

MARCH 14th 2017

DEER DROPPINGS



Official Newspaper of the
Red Deer Hash House Harriers
Established In 1997

www.reddeerhhh.ca

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

Run #940 – Mar 9th

Hare(s): **Sir Mobey of Dickus & Doggy Style**

Location: Red Deer Express 5301-43rd street

Prelube: The Vat

On On: Finn McCools

Scribe: **Nicole (No name)**

Twas the night before Friday, and all through Red Deer,
The Hashers were On-On ing, in search of Beer Near.
The trail had been set by **Sir Mobeys** with care,
False trails make us boo; checkbacks make us swear.

We wore hearts in support of fellow Hasher, **I'm Cumming**,
It was cold and we moved quick to keep our bodies from numbing!
We're thinking of you, and sending good vibes your way, Stay positive
and strong each and every day.

Running wild with heart costumes, we appeared quite a spectacle,
With temps reaching -28, there was more than one frozen testicle!
We wore hearts on our sleeves, our asses, and ears,
What kept us all moving was the thought of those beers.

Sir Mobeys talents shone through, using hearts for the checks,
His trails are so clever, I wonder what he'll do next?!
He gave us instructions; to make sure we were on the ball,
And sent us to "Hash away! Hash away! Hash away all!"

Slippery ran out in front, in position of FRB,
I found out later, it was because she had to pee!
Chips fingers were frozen, and **Wet Spot** couldn't feel her feet,
It probably made them run faster, desperately seeking heat.

Cum Honour laid low, so I'll make up a story,
Wet Spot pushed him in the snow, and then said I'm sorry.
He got incredibly drunk, and forgot his own name,
How's that for your moment of fame?!

PC's hearts wouldn't glow, it was too cold out I think,
But she continued on, in pursuit of a drink.
Doggy can't get a hard on, "It's too cold out" he said,
He'll warm up at home - oh dear - maybe later in bed?!

Drippy's costume malfunctioned, and blew in the wind,
Next time she'll make sure it's securely pinned!
Yours truly got lost, the check let me astray,
But I soon found the trail, and was back on my way.

Eventually we found hashhold, it was at **Crash's** of all places,
The bonfire was a blazing, so we could thaw our hands, feet, and faces.
We drank beer, ate cheese puffs, and frozen licorice to boot,
And despite the cold weather, we still had a hoot.

Sir Cums met us at swill, and **Chips** called circle up,
We sang songs to the punishments, and drank beer from a cup.
We toasted the hares for the trail they had sewn,
Our feet that are frozen will thaw if we get goin'

Fionns hosted our On On, we drank more and we ate,
And then it was time to go because it got pretty late.
But I heard Hashers complain as they drove out of sight,
"I hope its **FN warmer next Thursday night!**"

ON ON, *Nicole*

The You've Been Fucked, Lucky Charms, Lazy Hare Run
Come sporting your lucky charms, your best leprechaun duds to find the
'pot of gold' or in this case the 'cooler of beer' at the HH of the Lazy Hare!

Find the golden coins to discover the location of the HH!
GOOD LUCK

Run #941 - March 16th

Hare(s): *sir Cums A Lot -Lazy Hare*

Hymen Trouble - Lazier Harriette

Location: Tennis Club parking lot. Corner of 43rd St & 48th Ave.

Prelube: TBA

On On: TBA