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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”

DEER DROPPINGS

Run #986– Jan. 25th, 2018

Hare(s): Sir Mobey of Dickus

Location: Carnival Cinemas West parking lot

Prelube: Troubled Monk

On On: Famosa

Scribe: Slippery When Wet

*When a tree falls in the forest and no one is
around does it make a sound?*

*When a trail is set in a snow storm and no one
is around did it really happen?*

These questions and more will be pondered in this
week’s volume of:

Deer Droppings: Philosophical Edition.

Sir Mobey of Dickus, or as he was known on this run:
Dr. Dick sat in the Troubled Monk all afternoon
contemplating life. “Does Fate exist? “Is there life after
death?” As he laid his head on the table he imagined
setting the perfect trail.

Dr. Dick got up and went out with his flour and tin can
and set the most marvelous trail. It had the perfect
amount of checks, false trails and check backs. His
runners would all be kept together in perfect harmony.

Chips A Whore showed up at the Prelube to see a
very happy almost whimsical, **Dr. Dick**. Where was
everyone else he thought? Do they even exist?

Slippery When Wet came in at the last minute and
grabbed a drink. She was a little worried about the
good **Dr.** and the state of the trail. It had snowed all
day and most of the city was a blanket of white.

At the run start **Whore Slayer** sat in his truck all
by himself repeating again and again ‘I think,
therefore I am’. Soon, **Humidities** and the three
prelubers drove up. **Pucker Sucker** and **Deep
Throat** were dropped off by **Urine**. A sense of
party atmosphere filled the air. And as usual, **Cum
Honour**, **Wet Spot** and **Cum Liquor Snatch**
drove up last. History does repeat itself.

The wind picked up and they wondered, “Does free
will exist? Why go out on a night when PJ’s and
reruns are much more suited?”

The usual preamble of markings and introductions
reinforced that they are creatures of habit. Does
repetition give us a sense of security?

Off they ran looking for the non-existing flour. **Dr.
Dick** ran alongside explaining the trail. He’d make
them run a ways and then call “false trail” and then
watch them run back like some kind of
psychological experiment” **Pucker Sucker** in her
infinite wisdom started to believe she saw flour.
She believed so much we all started to see flour.
That is an example of positive thinking or a
powerful hallucinogenic. **Humidities** was a team
player as she checked out false trail after false trail.

Cum Liquor Snatch and **Wet Spot** had an
intuitive connection with **Dr. Dick** and luckily
never traveled down any false trails.

Meanwhile as runners were freezing their asses off



At the Hash Hold an interesting conversation about deprivation tanks led to a more interesting conversation about thought-provoking movies which led to the confession of the hotness of Micky Rourke according to **Cum Honour**.

On In was called as usual and they trekked through the deep snow soaking their feet. Thanks **Chips!**

The On On was at Famosa where we had a great turnout and more discussions of life and happiness

How will you be remembered when you die? Will you be remembered as a great hasher who set great trails? Or will you be remembered as the guy who fell asleep at the Troubled Monk.

We dream of a world with super bright salt infused flour. We dream of nights with the perfect temperature and no wind. We dream of good friends good beer and unnoticed new shoes.

SWW

On On.. Perchance to dream