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

DEER DROPPINGS

Run #944 – Aug. 10th · 2017

Hare(s): Mustang Sally & Miss Daizy

Location: Three Mile Bend

Prelube: Murphs

On On: Mr. Mikes

Scribe: Hymen Trouble

A Tale of Late Scribes, Lost Hashholds, Missing Flour and “Confused” Runners

Some of you Hashers may have noticed that there has been a scribe that has been missing. I found that it was very difficult to write the story because of the lack of details from the runners. Well, here is the story of what happened on that fateful run..

Weeks after the run, new information came to light and I felt it important to share the story.

I was walking merrily and unhurriedly along the riverbank near 3 Mile Bend when my little eye spied a scrap of torn paper- wrinkled and stained. I cannot say what compelled me to pick it up, but I did, and discerned the harrowing tale of the horrors that befell the poor unfortunate runners on the ill-fated Mustang Sally and Lady Mz. Dazy run.

Those poor, poor, lost runners, abandoned to their fate with no flour and no hare to lead them to the deviously hidden Hashhold. The letter began:

“Pleez help us. We is lost. Der iz no flowr and we iz kold and hangree. We kant find da hashhole. We rund up and we rund down, we rund back we rund in fromt. We wuz in da trees and in da dirt, in circluz and in linz!

We coodent find no trayce and we givd up! If yu findz dis note, we all rund back 2 za circl-up-s and screw dem lazee walkerz.”

PiS: Wulves chasn us!

So.... from what I surmise happened, we the walkers, being of superior intellect and unshakable resolve followed what we saw as well laid trail of plentiful dollops of flour and paused to partake of a scrumptious Hashhold with ice cold beer and delicious snacks. Our hares a plenty (2 walking hares) were gracious hosts and careful to make sure we were all well attended and sated.

We waited and waited ever so patiently for the runners but alas they did not arrive. We concernedly discussed what had befallen them but we concluded that they must be alright. Really, they are intelligent and there was a clearly marked trail? Right? Eventually, we had to resort to the forbidden use of technology and text to find out just where those pesky runners were lollygagging.

That was when we found out that the runners had given up and committed the greatest of sins. They had abandoned the possibility of BEER. They just headed on to the Circle-up. All good Hashers know that you never give up when beer is on the line. Totally astonished, we packed up and headed back to Circle-up to see if the quitters, I mean, the runners had made it back and had left any beer?!

We arrived back at the Circle-up post-haste and found the runners making all sorts of wild outlandish claims like “there was no flour”, “there was no trail”, “what trail we did find disappeared”, “we looked everywhere”, “we could not find the hashhold” and “there were wolves chasing us!”

Needless to say, none of us walkers believed a word. We knew that the runners had just not even tried. We all saw the flour and had the Hashhold and we are pretty sure that the wolves were a pack of chihuahuas.

However, since this found letter has come to light, we probably now have to admit that the runners were probably kind of right or at least too dumb to follow trail. Who knows if we will ever really discover the truth!

OnOn (that means you are on trail runners)

Hymen Trouble