MARCH 26^{th,} 2019

DEER DROPPINGS



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

Run # 1047- Mar 21st, 2019 Hare(s): Cum Honour Location: Saint Theresa Avila school Prelube: : Mr. Mikes On On: JD's Scribe: Sir Cums A Lot

CAN WE SING ALONG HASHERS

MEOW MEOW MEOW

MEOW MEOW MEOW

MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW

MEOW MEOW MEOW

MEOW MEOW MEOW

MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW

I dedicate that song to '**Chips a Whore'** for being such a PUSSY when he got hit in the ear with a snowball. GOSH (can we say piss and meow shirt anybody)!

LOL anyway, the run started off like any other run (I appologize if my memory is foggy, it has been a while since the run and I have not exactly been sober for that time). Oh yeah, the run.

Before Circle-Up, **TnT** did some jump stretches, the rest of us shook our heads (tehee) at her. Our hares, **Cum Honour** and **Cum Liquor Snatch** set the run up, promising (with honest smiles) that there was an abundance of flour on trail, or at least some. They thought! Ha Ha Unlike 'virgin' hashers, we embarked on the 'defloured' run and as promised there was little to no markings. The runner ran (a lot), the walkers walked (a little). To be honest, for a moment, very little happened on the walking side of things. No snowball fights, no water splashing, no one falling....it was pretty uneventful with the exception of a higher degree of philosophical conversations and friendly banter. However, the runners side of things was apparently a little scary.

Life threatening is the descriptor that I heard! A harrowing tale of a snowball to the ear. A snowball so deadly it was reputed to have been crafted over three generations, from the heart of a long dead hasher, who hailed from the Seventh Circle of Hell (the cold one)! A round snowball, so sharp and dagger-like it could cut the life right out of you. If that was not enough, this legendary snowball was encrusted with razor edged glass and rocks, as hard a diamonds!

If that weren't enough, this snowball was launched in trebuchet like fashion, from arm of **Slippery When Wet**. An arm that had bested a thousand arm wrestlers who were defeated when she tore their arms from their sockets and beat them to death with the ghastly appendage. The snowball's, Trajectory of Death, impacted with a strike so powerful the sonic ripples were heard around the world. I think it knocked the moon out of orbit, just a little, as time itself shifted. The tremendous power of that strike almost cratered a very, very dense skull. Clumps of hair, the softest locks imaginable, were torn from his skull. The lacerations on his ear! Lacerations, I believe it sheared his ear off. The eardrum burst and was shredded from the percussive resonance of that strike. Snow and Ice actually passed through the immensity of his cavernous skull and fell from his other ear (oddly enough it was either 'yellow snow' or ear wax - who can say!).

Devastating, to say the least. Maybe the above Meow Mix theme song did not do this crime justice. In response, I never really heard about the retaliatory strikes with similar snowballs. I guess they weren't as deadly as I was first lead to believe. I guess our clever RA would dissect this mystery and delve deeply into these crimes and ascribe suitable punishments for those found guilty and deserving.

Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow - **Chips** got punished. All in all a wonderful night.

OnOn Hashers OnOn

Let's get ready for Bad Thursday ay

ay

ay (echo effect)

(Side effects may include; a really good time, constipation, uncontrollable laughter, skin rash, reduction of common sense, diarrhea, headache, dry mouth, dizziness, dermatitis, pregnancy, frequent urination, Tourette's syndrome, possible jail time, perspiration, bed wetting, new friendships, runny nose, unrealistic confidence, indigestion, food allergies, insomnia, muscle stiffness, other stiffness, and feeling tired.