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# Deer Droppings

*"Never let the Truth or Libel Laws stand in the way of a good story"*

Scribe: Dick See Cup

Red Deer Run #12?? - Thursday May 16th, 2024

Hare: TNT

Pre-Lube & On-On: East 40th & Boston Pizza

After a brief pre-lubrication beverage (or two) and a couple baskets of shrimp at East 40th Pub for a snickysnack, the crew made their way to GW Smith School for another Hasher Jaunt. Making a last-minute realization that the swill cooler was still very much in Sylvan Lake, a quick stop next door to the pub for some replenishment was needed. Couldn't let these poor hashers go thirsty! My Brain no worky good sometimes and unfortunately our Swill-Meister is still healing up. Get well soon Wee!

Despite Mother Nature's attempt to snuff out the sunshine and replace with the continuous moisture the droplets subsided for our Circle Up and it turned out to be a quite nice little evening. The ground was nice and spongy on the trails without being too muddy. The rumbling clouds didn't disparage most of our crew, having 11 participants show their faces. Most of whom showed up on time this go.

Who knew a Salad Dressing bottle would set such a prominent trail? TNT attempted to keep the crew together but, with the plethora of false trails and check-backs, it was tough to know which way was up! Crash even ended up galivanting through the forest, attempting to blaze his own trail to re-unite with the group. He did miss the opportunity to cross the stream and turned his long, short-cut into a longer, long-cut. Through Bower, across 32<sup>nd</sup>, back across 32<sup>nd</sup>, across 32<sup>nd</sup> again...we even got to enjoy the ingenuity of some of our local encampments in the shrubbery. I really enjoyed the entire fireplace carved and built into the side of the one hill. The architectural knowledge of some of these structure builders, I tell ya.

With an On-On here, and a Check-Check there, we eventually got pointed in the right direction. Seems Grabbin' knew exactly where she was going as she randomly popped out, not on trail, but a block over. Pucker had the FRB intuition, disappearing in the distance multiple times after correctly sniffing out the false trail routes.

Eventually we all re-convened in the appropriate school area, and even found the walkers there already. I think they found a shortcut or two as well! At least we didn't have to go searching for them because the map was upside down. A plethora of beverages and snacks were present, and TNT

also decided to hold a safe sex intervention to correspond with the box of wine. Funny how those two things usually need to go together. Condoms were readily available for those that still believed in such things...they were even pre-chilled for everyone's pleasure.

The circle up had a song or two, to coincide with a punishment or two. Boring names being used, short and long-cuts being taken advantage of, and apparently attempting to beat traffic crossing the road was filled with too much energy and was considered R-Wording.

Chillabongs was to be the On-On but with the NHL Playoffs being in full swing, I believe it was relocated to Boston Pizza. I'm sure they also had cold and wet items that fulfilled the Hasher necessities. Go Flames.

On-On. Dick See Cup.