

May 31th 2017

DEER DROPPINGS



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

Run #949 – May 11th 2017

Hare(s): Lady Mz Daisy & Wet Denim

Location: Mackenzie Trail Boat Launch

Prelube: Murphs

On On: Mr.Mikes

Scribe: Don't Know Dick

Run #951 – May 25th 2017

Hare(s): Whore Sleigher & Pole Her Express & Duke of Hazzard

Location: Saftey City

Prelube: Canadian Brew House

On On: Famaso

Scribe: Don't know Dick

The Tale of Two Runs and other shenanigans

This scribe includes 2 runs and other shenanigans and you will have to sort out what happened on what run and who did the shenanigans . Run 949 and Run 951.

Run 949 was hared by **Lady Mz Daisy** and **Wet Denim** and started at Mackenzie Trail Boat Launch

Run 951 hared by **Whore Sleigher** and **Pole Her Express** and **Duke of Hazzard** and started at Safety City.

Circle up began as usual with many hashers talking and laughing and engaging in lively banter with each other as it has been such a long week since we saw each other last.

But beware hashers, if you connect to well you may find yourself dressed in matching attire which while it shows commitment to your hash friends and RDH3 it also seems to be a burr stuck in the RA's ass because he feels it is necessary to punish the people that have good taste. I believe it is because he wasn't included and he absolutely wanted to be wearing a girls tank top or the glowing yellow that could be seen from ¼ of a mile away to spot the hash hold.

I would like to say that we all headed off with a clear idea of where we were going and what to expect but instead most people had a very confused look on their face as the “markings” were, well let's be honest – shit – next time maybe Duke should be the one to show the trail. We'll all understand better.

So off the runners go in random directions looking for oh damn what are those things? Oh finally in the distance you may hear ON ON and then shortly after F-ing False trail. This was common at both runs and as a walker intersecting the trail with runners after they have been turned back can be dangerous.

It's like coming across a moose on the trail and stepping sideways very carefully and let them go past, you will also hear them bellowing as they go.

What can be said about this time of year is that the hare's seem to enjoy being out setting trail because they even get themselves screwed up and through trees and trails there seemed to be an abundance of X and checkings and checkbacks to the point that NO one was able to figure out where the hell to go. Groups got separated and some were gone longer than other, some finished very early and some even lost their pants and underwear and had no explanation on how that happened.

Now this is a conundrum how is it possible that when you have hares, markings, and maps that people are still ending up in different places. Even when a hard copy is provided and written directions the walking hare still takes us ¼ mile away from the Hash hold? Pole Her better get out more, And, then there is a clearly marked trail for both runners and walkers but Duke of Hazzard had the street mobile so couldn't go off road and you guessed it that part wasn't marked.

So after we all survived the randomly marked trail, the hills, the circles, and the completely useless directions of the hares we all arrived and had a nice cold beverage to stop the craziness. Just as we begin to feel safe again the RA steps into the circle. So here is question to ponder. If one week you don't wear hash gear and you get the plank, then the next week you wear hash gear and you get the plank, what are you supposed to wear? Apparently it doesn't matter but I have been told a white shirt would be a good idea.

Punishments were handed out in abundance and I got the shit (which upon close examination actually has nuts of steel).

Great runs with lots of hashers out to enjoy the meanderings of wondering, erratic marks of flour – which in my opinion gives us insight into the minds of the hares.....Hmmmmmm.

ON ON

Don't Know Dick