

JUNE 12<sup>th</sup>, 2018

# DEER DROPPINGS



Official Newspaper of the  
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”

Run #1006- June 7<sup>th</sup>, 2018

Hare(s): **Wet Spot**

Location: St Teresa Avila

Prelube: Mr. Mikes

On On: JD's

Scribe: **Slippery When Wet**

Part One;

He arrived on the scene wishing he were somewhere else. His suit and tie smelled of Tabaco and sweat and it had seen better days. He was already into overtime and the captain would want this case wrapped up quickly. A grisly crime like this attracted the press like moths to a flame. God, he hated the press. He stepped out of his grey 1999 Toyota Cresta and flicked his butt into the gutter.

The witnesses/suspects as it turned out were from a local running group. A drinking group with a running problem one of them pointed out. Her name was **Don't know Dick**. She was the kind of woman you don't bring home to mother. The kind of woman that makes you feel like a man. He didn't notice a ring on her finger and he wondered if she wouldn't mind his.

The next witness was the hare, whatever that means, **Wet Spot**. She was bruised and battered and he wondered if the tattooed man eying him was the culprit. She said she had a skateboard incident the night before but he didn't buy it. She wasn't 12 anymore. **Cum Honour** the RA, would be on his radar for a while. Jesus Christ, more over time.

The next guy, **Curb Crawler** stated that there were quite a few at the Prelube at which it took forever to get his beer. Whatever. Witnesses were funny. They told him shit but he always got out of them what he needed. **Cum Liquor Snatch** and **Wet Denim** were there as well but they didn't see anything. Dames. He took down their numbers. Maybe he'd call them.

Two others at the Prelube, **Broken Boner** and **Sir Nookey 89'** had provided good statements but were not persons of interest. One was too old and the other had an alibi. He was too old.

**Wee Little Bladder** was an interesting character. He was there with his wife **Mz Daizy**. How did a fox like that end of with the likes of him? He must have a long pipeline or large pocket book. He might have to question **Mz Daizy** at another time. His job had long hours but he loved it.

The next two definitely interested him. **Pucker Sucker** and **Humiditties** were FRB's and had ample time alone and away from the group. They said they didn't see anything but he had a way to jog their memory. Pucker had a body that didn't quit and Humiditties was hot. He liked a woman that perspired. More numbers were added to his little black book.

**Hymen Trouble** and **Sir Cums A Lot** left before circle up. He was told that was a punishable offence. He wondered if the victim had done something similar. It was a strange group with beautiful creatures.

Too bad he worked Thursdays nights. Lord knows he could use some exercise. His untuned thighs rubbed against the thin fabric of his trousers threatening to liberate themselves.

**Cum See My Box** and **Pussy Foot** were in the walking group and didn't have anything to add to the case. Damn. Perhaps he was losing his touch with the ladies. His once full head of hair thinned and his previous 6 pack looked like a bag of empties sitting at the backdoor waiting to be tossed outside.

**Hymen Trouble**, **Wee Little Bladder**, **Slippery When Wet**, and **Lady Mz Daizy** were all walkers as well. He couldn't blame them for walking. It was a sweltering night. The poplar fuzz was whimsically dancing around like gypsies high on exhaust and the trail was long and lacking flour. So he was told.

The next witnesses/suspects were named **Chips A Whore** and **Whore Sleighter**. One had attempted to kill the other on a previous run. He listened to their stories and let his mind drift to a time when life was easier and beer was cheaper. Times had changed. Back before the wife, the headaches and political correctness he was a God. Jesus Christ. Times had changed. He took their numbers. He tried it once in college and remembered it helped solve a case. Pitting one against the other is a useful tactic. Not what you guys are thinking.

This was not going to be an open and shut case as he once thought. Maybe he'd have to come next Thursday to interview more hashers. Maybe get some back stories or uncover some skeletons. He had his ways and he had his numbers in his little black book and he had a lot to think about. His life was like a sideways bottle waiting for a waitress to take it away and bring him another. He once had potential but he needed some work to get it back. He needed a drink.

He headed to JD's to have a beer with the group. Sometimes loose lips were the result of too much beer. He mentally clocked off and hoped for loose lips.

OnOn *Slippery When Wet*

**Run #1007- June 14<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

**Hare(s): Stick Handler**

**Location:** TBA

**Prelube:** TBA

**On On:** TBA

Run #1000 (Time travel back to run #1000)

Hare(s) RA's of Christmas Past

Location: Poplar Ridge Campground

**Prelube:** Poplar Ridge Campground

**On ON:** Poplar Ridge Campground

**Run #1008- June 28<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

**Hare(s): Premie**

**Run #1009- July 5<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

**Hare(s): Don't Know Dick**

**Run #1006- July 12<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

**Hare(s): Hymen Trouble**