I stopped the song, said a few more words, to let the icy water really set into that puckered anus. After a couple of minutes (a call made to the missing **Nookey**), and finally we resumed the song. But wait, **Crash** tried to douse me with beer, so he needs to be given the Sleeve. And so it was, so that puckered ass, frozen balls bastard, was given the sleeve, the song was sung and he downed his beer! Wet on both ends.

Now, that should have been the end of the excitement, but the thirsty crowd of hashers wanted more. Kind of scary actually. It seems that **Wet Denim** required some form of severe punishment as well. Turns out, our Swill Meister, left us warm beer on the last run. Oh the horror! Warm beer after a run! Not a single piece of ice amongst those warm cans! It was deemed that, so a lack of ice would never again elude her memory, she too should sit in the bucket of ice water. **Sir Mobey**, heart of gold and ever a gentleman, knew my intent, grabbed the bucket of **Crash-Ass** tainted water, and threw it all over **Cum Honour**! Who was not so ninja! Ending the threat for our Swill Meister. So, I gave her the sleeve! Off to the On On we went. Happy and Sated! Food and Beer to follow!

On On

Sir Cums A Lot

UpCuming Run

Run # 910 – August 11th

Hare(s) : Wee Little Bladder & Master Baiter

Location: Heritage Ranch/Hall of Fame Parking

Prelube: One Eleven Grill

On On: Original Joe's

Monthfull of Hares

Run # 911 – August 18th

Hare(s) : Wet Denim & Sir Nookey

Location: TBA

Prelube: TBA

On On:TBA