

DECEMBER 19<sup>th</sup>, 2018

# DEER DROPPINGS



Official Newspaper of the  
Red Deer Hash House Harriers  
Established In 1997

[www.reddeerhhh.ca](http://www.reddeerhhh.ca)

“Never Let the Truth or Libel Laws  
Stand in the Way of a Good Story”

Run # 1033- Dec. 13<sup>th</sup>, 2018

Hare(s): Cum Honour

Location: Aspen Heights School

Prelube: Mr. Mikes

On On: JD's

Scribe: Cum See My Box

9 clever hashers circled up in Normandeau at the usual time on an incredibly warm and beautiful almost winter night. As the others were absent, it is assumed they were out braving the perils of Christmas shopping (silly people). The 9 smart ones then agreed to themselves undergo the perils of a quest to solve life's biggest problems.

Circle up was called by RA **Pippin (Don't Know Dick)**, known for being attracted to shiny orb and dick-like objects). Introductions were brief: running Hare **Frodo (Cum Honour)**, known for getting injured in the craziest way possible but winning in the end after much tribulation and hard work) and walking Hare **Gimli (Cum Liquor Snatch)**, known for being really grumpy and proud as well as a supreme miser); trails were demonstrated without flour (too easy for the Nazgul to sniff out and the hares were both misers) and we were off thru the goblin infested Mirkwood.

I'm told the runners **Aragon (Sir Mobey of Dickus)**, always chivalrous but sometimes a little rough around the edges), **Boromir (Broken Boner)**, a proven warrior immune to pain with the scars to prove it), **Legolas (Slippery When Wet)**, a gifted athlete and warrior always up to a challenge) and **Merry (Humidities)**, always cheerful and really addicted to luxurious camping adventures) had many, many challenges involving orcs, goblins and the nearly impossible to

find trail. Apparently flour is a commodity that rivals gold (but not oil ☺) so the hares used it very sparingly and the poor runners ended up in Blackfalds before **Frodo** caught up to them to redirect them back thru the forest and across the river on the correct road, while avoiding Nazgul the entire time.

We walkers, **Pippin** Don't Know Dick, **Gandalf (Captain PissUp)**, frequently absent on long trips to very warm places but always returning looking well baked but content), the hare **Gimli (Liquor Snatch)** and myself **Samwise (Cumsee)**, known for incredible plant knowledge but occasional bouts of foolishness and lost time) experienced a very long trail thru really dense woods populated with giant spiders. Gandalf's spider-killing solution was the creation of marvelous angels in a pristine patch of snow, and it worked! We suddenly were 4 children creating snow angels and were rejuvenated.

We stumbled back onto the path and continued on our quest, tracing intermittent patches of the rare mineral, flour, until we finally saw a Beer Near symbol and thought we were safe. But at that moment, a huge wolf came at us out of the woods and we all screamed. Fortunately, it was **Sadie**, the tame wolf friend of **Arwen (Wet Spot)**, known for her glamorous appearance and spell binding way with art) who was only a few steps behind Sadie.

They accompanied us to the locked treasure on the hash hold, and Gimli assured us that Frodo would soon be there with the key.

Alas, the very thirsty runners arrived shortly afterwards and it was discovered that Frodo left the key to the treasure in Gimli's truck back at the quest start, so Gimli very quickly ran back thru all the dangerous places and returned with her truck. And the KEYS. Great quantities of wondrous food and drink were consumed and the 9 members of the company were thrilled that their beverage quest was finally over.

After a surprisingly short trek back thru orc-filled woods, Arwen and Sadie led the orcs away so that the company finally emerged at Rivendale to find *Elrond* (**Curb Crawler** - wise, stern, a gifted orator and leader unless scotch is involved), who provided us with restorative drinks.

The hares were punished for their extremely limited use of flour, **Don't Know Dick** and **Liquor Snatch** were rewarded for getting older, I was punished for getting lost in time, **Captain PissUp** was punished for going to Hawaii, and **Humidities** was rewarded for her incredibly beautiful cloak. The OnOn was held at JD's, where all shared great food, lots of laughs, and extended their sympathy to those who missed such a great run.

*OnOn,*



*Cum See My Box*

## Upcoming Runs

**Run # 1034-December 20, 2018**

**Hare(s): Wet Spot**

**Location:** Aspen Heights School 5869 69 St Dr

**Prelube:** LBGS

**On On:** TO BE ANNOUNCED FOR REAL

WE need a hare.

**Run # 1035-December 27, 2018**

**Hare(s): ??**

**Location:** TBA

**Prelube:** TBA

**On On:** TBA

**Run # 1036-January 3, 2019**

**Hare(s): Wet Denim**

**Location:** TBA

**Prelube:** TBA

**On On:** TBA

**Run # 1037-January 10, 2019**

**Hare(s): Slippery When Wet**

**Location:** TBA

**Prelube:** TBA

**On On:** TBA

**Run # 1038-January 17, 2019**

**Hare(s): Chips A Whore**

**Location:** TBA

**Prelube:** TBA

**On On:** TBA

Have a Merry Christmas and a  
freakin' Good New Year!