

FEBRUARY 24<sup>th</sup>, 2020

# 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 # 1095- Feb 20<sup>th</sup>, 2020**  
**Hare(s): Come liquor Snatch**  
**Location:** Coop downtown  
**Prelube:** Murph’s  
**On On:** OJ’s  
**Scribe: Whore Sleigher**

The following is a true story about a drinking group with a running problem. Only the names have changed to protect the innocent. Oh and many of the details as well.

Circle up took place at approximately 7:00 PM after a lengthy session of revelry and jocularly at Murph’s. The group was small but very lively. Those attending included our illustrious leader **Slippery Bladder**, the hares and engineers of this mad exercise, **Cum Liquor Box**, and **Cum See my Whore**. The finely tuned running machines that made it out were **Chip Snatch**, **Wee Little Boner**, **Broken Sleigher** and myself **Whore Box**.

**Liquor Box** gave us the usual explanation of the markings, which were a pleasant peacock blue for walk, and a breathtaking sunset orange for the runners. Excellent colour contrast Liquor, well done. The usual markings were explained, with the addition of a YAY marking. What does it stand for, what could it mean? No one in the group knew, but I vowed to crack the code.

**Wee Little Boner** dropped his keys while reaching for his flashlight allegedly. Within seconds, 5 more sets were thrown into the circle. There was an awkward silence, then everyone picked up their keys and laughed heartily at this crazy misunderstanding.

At this we were off. Runners searching for trail and the walkers heading for the car. JK. Both walkers and runners headed east toward Coronation Park, a couple false trails and a check back or two and we started south.

We neared Ross Street when **Slippery Broken** made a comment about friends heading south, which is obviously sex related as **Chip Box** pointed out. More false trails and inuendo and we found ourselves in Barrett Park. The markings were excellent, clear and crisp, not too far apart. The occasional one blurred by some mischievous local scamp walking home from school no doubt. We on owned up into the woods crossing the bridge and up the hill on what I call the stairway to Hell. After several near heart shutdowns I found the X. **Broken Whore** warned me it would be false but I was not having it, as normal, I was wrong. We twisted and turned our way out of the woods and into the heart of the seething, angry metropolis we know as Red Deer. Working our way as a team, solving the run puzzle, warning of false trails, encouraging each other, and generally helping each other out would have worked much better than our method of dirty tricks and and mark blocking. Several attempts were made to recruit fellow Red Deeronians into the Hash Family, but our offers were spurned.

Shortly after we crossed back to the North of Ross St, the BN was spotted along with the mysterious YAY. What did that damn YAY mean, it gnawed at me, I was obsessed, but my mind was foggy from running too hard for too long and I craved beer.

We made it to the hash hold. **Cum Liquor Bladder** brought us our delicious reward. We were greeted with caramel popcorn, chocolate almonds, and a lovely platter of European sausage and copious variety of ethnic cheeses. I did not notice any licorice?? All washed down pleasingly with our choice of a fine Chardonnay or Coors light.

No sign of YAY though.

There was much laughter and discussions took place over the meaning of life, the vastness of the universe, and of going south and heading to the deep south. The evening flew by, and we congratulated the Hares on an excellent run/walk. It was here that things took a turn for the worse. Our downtown has gone to the dogs, I thought. **Cum Liquor Boner**, while setting our adventure, confessed to **Chipped Bladder** that she had, at several spots, seen someone rub one out on trail!!!! OMG, I for one am appalled that someone would rub one out, let alone five or six. Our markings are sacred, and only to be removed by mother's nature, and city workers.

We headed back for refreshment and punishment in a very well lit, very exposed parking lot. We were joined by **Don't Know Whore**, who was looking lovely, and in new boots that could hold 3 beer I would say. The rules were not enforced, so we will never know. I believe the punishments were fair, except for mine. We managed El Camino quite well. And then out of the blue, we have a new song, "Rub one out". Funniest thing ever. Who started that? Outstanding!!!

The ON ON was set for OJs and we were off. There we continued our deep discussions on the meaning of life, the professors name from Gilligan's Island, and who is sexier, Sean Connery, Adelle or Fabio. We departed knowing each other just a little better.

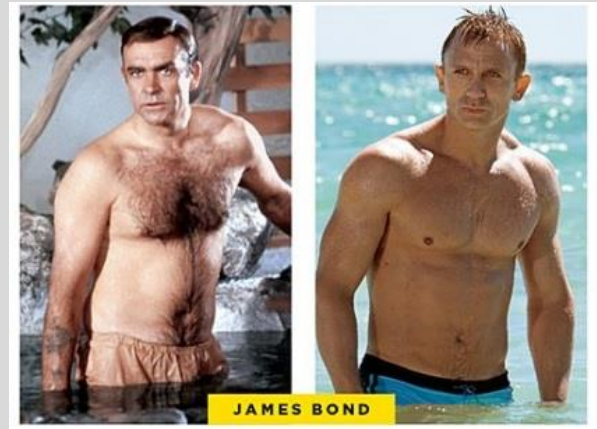
A great run and fun night. Well done.

PS Cum Liquor, I figured out what YAY means. Been to the California Bay area much? We will get you into Rehab.

**OnON**

***Don't Snatch my Wee Broken Slippery Whore Box***

***AKA Whore Sleigher***



## Up cumming Run

**Run # 1096- Feb 27<sup>th</sup>, 2020**

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

**Location: TBA**

**Prelube: TBA**

**On On: TBA**

## 2020 Upcumming Runs

anyone else think their run is on the 20<sup>th</sup> of the month?

It's not

Run # 1097 05-Mar-20, Slippery When Wet

Run # 1098 12-Mar-20, Sir Mobey of Dickus

Run # 1099 19-Mar-20, Dripping Wet Gap

Run # 1100 26-Mar-20, Doggy Style

Run # 1101 02-Apr-20, Titties & Tassels (TNT)

Run # 1102 09-Apr-20, BAD THURSDAY - Sir Cums, Chips, Wee,

Run # 1103 16-Apr-20, Pucker Sucker

Run # 1104 23-Apr-20, Curb Crawler

Run # 1105 30-Apr-20, Whore Sleigher

Run # 1107 14-May-20, Capt'n Piss Up

Run # 1108 21-May-20, Lady Cum See My Box

Run # 1109 28-May-20, Drippy

Run # 1110 04-Jun-20 Broken Boner