

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2017

# DEER DROPPINGS



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

[www.reddeerhhh.ca](http://www.reddeerhhh.ca)

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

**Run #948 – May 4<sup>th</sup>, 2017** in a galaxy far far away  
**Hare(s): Broken Boner & Don't Know Kick**  
**Location:** Sam's  
**Prelube:** Sam's  
**On On:** Sam's North  
**Scribe:** Chips A Whore

Run # 948 Scribe

**May the fourth be with you!**

A long time ago in a galaxy far far away.....

Actually it was just this last Thursday at Sam's Cafe North the location of the prelube.

I arrived at prelube at near light speed and was greeted by **Broken Boner, Don't Know Dick** and **Pleasure Chest**. This was merely a refueling station for the voyage we were to embark upon. Once our fuel levels were full we exited the establishment and to the start of the run, which was literally right outside the door.

The weather was fantastic and many were in attendance. We realigned into a circular shape and made ourselves familiar with each other by exclaiming our names. **Broken Boner** and **Don't know Dick** came in to tell us what we may see on our trip. **Broken Boner** is known to set these runs which commonly take us to a galaxies far far far far far away..... I was deemed most competent (again) and assigned to scribe as I have completed my grade twelve and the rest didn't get much schoolin'.

We got all fired up and took off in many different directions with only a small handful actually on the right path calling ONON back to us all to get us all going the proper direction. It was only after a few false trails that we were led into some great trails in the trees in the Pines solar system. Hashers were in awe of the beautiful scenic paths we were on, on such a beautiful evening.

I followed a fair distance behind **Pucker Sucker** acting as her wingman. As I came around the corner I almost ran into her as she was frozen in her tracks as she had run into a check back. It must have completely startled her as well because she just stood there directly on top of the marking and left me perplexed as to why she wouldn't have warned me about it. We had to turn around and find a way out of this mess. We had to split to find our way back to the group. She backtracked from where we came from and I jugged off down a steep incline into an abyss. Once I climbed out of it I found myself left completely alone and had lost all communication with the others. Not even a peep could be heard and it was eerily silent when I heard a voice in my subconscious state to me "**Use the force Chips**" I looked deep within myself and concentrated and focused ..... but that did nothing so I said Fuck it and just went and tried to find the others.

I carried on back on the path and in the far distance I heard a faint ONON although from my location could not pin down its location. Shortly after I heard some more calls and it seemed to be coming from all around me. I cried back and finally was able to get a general direction of the rest of my squad. I set a course and went directly towards the calls, which led me directly in a virtual asteroid belt of trees, condom wrappers and ladies discarded undergarments. There was literally no escape and no exit and apparently I had found an area in our solar system where ladies like to come and have sexual intercourse. I twisted and turned and finally made my way through it arriving at the bottom of the hill where I could see **Broken Boner** approx. 1 light year away. 1 light year equates to 946.1e+15 hash meters (I googled it to be certain)

I worked my way towards the squad and upon catching them we continued back into the bush encountering a few more wrong paths in the effort to get to our final destination...the Hash Hold!! As I entered into the trench field I knew we would only have 1 chance and had to make it count. I neared the Hash Hold and prepared my hand and again heard that voice "**Use the force Chips**" This time I knew what it meant. I steadied my hand, shot it out and forcefully opened the cooler and pulled out a delicious beer, a direct hit. Everyone was elated and joined in the celebration. Our thirst had been quenched.

We carried back to the circle up where the deserters Mustang Sally, Cum See my Box and Don't Know Dick, who were not wearing hash gear were doused with the golden nectar from the plank. Mustang Sally surprised us all with her innate ability to consume without spilling much. She was immediately brought back in under rumour that she had never had the Shit. She had been carrying around a set of balls in her hand and 3 condoms that she has always wanted to put on the Shit.

I found it very suspicious that she only had one condom left. I recalled my voyage through the asteroid belt and the many used condom wrappers I encountered. I started to piece it all together as she lives mere blocks from this location and had a couple missing condoms...coincidence I think not.

We closed the circle and carried on back the Sam's Café where we celebrated surviving another Boner cross galaxy run...although it was a short one.

ONON

*Chips A Whore*

**Run #949 - May 11th**

**Hare(s): Lady Ms Daizey**

**Location:** MacKenzie Trail Boat Launch

**Prelube:** Murph's Pub

**On On:** Mr Mikes

### Upcoming Runs

**Run #950 - May 18th**

**Hare(s): Booty Call**

**Location:** TBA

**Prelube:** TBA

**On On:** TBA

**Run #951 - May 25th**

**Hare(s): Whore Sleigher**

**Location:** TBA

**Prelube:** TBA

**On On:** TBA