

August 25, 2020

DEER DROPPINGS



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

www.reddeerhhh.ca

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

Run #15- Aug. 20th, 2020

Hare(s): Mystery Hasher

**Location: Heritage Ranch -not Sports
Hall of Fame**

Prelube: Not Sports Hall of Fame

On On: definitely not SHF

Scribe: Mystery Scribe

The hare was the kind of girl who wears spandex like she doing it a favour. She had the kind of legs with feet on the end. Sexy.

She could not decide between a float or a bike ride, so she planned both. She said flour was her vice so there was not enough for the trail.

We all showed with the hopes of a sunny evening and Mother Nature said FU. Four hashers and one in hiding got blasted by torrential rain. We hid in our cars texting each other like scared children. It's a good thing we found the hasher who originally went to the wrong parking lot. He is so old school he went to the spot we usually go.

We thought it would just be the four of us and then a fifth hasher rolled up soaked to bones. She lived the closest to the Ranch and was on route when the skies opened. Her clothing stuck to her like it was trying to become one with her. You know, tight. It left little to the imagination. I would assume since we were all in our cars by that point no one saw.

A friendly hasher got out to help her and we all breathed a sigh of relief because we didn't want to. The helpful hasher likes to drink corona but since the virus she has started with a safer lower carb option.

A few cars pulled up with bikes and we craned our heads and wiped the condensation from our windows to see two unrecognizable vehicles?

The rain continued to pound when our resident latecomer pulled in. She was dry and safe in her vehicle and we were all envious.

Blasphemist texts suggested we skip the run and go straight to a certain garage in Oriole Park. Yes! Yes! Let's do that! We all said. Later we all recanted stating we were never really serious. It was just the water talking.

The sky lightened in the west and slowly we withdrew from our cars only to see one of us stuffing her bike in her daughter's car. She had had enough wet for one night. She and another hasher whose bike tire was giving her grief would walk. Straight to the hash hold I might add.

It had been 252 days since his last accident, but his record was broken when he emerged with blood gushing from his lower leg. BUT HOWWWW? We haven't even started yet. He claims it was hail damage, but the gash looked a lot like the pedal on his bike.

The mystery of the two vehicles was solved. A Sylvan couple and a man with a new truck. He had a new truck and a new camper for CampU. New truck guy was in contact with a hasher who was on the way but got stuck under a bridge, his jeans soaked through. Probably his leather jacket too.

He was not going to make it.

We circled up and were off with the promise of no flour. Hmmm? It was convenient that it rained just before 7:00. Our hare said the flour was “washed” away. She led us down some false trails anyway. With the recent rain we peddled through huge puddles not knowing if they had giant potholes or not. Each puddle was like Russian Roulette with your bike.



[dramatization]

One of the hashers, not one you'd expect, was saying, “you're just riding behind me to look at my butt”. Or whatever, it was difficult to understand his accent. He also had a bright green bicycle that matched his RDH3 coat which he was later punished for.

The ride was lovely, and we met up with the two walkers and had a beverage. Someone talked about the dirty “M” word and later got punished.

Other punishments included a hasher cutting corners and taking short cuts, someone forgetting a hashers name, someone calling hashers by their wanker names, two people who rode ELECTRIC bicycles, and two more who were too lazy to get on their bikes. Oh and finally, the hare got punished for having the on-in all up hill.

The whole night was unexpected and weird and not usual, but it was the most fun!

See if you can guess who did and said what?

Deep Throat

TNT

Wee Little Bladder

Crash Test Rummy

Slippery When Wet

Premature Ejaculation

G-Spot

Cum See My Box

Don't Know Dick

Curb Crawler

(Whore Sleighter)

ONON mystery scribe

Upcoming Run

Run #16- Aug. 27th, 2020

Hare(s): Slippery When Wet

Location: Behind the kinex arena 4309 48 Ave

Prelube: kinex bring beer and a chair

On On: kinex bring beer and a chair

Bring a beer for the hash hold.

If you are walking please bring a pack to carry refreshments

Walking Hare needed