

DECEMBER 30, 2019

# 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 # 1087- Dec 24<sup>th</sup>, 2019

Hare(s): **Slippery & Liquor Snatch**

Location: Clearview Hall

Prelube: Hudson's

On On: Hudson's

Scribe: **Whore Sleigher**

Hash Run After Christmas

It was the nite after Christmas, and throughout the city  
not a creature stirred, it was kind of shitty.  
The hashers circled up at the Clearview Hall,  
It was a good turnout, with thirteen in all.

The walkers and runners departed with sighs  
While visions of licorice and cheezies and beer and wine coolers danced in their eyes.  
With the walkers holding the clues to decipher the runner's route.  
It was a recipe for disaster. (Doesn't rhyme and I don't care).

On into Clearview we journeyed in haste.  
**Cum liquor** led us on, there was not time to waste.  
We met **Don't Know Dick** and the walkers after some confusion.  
As some of the hash marks were merely illusion.

The touque lights and head lamps shining on the new fallen snow  
Gave a strange glow to the hash markings below.  
Some of the green had blended and mellowed,  
And appeared in the moonlight to be kind of yellow.

With **Broken Boner** as usual, leading the running pack.  
We runners solved our puzzles, there was no turning back.  
Somewhat faster than toddlers, the walkers they came.  
We could hear **Slippery** in the distance calling them by name.

On On **Wee Bladder** and **Curb**  
Oh, **Cum See**, let's go  
Hurry up **Cum Honour**,  
Even for walkers this is slow  
Pick it up **Wet Spot**  
Move it **Lost and Found**  
Come on **Don't Know Dick**  
Quit fucking around

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
we lost track of the walkers, unsure of why.  
So bravely back down the trail **TNT** flew,  
in search of the walkers, whose wherabouts, none knew?

And then in a jiffy, we found the beer near,  
not knowing if the walkers were there or here.  
Through the alley we sprinted to **Slippery's** garage,  
hoping the marks in the snow were not a mirage.

We sat there and drank and ate licorice for an hour near,  
worried sick about the walkers, we couldn't really enjoy the beer.  
And finally, in the distance, a hubbub could be heard,  
seven walkers squawking, and an occasional curse word.

On in they came to the warmth of **Greg's** shop,  
with **Don't Know blaming, Wee** and **Cum Honour** blaming **Wet Spot**.  
For they had lost their way, where to go they had no clue.  
Except for the piece of paper that told them exactly where,  
which one of them had in their pocket, I forget who

How we celebrated when, reunited at last.  
The beer, licorice and cheeze doodles, they were devoured quite fast.  
**Slippery** called on in, to deliver our punishment.  
There were very few charges, it was all quite funishment.

And then to the On On at Hudsons, many of us went.  
For sweet deals on liquor, and to emotionally vent.  
Was a great finale, for the last run of the year,  
With the finest people that can be found in our city Red Deer.

*Merry Christmas to all and to all Happy New Year,  
from a friend in the Hash,  
your humble Whore Sleigher!*