



Official Newspaper of the
Red Deer Hash House Harriers
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“Never Let the Truth or Libel Laws
Stand in the Way of a Good Story”

DEER DROPPINGS

Run# 913 – September 1st 2016

Hare: Chips A Whore & Dripping Wet Gap

Location: Old Sharks Garage's Parking Lot

Prelude: Mr Mikes

On On: Mr Mikes

Scribe: Sir Mobey's of Dickus

AESOP's Fables

Three little virgins

Once upon a time there were 3 little virgins who came out for a run. One walked, one ran and well, another one walked too. They were nice little virgins but at the circle they were viciously attacked by a big bad RA, who said “Little virgins, little virgins, to the circle come in.” “oh boy, a beer, we hope we don't spill on our chinny chin chin” they replied. But the RA huffed and puffed and made them drink from a plank made of sticks and they spilled on much more than their chinny chin chins. And **Jenn** got the short end of the stick beside the taller **Christy** and **Cindy**. And sadly, the RA lived happily ever after.

Curb and Sir Cums

Curb and **Sir Cums** ran up a hill to follow a trail of flour, But it was false and **Curb** came down And **Sir Cum** came running after But they did not learn and did it many more times....

Boner and Pucker

There once were 2 hashers who led the pack of the rest of us sheep. But when seeing an “X” they did not yell “False trail!”. And then they did it again. Soon nobody believed the 2 hashers because they are assholes who should be eaten by a wolf.

Drippy and the seven walkers

Once upon a time there was a hasher named **Drippy** who was banished to the walkers after being fed a couple of poisoned Antler beers by her evil co-hare, **Chips**. Bashful (**Wet Denim**), Doc (**Mustang Sally**), Dopey (**Dirty Pole** – sorry ButtercupJ), Happy (**Pole Her Express**), Sleepy (**Cum See My Box**), Sneezy (**Urine My Way**) and Grumpy (**Hymen Trouble**) looked after **Drippy** very well and sang many songs.

There was actually 9 walkers but **Deep Throat** and **Head First** were so quiet nobody knew they were there. **Drippy** was happy, but she missed the runners, who are truly a bunch of princes.

At the RG, **Chips** was heard to say “Beer, beer, in my belly, who are the hashers that are less smelly.” To which his belly replied “the walkers are the fairest smelling of them all”. So he freed **Drippy** and joined the walkers and then the runners ran happily ever after.

The Pleasure Chest and the Booty Call

Once upon a time (actually it was last Thursday) **Pleasure Chest** and **Booty Call** went for a run. **Booty Call** was fast and an FRB, which meant she had to run most of the false trails and checkbacks. **Pleasure Chest** was not so fast, and was occasionally DFL. But she always ran the right way and got shortcut hints from the hare. And they both arrived at the hash hold at the same time. The morale of the story is not that ‘steady wins the race’ because we are not competitive. I think the morale is that ‘as long as there is enough beer, nothing else matters’.

Mobey's and the Three Bears

Mobey's was lost at the hash hold when he came upon **Ambisextress**. He thought about standing with her but she was tooooo hot and sweating like **White Balls**. So he went to talk to **Nadene**. But she was tooooo itchy from the bug bite on her breast. “Maybe I should try standing with **Slippery When Wet**”, he thought. But she was tooooo red. So **Mobey's** drank his beer by himself, because it was ‘just right’, and lived happily ever after.

On On

Sir Mobey's of Dickus

Run #914 – September 8th 2016

Hare(s): Broken Boner

Location: Behind feed Mill, Queens Industrial Park HWY 11A. Take first left off 75th Ave

Prelude: Mr Mikes