



Deer Droppings

Official Newspaper of the Red Deer Hash House Harriers
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<http://web.mac.com/rdhhh/iWeb/Site/Welcome.html>

RDH³ “Never Let the Truth or Libels Laws Stand in the Way of a Good Story” July 28th, 2022

Wee Captain Run

Run #11xx

Hares: Wee Little, Ms Daizey & Cptn PissUp

Location: Heritage Ranch

PRELUBE: OJ's

We circled up on a beautiful summer evening. Knowing that it was Wee's promised River Crossing run, I was prepared with multiple wardrobe changes just in case as I eyed the muddy, fast flowing river. **Crash Test Rummy** called the circle to order, we all introduced ourselves but **Wee Little Bladder** did not materialize. Instead, **Captain PissUp** was a last minute substitution, explaining that Wee and **Miss Daizey** had set the run earlier that day but then were called away on an urgent matter. Were they ok? Yes, they would meet us at the Hash Hold. Captain did an amazing job of showing the trail markings, which looked much like a crop circle and caused the cars entering the parking lot to drive way way around us. Maybe that was it, they were abducted by aliens??

The runners took off on the well-marked trail. I noted that **Broken Boner** and **Whack Me Off** seemed to be competing for the lead again. No competition in the Hash, hmmm? We saw the runners head out of sight for the river and hoped that **Crash, Slippery When Wet** and **Curb Crawler** all had lifejackets for their impending swim. Captain told them he would see them shortly at the regroup. Hearing alarming

buzzing noises, I decided to apply more skeeter spray and noticed that **Don't Know Dick** was trying to entice a very good looking young runner to join us. He said he would like to, though he was undoubtedly faster than the others. But he got very uncomfortable when the Captain joined them to urge him to come join the fun, and took off like a scared rabbit.

Capt led DKD and I down the stairs, noting the abundance of flour. A great start, we thought! We occasionally heard the pack calling in the distance though they didn't seem to be getting closer to the river? After a pleasant 10 minutes wandering on the dirt trails, Capt decided we needed to get back to the top in order to beat the runners. An abrupt right turn took us on another mountain bike trail, living up to its name as it took us straight up the steepest part of the hill. DKD did an amazing job of climbing a steep muddy trail in sandals, only losing one a couple of times. Captain did a not so amazing job of stirring up all the skeeters for her and I to be feasted on while he urged us to go faster. At the top, he was a little confused about which way to go and tried to make us crawl over a huge log. We refused and happily found the bike path after a few minutes of bush bashing. Then straight to the Hash Hold where Wee and Miss Daizey were *not* waiting.

After a pleasant 10 minute wait enjoying freezing cold refreshments, we heard the runners heading the wrong way. They did a very quick about turn when we yelled Hash Hold! Everyone caught up on past and future holiday plans and admired Boner's amazing tan. He had some

story about Whack Me Off killing a hare, said he had come across her whacking it mercilessly. Curb confirmed it was definitely dead when he saw them, and that Boner and Whack Me Off were each accusing the other of murdering it! What has the Hash come to? Now we're murderers and Bunny Killers??? At least we knew it wasn't our missing hare, Wee, as there was still no sign of them. Maybe aliens really did get them? Debates were held whether we should rename Whack Me Off to Whack A Hare? Or Whack the Hare? Or Whack My Hare? Or Whack My Hair? I'm happy not to be the one to decide on that huge can of worms.

Circle Up was held, Captain was rewarded for his awesome sub run. Punishments were given to Boner and DKD for having lives, Whack Me Off for hare killing, Curb Crawler for trying to cover up a spectacular fall, Boner and WMO for competitive behavior, Slippery and Crash for getting muddy in the bushes, and me for having a loud voice. We all adjourned to OJ's where CAMPU we expected to find Wee and Miss Daizey holding our table, but they never showed. Except for the Captain, who once again, proved he has a life by jilting us for a hot date!

I finally found out the truth about Wee's absence on Monday, when we had a reunion with long lost hasher **It'll Cum** – here from Nfld with his new sweetie and half grown offspring **Iris** and **Ivan**. **Shrinky Dink**, **Head Misstress**, **Wet Denim**, **Aneeda Dick**, and **Fred** were present along with **Wee Little Bladder** and **Miss Daizey**. A confidential conversation with Shrinky Dink revealed that Wee was playing Strip Poker with the gang listed above, and Wee embarrassingly lost to all the women. Instead of bragging about taking his clothes off like he usually does, he was embarrassed and went home to hide – the things that happen when drinkers stay sober!

OnOn,
Cumsee my Box

THIS WEEK'S RUN

Hare: Sir Mobeys of Dickus
Location: Mackenzie Trail - far parking lot
PreLube: Murph's
OnON: TBD
Notes from Hare: Bring a change of clothing

CAMPU TU-TU (2022)

When: Sept 9-11. 2022
Where: Hardendale Hall
What do you Get:
- 2 days of camping
- use of kitchen & bathroom in the hall
- free firewood
- awesome haberdashery

Don't forget your tu-tu for the Friday night tu-tu (and nothing else) run

Early Bird price: \$69 until Aug 19th
Late Turkey price: \$79 with no guarantee of haberdashery

Hurry and register. Numbers are limited and you don't want to miss out!

Send an e-transfer to nichollsrandy@gmail.com