

June 13th 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 #953 – June 8st 2017

Hare(s): Pole Her Express & Duke and his personal assistant (**Don't Know Dick**)

Location: Rosedale Community Center

Prelude: Elephant & Castle

On On: Chilabongs

Scribe: Sir Mobey's of Dickus

Somehow I knew I was going to be the scribe as soon as **Pole Her Express** started eyeing the crowd. I tried to avoid attention but it was to no avail. So here goes:

I missed the pre-lube but I assume there was one because everybody arrived in convoy. But let me take a guess at what happened:

Pleasure Chest and **Slippery When Wet** were 1st to arrive. **P Chest** had a Keith's and a water, **Slippery** a glass of wine. **Boner** arrived shortly after, but not too early. Important to only have time for 2 beer because 3 is too many. **Sir Cums a Lot** and **Hymen Trouble** showed up later. He had a rum, she had a draft and they traded good-natured (usually...) abuse at each other. **Sir Nooky** appeared to have had a beer or two before he got to the run and I am sure that would not happen in the Miata so he must have pre-lubed as well. And **Curb Crawler** and **Chips A Whore** would never miss a pre-lube. **Don't Know Dick** missed it as she was desperate for a beer when she arrived with **Dripping Wet Gap**, to the point of offering the removal of clothes for a beer.

Alas, no beer was to be had.

The run start was Rosedale and it initially appeared our hash cash was a no show. But **Cum See My Box** was just a little late. It brought back memories of old days when **Cum See** was always a little late – or later.

The hares (**Duke of Hazzard** and **Pole Her**) arrived and they brought a virgin! **Mustang Sally** was out again and, apparently, may be showing up topless at the next run. She was considering it for this run but things weren't quite clean enough.

Circle up finally occurred, although extremely late. The virgin was introduced. I cannot put her name in the scribe as it is blasphemous in the southern states, but suffice to say it rhymed with lacin(g). Speaking of lacin, those sure were shiny shoes she was wearing. Just sayin.....

Whore Sleigher was given a nice clean shirt to wear for the run. That'll learn him for sayin nasty things about beer.

Trail marks were shown and **Don't Know Dick** was introduced as co-walking hare. Apparently Duke is still unable to propel himself around. Yet he has such strong looking legs?

I have sometimes seen **Dirty Pole** (and **Pole Her** for that matter) unable to walk so it must be some genetic thing. BTW, they never had beer holders on strollers when my kids were little. The world is such a better place now.

And we were off. And we ran. And we ran. And we ran. **Crash Test Rummy** almost lived up to his name at a particularly high pile of flour. False trails and checkbacks were found. After what seemed the distance of 3 hash runs we came to a check and everybody started looking in the direction of the assumed hash hold. But our hare noted that was the wrong way and pointed the other way. My memory as **Chips** and I headed off that way:

Me: I can't believe she suckered us in to going this way.

Chips: No, I think she was being honest.

Several blocks later, I heard "On On" called the other way. And I turned and there was no **Chips**. And no hare. And no trail my way.

Bastards all of them.

We eventually found "BN" and the hash hold. Ice Cream and beer always go well together. And we found **Dirty Pole** setting up the 24 person hottub. Although I really don't want to know what had previously happened in that tub....

Back to circle up, where the sleeve and plank made appearances and, shockingly, beer was thrown at **Chips**. **Hymen** appears to need sleeve practice, but I assume that will be forthcumming. Maybe if there was less wind she could do better.

Nooky made an announcement, but of course nobody was listening.

On On was at Chillabong's where we enjoyed the presence of long gone **It'll Cum**. **Wee** joined us for a little while but then a tree fell so he quickly departed, leaving **Whore Sleighter** and I to fight over his Guinness. It was a good thing the run was only 2 hours instead of 3 or we would have got extremely wet. And maybe electrocuted.

Thanks to **Dukes** and **Pole Her** for picking up the run on short notice and to all for another great night.

On On

Sir Mobey's of Dickus