

Sept 23rd 2020

Deer Droppings

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House Harriers
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“Never let the Truth or Libel Laws stand in the way of a good story”

Run #19 Sept 17th

Hares: Crash test Rummy & Deep Throat

North of Traffic Circle - Rona

Scribe: Urine my Way (by way of arriving late)



Run #19

Choose your own Hashing Adventure.

As Hashers we are interactive group of individuals that may take different paths but in the end all find ourselves at the Hash Hold, so does this scribe. You will be given choices to make in this interactive scribe the story you read and someone else reads may not be the same but regardless of what you read all the scribes will have the same amount of truth. When you arrive at one of these choices you decide how you would like the scribe to proceed. At the end of each paragraph it will direct you to which paragraph to continue reading sometime you will be given a choice, once you have made your choice (or if no choice is present) you will proceed to the paragraph indicated DO NOT read this scribe in a tradition manner from start to finish. With that said we shall proceed, enjoy your scribe your way!!

(Paragraph 1)

Life is so peaceful [Urine My Way](#) was contemplating while sunning himself in his lawn chair on this Thursday evening. Sitting on the Dock of the Red Deer Fish and Wildlife conservation area musing at the bounty of trout he had caught it was just at this moment that he simultaneously glanced at his watch noting the time and his fishing pole line grew taught. The time, oh no, he had lost track of time it was 6:45 and he was 20 minutes away from Red Deer and the Circle Up area near Lowes. There was not time enough to reel in this fish and still make it to hashing. [Urine My Way](#) had to decide would he:

Stay at the pond and reel in the fish – **Proceed to paragraph 2**

Leave the pond and go Hashing – **Proceed to paragraph 3**

(Paragraph 2)

“Screw it, I need this fish I want this fish”, he thought, there will be another run next week even though [Deep Throat](#) is Co-Haring with the newly appointed R.A. [Crash Test Rummy](#) this week. His loving bride [Deep Throat](#) surely would not mind if he spent a little more time at the fishing pond rather than supporting her run in person. He began to try and reel in the line but that’s when he realized this was not that same as what he had been plucking from the pond all day, he had a mammoth hooked up. The fish it started taking line, spooling out so fast the reel began to heat up and smoke. [Urine My Way](#) puzzled, how deep is this pond? How much line can this fresh water [Moby Dick](#) take? (not to be mistaken for [Sir Moby of Dickus](#)). The battle raged on endlessly, the creature would take line and [Urine My Way](#) battled it back in, back and forth for what seemed to be an eternity until both man and fish were near exhaustion. Finally [Urine My Way](#) gathered all his remaining strength he had and pulled one last time the giant trout leaped from the water into the air revealing for the first time the amazing rainbow of colours running from gills to tail then it crashed onto the dock looking like a gay pride cross walk spanning the width of the dock. [Urine My Way](#) had been victorious. Now too late to join the Hashing Run he could leave the pond, now he could go home and ask [Deep Throat](#) how the run was. **Proceed to Paragraph 11**

(Paragraph 3)

In a selfless act [Urine My Way](#) cut the line knowing he would lose the fish to the deep blue but gain the admiration of the [Deep Throat](#) who was Co-Haring with the newly appointed R.A. [Crash Test Rummy](#). Tossing all his gear in the back of his Jeep he raced out of the nature reserve gravel spitting out from the tires as he sped along. It was after all 6:45 and only 15 minutes to get to circle up but a 25 minute drive. He knew he was going to have to make up some time, with driving skills that rivaled Mario Andretti he weaved in and around all others travelling down HWY 595 reaching the Circle Up before some of the remaining stragglers arriving at 6:55. In yet another selfless act immediately announcing to all present I volunteer to scribe this week. **Proceed to Paragraph 4**

(Paragraph 4)

Circling up with friends [Head First](#), [Don't Know Dick](#) and [Curb Crawler](#) there was notably something missing where was our R.A.? It was after all his first Haring after being anointed His Hash Majesty and Royal R.A. something was askew.

Decide was it:

Sinister deceit – **Proceed to paragraph 5**

Opulence and Lavishness – **Proceed to paragraph 6**

(Paragraph 5)

Glancing to my left I saw a scuffle. Looking closer I saw the former R.A. [Slippery When Wet](#) arguing with the new ordained [Crash Test Rummy](#). It was just then I heard [Slippery When Wet](#) proclaim “this is a coup d'etat!”. [Slippery When Wet](#) announced to all present “I am not ready to relinquish my reign over this hash Circle Up or be punished!”. We had no choice but to yield to her dominance. **Proceed to paragraph 7**

(Paragraph 6)

Glancing to my left I saw a caravan headed our way. Lead by [Wee Little Bladder](#) and [Whore Slayer](#) and tailed by [Cum See My Box](#). They were carrying a Sedan Chair, a manned chariot carrying the Right Honorable R.A. [Crash Test Rummy](#). To keep the pungent odour of commoners away from our glorious R.A. the Sedan Chair was shrouded in a silken curtains. His magnificent ride was illuminated with LEDs and a speaker catering to the luxury the R.A. deserves. Marching in sequence they brought forth his majesty. **Proceed to paragraph 7**

(Paragraph 7)

As we circled up our eyes still not truly believing what we had just witnessed the Hares explained the markings and we were off following an arrow that may not have lied but certainly was less than truthful. Making our way down the trail the runners arrived at a checking. They scattered in mostly every possible direction searching for trail. One runner, [Curb Crawler](#), wrestled with a burning question does [Curb Crawler](#) choose:

Take the road less traveled – **Proceed to paragraph 8**

Find trail – **Proceed to paragraph 9**

(Paragraph 8)

[Curb](#) wrestled with the decision he had to make, it was taking forever to find trail, he would do it he would take the road less traveled. And when I say road I mean road. [Curb](#) ran to his truck, leaped inside and drove down the road to meet up with the sweaty runners while he was feeling refreshed from the drive and AC he rejoined his running troop.

Proceed to paragraph 10

(Paragraph 9)

[Curb](#) knuckled down and sprinted off in a direction no one else had thought to search and there he found a faint marking left by the Hares. He shouted for all to hear “ON-ON” the pack of crazed runners scamper behind the FRB like gaggle of geese honking On-On all the way to the Hash Hold.

Proceed to paragraph 10

(Paragraph 10)

All the runners and Walkers rejoined one another at the Hash Hold over looking a winding creek. We were warned to not get too near the Beaver. We enjoyed light refreshment and then wandered back to the Circle up.

Proceed to paragraph 11

(Paragraph 11)

At run #19 the Hares were rejoiced and rewarded. The miscreants punished. Other victimized but all in good fun and all had a wonderful time.

The End!

(Proceed to Paragraph 1 if you want go back re-read the scribe again make different choices)

Upcumming Runs

Sept 24th :

Run #20 Hare(s): Whore Sleigher
Location: Mackenzie Trail - Canoe launch parking lot
Prelube: Same: Bring beer and a chair
On On: Same: Bring beer and a chair & Flash light

Sept 30th - Need Hare

Oct 1st - Hare Needed

Oct 8th - Need Hare

Oct 15th - Slippery & TNT

Oct 29th - Hare Needed

Oct 29th - Deep Throat & WLB