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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 #984– Jan. 11<sup>th</sup>, 2018

**Hare(s): Cum Liquor Snatch & Cum Honour**

**Location:** Rotary Park

**Prelube:** Murphs

**On On:** Hybrid 26

**Scribe:** Humidities (dick-Ins)

In attendance: **Cum Honour, Cum Liquor Snatch, Sir Mobeys of Dickus, Chips A Whore, and Humiditties.**

Sir **Mobey's** was kind enough to take it upon himself to decree my New Year's Resolution shall be to commit to running no matter the weather, so I accept the challenge, begin to adorn my 17 layers of clothing and set out to join my fellow nutjobs ... I mean hashers ... at prelube.

I was appointed Scribe, they say, because I was the last one to the prelube. The more likely reason is since everyone else had been prelubing all afternoon, no one else would remember the run. So here goes:

## *A Tale of Two Hash holds*

### **Book the First: chapter one: The Gathering**

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness...” It certainly was the age of foolishness ... it's – 37 fucking degrees outside!

Arriving at our pre-disclosed run location, and having unbelievably double and triple checked the thermometer that is in fact registering -37, our hares – thankfully - abandon the usual requisite of explaining the trail for fear of us freezing our brains and being unable to even comprehend finding a trail. They simply tell us there would be TWO INDOOR hash holds ! Two! We cheer our Hares, for sharing this welcomed information with us, and also determine that with so few hashers among us for the evening's

festivities, that we should all run in a tight pack of 5, in an effort to maximize warmth, therefore minimizing frostbite.

To aid us in overcoming our initial shock, our fearless leader shares with us, a swig of his signature drink, and then also shares with us that he's pretty sure now we all have herpes.

### **Book the Second: chapter one: We're Off**

With this new knowledge of multiples looming in our near future, our impending journey promises to be worth the effort. We set out on a hazardous adventure full of peril and dangerous diversions on a quest to the find the highly prized, yet elusive amber nectar.

In an effort to keep our minds engaged and feet moving forward, **Cum Liquor Snatch** tells us tales of flashing, stripping and vibrating. Hmmm. Personal yet Interesting, we think to ourselves, but we keep running, plunging deeper into the darkness. A short time later, we are herded into our first gathering spot, To the Lost.

### **Book the Second: chapter two: Re-Branding**

The Hashsicles, as we now refer to ourselves, find our table waiting, and our Hare declares this round is on her! Joy! This night isn't so bad after all! We congratulate one other for making it this far despite the bitter elements, and proud for the warries we've now become, we resolve that such bravery certainly deserves new warrior hash names.

**Sir Mobeys of Shrinkus** shares his concoction with all of us and **Chips of Ice** declares that his sip has left him befuddled. We make a mental note not to allow **Sir Mobeys** near open flame. **Cum Sickle** questions my drink of choice, then proceeds to order a fruity tutti beer. Letting loose, **Cum Liquor North Pole** orders a double!

It's gonna be a good night!

### **Book the Second: chapter three: The Journey**

Not so willingly, but with promises of more liquid courage, we abandon the comforts of the first hash hold, to plod onwards in an attempt to locate our second destination. We're advised that this will be a longer journey than the last.

**Cum Liquor North Pole** continues with guilty admissions of spitting it out, having trouble finding her mouth, and describes her layers of her man-clothing in peculiarly specific detail. The double paralyzer has certainly lowered her inhibitions. This time, we're running into the wind, and none of us are feeling very He-Man Warrior at this point. My eyelashes are getting unnervingly close to freezing shut, and I focus on keeping my eyes wide open in an attempt to maintain vision.

We round the corner, and we see it! How unique! What an interesting place to hold a second hash hold! Never in my wildest dreams! We near the Cannabis Clinic, and our minds begin to race with the possibilities! We're conflicted between goodness and evil, right and wrong. How exciting! We run close, closer, then ... away. The injustice! We look at **Cum Liquor North Pole** with questioning eyes, and she proceeds to tell us that this is not the hashhold, and that in fact our journey shall continue up the looming hill that we see before us. We shoot her a few dirty looks, and with revolt in our hearts, accept our fate, and continue up up up into the dark night.

At the top of the hill, we round yet another turn, and ...What is this we see before us?! Crimson lights, gleaming and beckoning us within to experience all her glory. We forget about the Cannabis Clinic in the new excitement of the pending hash hold we now see. The Love Boutique is an unusual choice for a hash hold, but wait! It all makes sense now and suddenly becomes very clear! All the comments about flashing, and stripping, and spitting **Cum Liquor North Pole** has been leading our minds to this place, flirting with us and telling us her tall tales! We draw nearer and our minds wander with excitement, and then... WTF! We continue running! Alas, it is not to be, this is still not our intended destination. Our disappointment quickly fades because we've reached **Hybrid**, our Final destination.

### **Book the Third: chapter one: Round Tables**

After enjoying yet more libations, we make a quick jaunt down the hill to Circle Up. Our all-knowing and highly respected RA sets forth random punishments to all but **CLNP**, punishing me, for all things, for ordering a Cosmo at our first Hash hold, because "this shit isn't Sex and the City!" Pardon me for trying to class up the joint! We huddle in the middle, while a layer of frost quickly forms on our punishments and we urge **Cum Liquor North Pole** to sing to us softly...I mean quickly.

### **Book the Fourth: final chapter: Pickles**

We abandon the Circle Up, and head back to **Hybrid**, where everyone but I spoiled a grilled cheese sandwich with a dumping of Kraft Dinner. Eww. However, when **Cum Liquor North Pole** set her eyes upon the long pickled variety of produce that lay upon my plate, she immediately regretted her choice in menu item ☺

On On

Charles Dickens ... aka ... Humiditties ... aka ... Committed-titties

**Run # 985- Jan 18, 2018**

**Hare(s): Broken Boner**

**Location: North End of Riverside Drive  
(7890 - 40th Ave)**

**Prelube: JD's**

**On On: Mr. Mikes**

### Upcoming Runs

Run # 986 - Jan 25, 2018 Mustang Sally

Run # 987 - Feb 1, Slippery When Wet

Run # 988 - Feb 8, Crash Test Rummy

Run # 989 - Feb 15, Curb Crawler

Run # 990 - Feb 22, Pleasure Chest

Run # 991 - Mar 1, Pucker Sucker

Run # 992 Mar 8, Don't Know Dick

Run # 993 Mar 15 Cheap N Easy St Paddy's Day Run

Run # 994 Mar 22 Dripping Wet Gap