

SEPTEMBER 18th, 2018

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 # 1020- Sept. 13th, 2018

Hare(s): **Curb Crawler & Chips A Whore**

Location: **Parkland Mall parking lot**

Prelube: **JD's**

On On: **JD's**

Scribe: **Humiditties**

As I pull in to prelube, I recognize only a couple of vehicles. It becomes apparent that the summertime snowfall has chased away some of our fair-weather hashers. **Don't Know Dick** was there of course, she never misses an opportunity to drink. **Cum Liquor Snatch** is also there, half way through her first Brown Cow, and tries to convince us that it's necessary to ensure adequate calcium intake. **Curb** joins us shortly thereafter. He ambles in, tells us he's having severe back pain and that he's appointed a walking and running hare for the night. Pfff, I think it's all a cover so he doesn't have to run in the snow. My wine is going down a little too easily, and I find myself volunteering for not only scribe of the night, but also for 2 runs over a year away! Clearly I should stick to water at prelube.

I get to the run start, and despite the very few hashers at prelube, many more have shown up for the run! Priorities people!

Making her debut as reigning RA; **Don't Know Dick** steps into the circle. We welcome back hashers we haven't seen for a while as well as no-longer-virgin, **Ann**. We also take a moment to think about our dear **Broken Boner**, and wish him a speedy recovery. After some quick introductions, **DKD** calls hares into the circle. **Curb Crawler** attempts to show us trail markings but has some technical difficulties with his stick. He assures us there is lots of flour on the trail. Sure, sure, we've heard that one before. He pulls pretty ribbons and crayons from his pocket, and begins to tie up **Goes Half Way**.

He then shares with us that he has a fetish for poles. I'm not sure why he felt the need to share, but whatever floats your boat, **Curb**, we won't judge. Perhaps there's a relation between his pole fetish and back pain?? Anyway, he gives **Chips**, whom has assumed running hare responsibilities for this evening, a map, and sends the runners on our way.

About 90 seconds into our journey, we realize **Curb** lied about the amount of flour, and a few of us get lost on a very suspect trail. We find a few things we don't want to find, including discarded Chapstick, which **Cum Liquor Snatch** is oddly excited by and eagerly scoops up. Before long, we hear **Chips** calling us back.

We lose track again of the pepto pink colored flour, and **Chips** refers to the mystery map that has been given to him. I see **Doggy** ahead waving frantically at us, obviously sensing our confusion. But rather than help us re-establish trail, it appears he's attempting to direct us into oncoming traffic. Well that's not very nice **Doggy**!

Reports from the dark side indicate that **Doggy** and Wee were unusually intrigued with the “Hose Headquarters” sign and actually had to stop and ponder for a while. It must be a foreign concept to them, poor guys. I also heard that certain members were chasing the deer – I'm hoping it wasn't the same wankers that realized their newly discovered hoses. RUN deer, RUN!!!

The pink trail flour gives way to pink colored ribbons, the same variety from the bondage scene we witnessed earlier, and we round the corner to happenstance upon a group of hooligans. One of us comments that it may be drug dealers so we proceed with caution. Turns out it was just our friendly neighborhoods wankers. We weren't the only ones to suspect wrong doing though, because apartment H1 came out to ask if we were lost.

Such concern for our safety, what a nice lady. She was armed with a cell phone in her right hand and a shotgun in her back left pocket, but I'm sure that's just coincidence. After explaining our nights festivities and inviting her to join us, which she surprisingly declined, we were headed On In.

At Circle Up, we were treated to **Drippy** sporting a new appendage, assumingly so that **Doggy** and **Wee** have a 'hose' visual as follow up to their earlier curiosity. A few punishments, rewards, and charges later, and another great Thursday night run is in the books.

On On

Humidittities

(remember Humidittities' plaid-ar-day run October 4th

Pirate Run

Run Start: Clew Bay

(aka. Empty Parking Lost Behind Liquidation Supercenter) (5239 53 Ave, Red Deer, AB T4N 5K1)

Run End: Tortuga (aka: HashHold)

Pre_Grog: Hudsons (aka Pre Lube)

Grog: TBA

Avast Ye Mateys

Der Be a Pirate Run for all ya Scurvy Dogs n Villainous Wenches, Come Dressed in all Yer Finery,

Down the Hatch with some Grog to Wet Me Pipe,

A Run, Rum and Some Booty to be Had by All!

Pull Up Anchors and Set to Sail!

Steady as She Goes

Arrrrg Arrrrrg

Commandant Cums A Lot

Bilge Rat Hymen Trouble

For those who don't speak pirate here are the details

Upcoming Run

Run # 1021- September 20, 2018

Hare(s): Sir Cums & Hymen Trouble -

Location: 5239 53 Ave Behind liquidation supercenter

Prelube: Hudsons

On On: TBA

Run #1022 September 27, 2018 whore Sleigher

Run #1023 October 4, 2018 Humidittities (plaid-ar-day Run)

Run #1024 October 11, 2018 Urine My Way

Run #1025 October 18, 2018 Pucker Sucker

Run #1026 October 25, 2018 Sir Mobey of Dickus

Run #1027 Nov 1, 2018 Drippy Wet Gap

Run #1028 November 8, 2018 Wee Little Bladder

Run #1029 November 15, 2018 Broken Boner

Run #1030 November 22, 2018 Doggy Style

Run #1031 November 29, 2018 Captain Piss Up

Run #1032 December 6, 2018 Lady Mz Daisy

Run #1033 December 13, 2018 Cum Honor

Run #1034 Dec 20, 2018 Wet Spot

Run #1035 December 27, 2018 TBA