

June 14th 2022

Deer Droppings

Official Newspaper of the Red Deer Hash
House Harriers
Established 1997

www.reddeerhhh.ca

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

Run# 1181 - June 2nd

Hares: Captn Piss Up

Start: South of East 40th

Pre-lub & On On: East 40th

Scribe: Slippery

I am writing the scribe again. That's ok. Sometimes I volunteer, sometimes the flour receptacle randomly chooses me, and sometimes an unknown force intercepts time and space to allow for the perfect situation. This is an example of the latter.

It was a beautiful June evening. Captain Piss Up's run was set and we all congregated at East 40th. **Don't Know Dick, Broken Boner, Curb Crawler, TNT, Shannon, Crash Test Rummy**, and myself; **Slippery When Wet** enjoyed a prelube drink.

We left at 6:59 as the run start was behind the bar. **Cum See My Box** joined us then for circle up. The heavens split and I was ordained "scribe".

We had a lovely run and were pleased to HashHold in the **Captn's** backyard. **Don't Know** took initiative and brought the swill so we could also circle up in the **Captn's** backyard. **Crash** and I had to run back to the bar to get our car with the sleeve and plank in case there were any punishable offenses on the run; like taking initiative and moving the end

circle up to a place where the plank and sleeve were unavailable to the RA.

We went back to East 40 where **Prickly Bush** and **Kerry** were waist high in intoxication and frivolity. We also were joined by **Wee Little Bladder** who chose to watch a sporting event over Hashing. Geesh; Get a life.

All that aside was not the reason I was chosen divinely to Scribe. That came later. Much later...

Skip ahead two days to the amazing pickleball tourney where I was granted, no, I was blessed to be chosen to write the memoirs of the one and only; **Captain Piss Up!**

Excerpt from the soon to be published

"O Captain! My Captain! .

Chapter 5

The **Captain** had many stories of his youth. This is one of those stories.

... I was 12 years old and living in Montreal. On one particular day I was shoveling snow and wishing I was somewhere else. I had a hankering to go see a buddy, who lived clear across town. But what could I do?

I was listening to Seasons in the Sun by Terry Jacks on my Sony Walkman. I told anyone who asked it was Led Zeppelin; Houses of the Holy, but that's another story. I kept thinking about my buddy who was in high school. She was a beauty and a model!

I had just finished up this old ladies step and looked over and saw her shiny blue, 1974, Dodge Dart. A plan quickly formed in my head and I acted. I knocked on her door and she opened it with the payment in hand. A crisp dollar bill.

I said, "Hey, thanks. Can I borrow your car?"

For whatever reason she said yes and handed me the keys that were hanging on a hook. I hightailed it out of there before she changed her mind.

Run info:

Run # 1182 - June 16th

Hare: Crash Test Rummy

Prelube & On-on: Toad & Turtle

Run start: parking lot just North of Lowe's (King Crash Coronation Site)

I was free. I took that tape out of my walkman and slid it into the cassette player. I sang the whole way there.

My buddy was really happy to see me, and surprised too. How does a 12 year old drive across Montreal in a car undetected and without incident? In the winter no less?

If you are also wondering how a 12 year old boy has a "buddy" in High School you are not alone. The Captain did not extrapolate on what he did at the residence of his buddy nor did he tell us how he met said "buddy". He did however show us a picture of her on his phone. He may still be pining.

When the Captain brought the car back to the old lady her annoying son was there and he said, under no circumstances should he ever ask to borrow her car again.

THE END.

ONON, **SLIPPERY**

Run 1183 - June 30th

Hare: Sir Mobeys of Dickus

Run: 1184 - July 14th

Hare: Prickly Bush