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DEER DROPPINGS

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

Run #973– Oct. 26th, 2017
Hare(s): Humiditities (virgin run) & Sir Cums A lot
Location: Ecole La Prairie 4810 34 street.
Prelube: Murphs
On On: East 40th
Scribe: Slippery When Wet

The Run with Three Tales

The run begins just as others have before. This one however has twists and turns no one could forecast. Also, no one could agree to exactly what happened.

I present you with the run with three tales brought to you by Slippery, Cum Honour, and Deep throat.

Tale #1 **Slippery When Wet**.

When I arrived at Murph's I saw a sweet **Dripping Wet Gap** dressed in a sparkly unicorn costume cozying up to a strapping young man. I thought **Chips** has some competition. Where this guy lacks in height he makes up in beard. Then I realized after 25 minutes it was only **Deep Throat** in costume**.**

Many of the usual gang were present; **Dripping Wet Gap, Deep Throat, Don't know Dick, Mobey of Dickus, Humiditities;** our hare**, Curb Crawler, Pleasure Chest, Sir Cums A Lot;** co-hare**, Cum Honour, and myself, Slippery when Wet. Wet Spot** met us at the run**.** At least that's all I remember. There was talk of another sitting with us, but I never saw him. Since he weaved in and out of my consciousness I will call him **Ghost Hasher.**

I left the prelube in order to get to the run start on time which I think was, 6.66 km away from the bar. Hudiditities thought of everything.

Shortly after I arrived others started to show up including the virgin in question **Ghost Hasher.** I did see him briefly, as he darted around the circle interacting with everyone like a long lost friend. Speaking of ghosts was I the only one who saw **Stick Handler**?

Another virgin/veteran hasher was introduced. **Bob** was his name and I think he fancied **Drippy**. He had locks of gold and a real runner's body or at least he wore runner's clothes. **Chips,** has got to up his game. After introductions and instructions we were off.

We ran through the city in our costumes as I looked for a place to pee. **Humditities** was constantly counting us making sure she didn't lose anyone. Little did she know her worst fears were about to come true.

When the runners met up with the walkers, **Ghost Hasher** was alone and speaking in tongues at the top of a trail. The walkers were a short distance away trying to coax him into the bush. The runners were trying to make sense of his gibberish and I was peeing. When I finished, I ran past the group down into the woods and I never saw him again. It was a good thing I had peed because Humiditites had paid homeless druggies to jump out and scare us. Nice touch. We also passed an eerie witche's circle lit by glow in the dark lights; another nice touch.

Half way through we had a regroup where we enjoyed jello shots, candy, and chocolate served by Ken; Humiditities' other half. "The walkers were supposed to have been here by now." she said.

I replied, “I hope they haven’t been murdered by the Ghost Hasher.” No one else was concerned so I didn’t worry.

At the hash hold we had the all the best things; beer, coolers, licorice, chips and good company. We laughed, visited, and pondered about what happened to **Ghost Hasher**. ‘These things happen’ said **Pleasure Chest**. **Cum Honour** was talking to **Mobey** pointing to a blank spot on his arm. **Drippy** was making plans for the weekend with **Bob** and **Humiditities** was offering the homeless beer and Cheezies.

‘On in’ was called by someone. We walked the short distance to the parking lot and enjoyed some swill while we waited for our much deserved punishments. **Bob**, one of our virgins was wearing new shoes and a Melissa’s race shirt. He said he wore new shoes so he could win this race. Shame! Who made him come? I think it was **CH**. **Bob** had to drink from his shoe and then he was awarded a 300 run jacket. It finally hit me, that guy looks a little like **Chips**.

Tale #2 **Cum Honour**

I arrived at the prelube late as usual. Gawd! Why do I have to work? Why can’t **Wet Spot** support me? There were people there but I don’t remember who. While I was drinking a beer I noticed a guy sitting in **Drippy’s** chair. **Don’t know Dick** and **Curb** were talking and laughing with him. I thought it was **Deep Throat** but then I saw **Deep** was sitting beside him. I don’t recall his name so I’ll call him **Stranger Danger.** Naturally, I offered **Stanger Danger** a ride to the run.

