

June 20th 2017



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

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

DEER DROPPINGS

Run #954 – June 15th 2017

Hare(s): Lap Quest & ZZ Stop

Location: Maskepetoon Park

Prelube: LBG's

On On: OJ's

Scribe: Pleasure Chest

Welcome to the Jungle Run

I'd been talking to the **Lap Quest** quite a bit in the week leading up to her run, offering suggestions and guidance to our out-of-towner volunteer hare. I thought all was well until I got this weird text about some “dense bush”. Was this supposed to be a naked run? Prelube at LBG's was busy as hell and, thanks to **Curb Crawler** who got there early and snagged a large table, we manage to fit everybody in.

It was nice to see **ZZ Stop** joining us. I bet **G-Spot** was trying to teach him how to quilt so he used the run as an excuse to escape. Little did he know that he would soon be recruited as a walking hare. Damn women always making him work! Another surprise visit awaited us at prelube. Yes, our old RA **Spermie** showed up early for the Brown Neck and brought virgin **Chris** along as human sacrifice.

The Maskepetoon park (try saying that five times after a few beers) was where our adventure started. Pretty straight forward marking laid down by the hare, including an arrow that lied as she said they never did. The one marking that got everyone's attention was the sole false trail of the entire run. In its vicinity laid a reward for the lucky FRB who'd find it. 4 cold beers! Everyone started off on trail trying to get on the **Pucker Sucker's** good side in case our favorite FRB found the beers. But she already had another mission that evening, preventing the crash helmet from falling off her head.

Cum Honor was very motivated to find those beers, I swear I've never seen him run so damn fast and so damn hard for anything. You'd think mom **Cum Liquor Snatch** never let the poor kid have a drink before.

Don't Know Dick had decided that her foot was finally healed enough and joined the runners for some real action as we made our way around the streets or Oriole Park West. We rant past a very small group of walkers before heading straight down the hill into the belly of the beast. **Drippy** found us a nice shortcut down to the main trail but it wasn't long till we found ourselves in the dense bush. We were climbing up and down hills, stepping over fallen trees and being wiped to death by the numerous branches across our path. Well it wasn't really a path but there were flour markings and promise of beer at the end and that's good enough for hashers.

We came across a small bridge and a few diehards decided to follow the marking across the logs next to the bridge instead of simply crossing. Turns out we weren't supposed to go down there till much later and the hare called everyone back to the real trail with **Slippery When Wet** eagerly following her along. I, of course, was trailing behind and was the first to see **Chips** come out of the bush with the bag full of goodies!! He had found the false trail!! That nice cold tall can of Kronenbourg 1664 sure put a smile on my face. **Chips** had the rest of the runners guessing a number between 1 to 10 to see who would get the remaining 2. I don't know how they managed to name 25 different numbers before getting the right ones but **Whore Sleigher** and **Cum Honor** were soon enjoying a cold one too.

A bit more trail running, a bit more bushwhacking and all I could hear were echoes of **Booty Call** not being particularly appreciative of the shiggy . Seriously? By now we're back with the walkers and are heading back towards the small bridge. The hare must've used time delayed chalk to mark that part of the trail because I swear there were no marking there earlier.

The log crossing proved to be too much for most to handle. There were a lot of dirty legs and buttocks coming up the other side of that creek. **Spermie** fell ass over teakettle and **Nicole** was pretending to do some weird yoga pose. **Cum See My Box** wanted some action and left the relative safety of the budgie trail to join the stumbling madness on the eagle trail. She didn't disappoint, what a dirty girl she was. Even the virgin **Chris** came out looking like Rambo all marked up for war.

We slowly make our way up the damn stairs and finally found the trail leading to the Hash Hold. A variety of beers and snacks awaited us and we gladly dug right in. We were strongly encouraged by the hare to grab another beverage for the long 200m walk back. Life was good!

Hymen Trouble and **Sir Cums a Lot** were waiting for us with the swill. Circle up was called but **Whore Sleigher** was too busy checking out some chicks to pay attention and delayed everything. **Wet Spot**, sporting a fancy new hairdo, showed up after work and joined us for the festivities. First to be rewarded were the hares and then our Crash Helmet carrier.

The wheel came out and a 6 pack of beer was up for grabs so there were lots of eager beavers willing to make it spin. First up was **Wrecked Anal** who did a wonderful job on his first sleeve ever as **Lap Quest** wondered out loud if he actually wore anything under his kilt. I was lucky number 2 and got to bring **Curb Crawler** and **Lap Quest** to join me for the plank. Yes I'm way taller, no I won't go down on my knees, yes we're all wet now and it's all my fault. **Cum Honor** got to spin and drink out of the dildo before doing the sleeve. He did such a poor job of it that the RA made him do it twice. It was all worth it in the end as he ended up winning the 6 pack.

That wasn't enough to deter **Chris**, aka Virgin Rambo, to take the wheel for a spin as well and he got to drink a well protected beer for his effort. I think he was chewing that condom like gum afterwards.

Pucker Sucker won the best "Father's Day Tie" by boldly going where nobody went before in her Captain Pick Hard (as pronounced by the RA) tie. That 2ft long pack of red licorice was a nice reward after having to drink from that oddly stained toilet seat. I ended up having to drink for punishing **Booty Call** for whining about the shiggy and **Urine My Way** showed up just in time to remind everyone to grab their new hoodies before we left for the On On.

One would think that it would be enough shenanigans for one night but no. I actually had to tell people that they couldn't touch my taco all the while listening to **Whore Sleigher's** tale of bravery. I'm not sure where I was all night as he helped a kid lost in the bush or when he rescued a kitten from the creek and gave it mouth to mouth but the worse was probably the part about him helping a nun get none. I'm sure those are pale in comparison to the tales from the Brown Neck . . . but we'll never know.

On On

Pleasure Chest

Ahhh Run Details... Remember the day when the run details and the scribe came in the same email?!?