

DEER DROPPINGS



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

Run #915 –Sept 15th 2016

The 4th Annual Pirate Run

Hares: **Capt P Chest, First Mate Nicole** and **Driver Claude**

Location: Behind Cool Beans Downtown

Latitude - N52° Longitude W113°

Prelube: Murphs

On On: Mr. Mikes

Scribe: Chips A Whore

Ahoy Matey. I'm here to tell the epic tale of what would be our 4th Annual Pirate Run....arrrrrggghhhh!

“Avast ye landlubbers” **Chips** shouts as he calls circle up, “It’s time for us to get ready for our trek”

We became better acquainted through the introductions, which included the likes of **First mate Nicole, Captain P Chest**, (the rum master) **Crash Test Rummy, Cum See my treasure Box** among others. **Captain P Chest**, her first mate and **Claude** enter the circle to tell the tale of the deadly adventure we were about to embark upon and it was not for the faint of heart. We were not sure exactly where we were about to go but there would be hazards along the way the like of false trails and the dreaded check backs. The crew we had was smaller than we were expecting, as some Scallywags were too cowardly to show up for this voyage.

As we set sail for trail we were let know that there would be plenty of booty on trail and we all set off to search for the treasure we so desired. As we travelled through heavily populated waters we were beeped at by the wheeled vessels many many times. We were going to have to batten down the hatches as this voyage was going to be much longer than initially anticipated.

Dripping Wet Gap perched aboard the bow cried out “Thar she blows” as she had spotted our first glimpse of treasure. We dug through dirt and trees like vultures trying to attain even the slightest bit of booty. Only a small bit of treasure was found at the first spot but we were given a treasure map to the location of the next possible treasure site. The mapsmen **Balls in Hand** pieced together the destroyed map and recalled a place he had travelled when he were just a small lad. We were off to travel towards the core of Red Pearl City.

In fear of becoming shark Bait we hurried off and much sooner than expected we saw the heart of the Red Pearl City and from the Crows Nest **Don't Know Dick** shouted “Ahoy, thar be treasure yonder” Like Gluttons we relished the opportunity to plunder. Yet again we were thwarted from the golden Prize and given another map. After piecing it together we knew where we had to go. What seemed like eternity we travelled and the crew on the verge of mutiny **Capt P Chest** cried out “Land Ho” and we were all allowed to depart and fill our cups of Rum and tropical juices. A much needed break from this eternal voyage.

Hyyymen Trouble, in a rum induced state, exclaimed she needed someone to capture a moment of her on top of a Pig. In a rum induced state we were unsure if this was accomplished. After a hard time swigging rum we needed to finish our voyage. “Dar is no rest for the wicked” exclaimed **Head First**.

“It’s time to find some more treasure”, shouted **Nadene**.

After a fortnight we arrived at our final treasure hunt. We knew we would hit the mother lode here and after hours of searching only small booty was attained and our final treasure map. Dejected and with the thought of failure we sauntered off to our final destination. Head down and fatigued from the arduous journey we spotted in the distance our kinsmen cheering and drinking grog and swill. Our eyes widened and we rushed to the location to find the most bountiful treasure of allThe golden Nectar. The Golden Nectar and Rum flowed freely as we had found the true treasure we had been searching for all along. We bathed in the riches in gluttonous fashion as we shared tales of trip and the hurdles we each encountered along the way.

The short voyage home we arrived under the dark of night. The Nobleman **Chips A Whore** brought everyone together to share in the tales and distribute the booty of rewards and punishments as needed.

First Mate Nicole had jammed her undercarriage into a pole that had some type of electrical current running through it and was honorably named **Shock Box**. Shiver me Timbers!!

The weekend before this voyage the Fair Wench **Nadene** was coaxing the men like a mermaid by rubbing her bosom plentifully with her hands and often likely trying to entice them for sexual pleasure, however it turned out she just had a mosquito bite on her breasts so was aptly named **Itchy Tits**.

Hyyymen Trouble was given her wish of riding a Pig and was placed upon the Loin of that son of a biscuit eater **Sir Cums A lot** in the circle for us to recollect the event. **Dripping Wet Gap** was given recognition for being the best Pirate, blimey. **Captain P Chest** feeling guilty from the weekend before where she made poor **Chips a Whore** feel less than noble was brought in to be held accountable. She felt she would Walk-the-Plank but instead was rewarded for her outstanding efforts of keeping everyone together and providing us with an excellent event.

We all avoided Davy Jones Locker this time but plans for our next adventure and the 5th annual Pirate adventure I’m sure are already in the works.

ONON and ARRRRRGGGGHHH

Chips A Whooooooore

UpCuming Run

Run #916 - Sept 22th

Hare(s): Whore Slayer

Location: East side of Alberta Health Services building on top of Michener Hill, Corner of 55 St. See Map on Webpage

Prelube: Murph's Pub

On On: East 40th

Upcoming Runs

Run #917 - Sept 29th

Hare(s): Pucker Sucker & Broken Boner

Location: Boner's Acreage

Prelube: TBA

On On: TBA

Run #918 - Oct 6th

Hare(s): Swings Both Ways

Location: TBA

Prelube: TBA

On On: TBA

Run #919 - Oct 13th **ZOMBIE RUN**

Hare(s): Hymen Trouble

Location: TBA

Prelube: TBA

On On: TBA

