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DEER DROPPINGS



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Red Deer Hash House Harriers
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“Never Let the Truth or Libel Laws
Stand in the Way of a Good Story”

Run #985– Jan. 18th, 2018

Hare(s): Broken Boner & Don't Know Dick

Location: North end of Riverside Drive

Prelube: JD's

On On: Mr. Mikes (Jenja house)

Scribe: Chips A Whore

Run# 985

Hares: Broken Boner and Don't Know Dick

Location: well.... we will get to that

It is the dead of the winter, last week's run was -37 one of the coldest runs I've been on in some time. I check the forecast and it says +4. I check the Webpage (www.reddeerhhh.ca) and of fucking course its **Broken Boner's** Run. Whenever he hares the clouds part, suns out and it's time to put on the shorts. Maybe at some point in his life he had relations with Mother Nature, who knows.

The Prelube is at JD's. I make my way there and when I enter I can see **Doggy Style** sitting at a very large table by himself. He was nursing a Pilsner like normal. Soon after **Slippery, Broken Boner and Don't Know Dick** showed up. We anxiously awaited **Deep Throats** arrival as she had posted on the Facebook about going. Turns out she was role calling and we were supposed to respond. I read it and just showed up like normal sorry **Deep** for not responding ;(

The prelube had a great aura and everyone seemed excited and ready to go. **Boner** let us know the run was not very long which put everyone at ease. He told us where the start was at the end of the close. I joked about that those types of areas, among others, are where people go to hook up in parked cars, everyone ignored me as usual. The weather was awesome so off we went to the start of the run at the end of the close.

I arrived from the prelube people first and someone was already there. As soon as I drove up they drove away quickly before I could identify which hasher it was. I started getting dressed to run when **Don't Know** came racing up telling EVERYONE that we were in the wrong spot then she raced off. We all jumped back in our vehicles assuming it must be the other close further down. Sure enough I could see the parked car with the lights on so I knew we must have found the right place as a hasher was already there. Strangely enough as I pulled up behind them they pulled ahead slightly and there was a little bit of a commotion in the car. They seemed in a panic then raced off. It was strange and not sure what was going on. We got out and started getting ready again. No **Boner**, no **Don't Know Dick**. I called **Boner** and he said we drove past them. Soooooo back in the truck and finally to the start of the run between the two commonly known suspected areas.

Cum Honor arrived (on time btw) along with **Wet Spot** and **Sir Wee Little Bladder**.

Circle was called and the markings shown with some of the best red flour mixture I have seen. We were off into the industrial park and darkness. We ran for a while and I came upon a check. I “pucker assessed” and was certain we were heading towards the Pines. I ran to the left and after a little bit I came to a fence that was 10 feet tall and locked. It was quite obviously not this way so I turned back. **Boner** says didn't you find flour? Nope, just a huge fence. With the urgency he ran to the fence and said Fuck I checked this at 5:30 and it was open. Some hashers would think this was funny, some would think this as an opportunity. While standing at the fence I could see markings on the other side.

Broken Boner quickly scaled the fence and urged all to follow suit. The ladies pissed and moaned and I said I would lift the fence for them to go under. As I grabbed the fence I realized it wasn't locked at all, so we opened it and went through...lol.

The next set of trail took us all through the trees and hills down by the SPCA and back to the Pines towards Parkland Mall. Great trails and it felt like I had never been on them before but then every once in a while you would see a recognizable feature of the trail. I remember while running in the trees there that we were a long way away from the start and that **Boner** lied about it being a short run....again. There may have been some runners pissing and moaning haha.

Crossing the tracks we headed back into 3 mile bend trails. **Boner** caught up to us and said he needed to shave about 2-3 kms off the trail so he forced us to do what no hasher wants to do....Shortcut.

Shortly after getting on the shortcut in three-mile bend I heard what sounded like 2 moose fucking in the bush. It was low but loud groan and then I heard it again and thought maybe it was one of those "hook-ups" I was talking about. The sound was so deep it felt like whatever we were about to see may change the way we view sexual intercourse in the future. All of a sudden **Sir Wee Little Bladder** came sprawling out of the bush with **Don't Know dick**. I guess **Wee** was trying to sound like a coyote. Likely excuse. We all walked together from this point to the parking lot in three mile bend. Upon arrival there were half a dozen cars parked there. Odd timing as they must have all just gotten done walking their dogs in the dark at the same time as we arrived as they all left promptly once we got there.

The hash hold was a plethora of you name it, jerky, pepperoni, chips, cookies, wine, beer, water, chocolate thingy's and more. A real great spread. A good time was had hanging and visiting at the hash hold. ON IN was called and we debated all piling into the back of **Boners** truck and doing it old style riding back to the start with no helmets. Instead we enjoyed the beautiful evening and trekked back through the great scenery to the start of the run.

Circle was called and everyone was punished including **Wee** who was given the Asshole punishment which surprisingly he had never done before. He was punished a couple more times because he generally does stupid shit on the runs...lol.

The ONON was at Mr. Mikes where we participated in a Jenga tournament for a \$25 gift card against some shady couple that likely just hooked up in a parked car somewhere. We were literally a block or two away from taking the championship. It was **Don't know Dicks** turn and you could see the panic setting in. I told her to just tap the block to see if it will move. I am not sure if she understood or thought I said slap but she crushed the block and the tower came tumbling down. Although we tied she could have been a hero if she used her listening ears.

We had a lot of laughs tonight with a great group. The run was a long one but a great one like all of the runs so far this year. Although, I tried to show the hashers the parked car hook-ups I talked about but I never got the chance. I guess I don't know everything. ;)

ONON
Chips A Whore

Run #986– Jan. 25th, 2018

Hare(s): Sir Mobey of Dickus Location:

Carnival Cinema (overflow parking lot west of cinema)

Prelube: Troubled Monk

On On: Famosa