

JANUARY 5th, 2018



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”

DEER DROPPINGS

Run #982– Dec. 28st, 2017

Hare(s): Mustang Sally

Location: Goodlife Fitness parking lot

Prelube: Mr. Mikes

On On: Mr. Mikes

Scribe: Chips A Whore

I had the privilege of starting and being the RA for the start and better part of 2017.

Many great runs and many great experiences in a fantastic year with a great group of hashers.

On this very hash night as I sat cuddled up in the fetal position overtop of my heat registers in my house I honestly contemplated if I should or should not brave the elements and go to the run. I thought who is stupid enough to go out in this freezing cold. Surely no one would show or maybe just a couple may. As I fought this internal battle I softly drifted off to sleep.

I heard a rumbling and awoke to a clatter in my house. There stood a man before large as life. I said who the fuck are you and why are you in my house. He told me he was the ghost of Christmas Past and wanted me to come with him. We exited the house and were immediately situated at the run at Goodlife Fitness, however the name on the building said Sears. There were many people there and the snow was blowing horizontal and was a virtual white out. I saw **Broken Boner** and **Sir Mobey's** there wearing shorts and soon realized I was back in time to my second ever run I hashed at.

I saw my old self arrive dressed in a parka, toque, scarf, the full garb as it was freezing out. There were a lot of hashers who use to hash yet still lots of the same who still hash today. **Mustang Sally** was the hare and told the circle a tremendous story of the run she set and its likelihood of being Run of the year.

Apparently the 6” of snow had covered up all of her hard work and this is when I learned how easily the hash improvised. I was a walker then and we basically all walked, including the runners, straight to **Mustangs** house for beer and snacks. It was an experience and one I often remember.

In a flash I was back home dozing in and out when again was awoken by a disturbance. It was my kids telling me to wake up or I would be late for the run.

I jumped up and headed to prelube expecting to possibly be the only one there in this cold cold weather. Much to my surprise there was **Curb Crawler, Broken Boner, Don't Know Dick, Slippery When Wet** and **Stick Handler**. Drinks were had and we all headed off to run. Arriving at Goodlife first I pulled over to two vehicles with lights on in the middle of the parking lot thinking they were hashers, however I think that these two cars were just there to have sexual intercourse. A small wave and I left them to their business. We were joined at the run with **Sir Wee Little Bladder, Lady Ms Dazey, Whore Sleigher, Pucker Sucker** and **Mustang Sally**.

A full crew as we waited for our illustrious Religious Advisor to arrive. Sometime around 7:20pm we decided to continue on without him. I volunteered to RA and announced welcome to Run 982...immediately corrected by **Slippery** that it was only Run 981. She checked her records to verify yet I never did hear an apology.....

Introductions done and the hare brought in to show us markings. We were told there were no markings...just like my Christmas Past visit, yet there would be signs. The runners were directed to head to Kerrywood Nature Center and there they would find a sign on the moose. The runners looked startled as it was cold as fuck and that was a distance to go. I chose to walk not because of the distance and the weather but because of nostalgia, like the run of Christmas Past ;) ;) ;)

As the runners took off I thought I heard **Mustang Sally** say the runners were fucked and would be gone a long time as there was no sign on the moose and we headed off towards her warm house immediately for Warm cider, beer and refreshments ☺

The runners arrived an hour later with rosy cheeks. Most of the good snacks and drinks were already eaten so we made sure to not disclose of the tasty treats they missed. ON In was called and back to the circle we went for a quick circle up punishing **Mustang** for lying and **Boner** for getting lost. Everyone heads off to Mr. Mikes for the ONON.

As I rest in my warm truck I fall asleep again. When I awake the ghost of Christmas Future is by my side and is there to show me of what is to come.

There is a ton of snow, its cold and we are all wondering what the hell are we doing out here. Cum honor is late again. **Curb** and **Boner** had contemplated staying at the Prelube instead of going to the run, I am thinking about walking, there is no flour set on this run of **Mustang's**.

I am around a circle of some of the same hashers along with a bunch of new ones. Everyone having a great time: having a beer and socializing with each other and enjoying each other's company. The circle is constant and reliable whether past, present or future. We are just out for a good evening with great people. Here's to 2018 and a Happy New Year to all and looking forward to many more memories to come in this year!!

ON Fucking ON

Chips A Whore

Run # 983 - Jan 4, 2018

Hare(s): Doggie Style

Location: Westpark skate shack
57 ave & 41 Street

Prelude: One Eleven Grill

On On: Far Side Lounge RDC

Upcoming Runs

Run # 984 - Jan 11, 2018

Hare(s): Come Liquor Snatch

Location: TBA

Prelude: TBA

On On: TBA

Run # 985- Jan 18, 2018

Hare(s): Stick Handler