I called circle up and the hashers were instantly quiet awaiting my next command. I called the virgins into the circle. There were two; **Bob** and **Stranger Danger**. I knew **Bob** was really **Chips** but I played along. I think he fooled everyone else. I’m so clever. After that woman showed us the trail markings I told **Sir Cums A Lot** to watch over **Stanger Danger!**

I ran all of the false trails while staying slightly ahead of everyone. I try not to race because it’s frowned upon but I can’t help being first all the time. **Wet Spot** is really lucky.

I tried to keep my ears and eyes open for reasons to punish the hashers but I got so bored I started to think of new tattoos I could get. All of a sudden **Stanger Danger** was standing all alone. I can punish **Sir Cums A Lot**! I don’t know why **Danger** was alone but now that I have a punishment I can really focus on my next tattoo.

At the Hash Hold I had a great conversation with **Mobey** but as RA I’m supposed to call ‘on in’ after a bit. I did that. Like sheep being led to slaughter they followed me and then I called ‘circle up’. They circled up. My job is very easy. I punished **Slippery** for screaming, **Bob/Chips** for wearing new shoes and **Wet Spot** for being boring. I also punished **Sir** for losing a Virgin. Apparently, that was the first time in history a virgin was lost. Cool.

Tale #3 **Deep Throat**

I picked up **Dripping Wet Gap** at noon and we headed to Murph’s. I expected more people to be there for my birthday but the day was young. Slowly hashers started arriving. **Slippery When Wet** kept giving me the stink eye but whatever. Last one to show was a flustered RA who showed up with a friend. He looked a little sketchy with his long beard. **Drippy** was in the bathroom adding more sparkle so he sat in her chair. How rude! He looked like a Peeping Tom and since I didn’t know his name that’s what I called him. **Don’t know Dick** and **Curb** tried to find out more about him but he just starting laughing and joking about stuff. **Sir** and **Mobey** said it was time to go so I told **Peeping Tom** to hurry up and get in his **Cum Honour’s** truck.

At the circle up I heard that **Peeping Tom** was walking so I asked **Stick Handler** to stay close. I didn’t want **Tom** to ruin my birthday. But **Stick** disappeared soon after we started walking. How Rude!

Sir Cums A Lot said “let’s go straight to the hash hold. I know where it is.”

I said “no. We must set a good example for **Peeping Tom**.”

We walked for a bit until we got to the trail that led into the bush. 'Finally', PC said as she went to pee. Just as I thought **Tom** was hanging around a little too close to her. I slapped him hard across the face and **Wet Spot** kicked him in his privates. We walked away and left him there. **Sir Cums** screamed "I was supposed to look after him!"

PC and **Curb** were calling **Tom** to follow them down the trail but he didn't seem to want to go. I saw the runners coming so I thought 'their problem'. Maybe **Cum Honour** will think twice about inviting him next time.

I was feeling especially good on my birthday. I had my favourite beard on and I always wanted to slap someone like that. It was a good day.

What happened to our lost Virgin?

To summarize:

Slippery When Wet- "I don't think he existed"

Cum Hounour- "Who"

Deep Throat -"I saw him ride the trails on a motorcycle by the hash hold."

OnOn,

Slippery

Upcoming Runs

Run # 974 - Nov 2, 2017
Hare(s): Wet Spot
Location: TBA
Prelude: TBA
On On: TBA

Run # 975 - Nov 9, 2017
Hare(s): Mobeys Dick

Run # 976 - Nov 16, 2017
Hare(s): Captain Piss Up

Run # 977 - Nov 23, 2017
Hare(s): Whore Slayer

Run # 978 - Nov 30, 2017
Hare(s): Doggy Style

RDH3 Christmas Party 2017 - Friday December 1st -

Run # 979 - Dec 7th 2017 - Looking to switch
Hare(s): Lady Mz Daizey

Run # 980 - Dec 14th 2017
Hare(s): Cum Honor

Run # 981 - Dec 21st 2017
Hare(s): Pole Her Express

Run # 982 - Dec 28th 2017
Hare(s): Broken Boner