



# Deer Droppings

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

<http://web.mac.com/rdhhh/iWeb/Site/Welcome.html>

RDH<sup>3</sup> “Never Let the Truth or Libels Laws Stand in the Way of a Good Story” September 7th, 2023

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## Not So Long Boner Don't Know Run

### Run #1218

**Hares:** Broken Boner, Don't Know Dick

**Location:** Pines School

**OnOn:** JD's

Once upon a time there was a boy who liked to run. He liked to run so much that wanted all of his friends to join him. They did a couple of times but they always complained, “ Oh no it's a Boner run – it will be toooo loooong!”. Well this is a tale of the, Not so long Boner Run.

Circle up started at the Pines school with **Broken Boner, DKD, Mobey, Grabbin, Crash, Slippery, Whoresleighter, and Pucker**. We had completed introductions, and an attempt at markings and off we scattered trying to find trail. We had been searching for a good couple minutes when all of a sudden a car pulls in and out comes **Cum See My Box**. I'm not sure why when she was that late I still have to do the scribe but the Hare has a devilish streak sometimes.

Anyway off we went and it wasn't long before the runners found their trail. But it was the walkers trail that was unusual. It wasn't long before we noticed pieces of bread that led us deep deep deep into the wooded area. We of course thought this was a bonus that the Hare had set for us (since the walkers never get a set trail) so we were very excited to have the privilege of a special trail.

We were gleefully skipping along, sipping a golden elixir when we saw what looked like a wonderful sweet cottage. It was covered in whipped icing, decorated with red licorice, cheesies, and a variety of other delectable candies and sweets. We got closer and decided to knock on the door. No one answered – so we knocked again and suddenly the door opened on its own. We weren't sure if we should go in but then Whoresleighter said that there might be more golden goodness inside to drink because he was thirsty – so in we went.....

DKD and Boner were setting up tables in the garage and preparing for a weekend of hashers to attend for the much anticipated CAMPU.

**Mount Me** was the first to arrive to ensure she got to scope out security and pick the most prominent camp site. Shortly after more people started to arrive in anticipation of a fun filled weekend. There were games played, a roaring fire, wiener roasts for supper, and much bullshit flying around – well after all we are hashers. At some point shooters started being passed, music got turned up while some people got turned on and drunk up. The fire flames were a glowing green and blue, and the fire was sending up bubbles into the stratosphere. Soon I visions of people in underwear and lingerie (one even had a dick where I didn't realize there was one). Soon these scantily clad hashers headed out into the deep dark forest. We didn't hear from them for awhile – maybe the Guilder Fire swamp swallowed them. Lucky for us they returned with only minor tales of Crash and Slippery being

attached by the lightening quicksand, thank god they are a team that managed to pick themselves up and get free because none of the other bastards even noticed let alone stopped to help. The sun dawned and some stayed up to see it and others woke up to see it. DKD and Grabbin being sensible took the exact right amount of time to wake slowly, stretch relax and make our way out to the group in our own time. Pucker disappeared – she must have had a special potion that took her away – but once it wore off she was back for the evening. Maybe the sunlight burns her skin – does that make her a troll? Whoresliegher materialized out of know where and later a chariot pulled by a Wagnificent white steed arrived with **Goes Both Ways**. We all noticed Pucker had disappeared so felt we should set out on search. Down the steep hill and thur the fire swamp forest we trudged. It wasn't long before the group got separated and the forest claimed three more victims by showing them a false trail that led them deeper and deeper into the forest. They happened upon a deserted cottage, it was being monitored by a skeleton around a cauldron on the fire. They were able to escape sure torture by letting it know there was a bigger group in the woods and that they should wait for them. Once we were all reunited we realized Pucker was probably a goner so decided to drink golden ale and play some non-competitive yard games as well as some more stationary exchanges of wits and insults.

Mobey spent a lot of time going around and telling people to circle up at 4, no 5:30, no 7:30, no finally at 8. Speeches and koodos were given and received, and then we were all bestowed the wonderful Hughes clan tartan socks for our future forest excursions. We were so happy that we broke out the mead and wine and from there the night took on a life of its own. DKD was feeling a little weird and said in a urgent voice, Cum See and Whoreslayer, we need to leave this cottage, I am having visions of the future and I believe there is a spell on this place. We left and proceeded down the path cautiously. We heard voices and hid thinking the wizard or witch from the cottage was coming after us..... we were relieved to recognize the hare and fellow runners. We joined with them and proceeded to

the hash hold where we had licorice, cheezies, and golden elixir.....(scary music of doom plays here)

***On On,***

***Don't Know Dick***

**Upcoming Run:**

**Run 1219**

**Hare:** Cum See My Box

**Location:** Red Deer Mountain Bike Park  
7897 – 49 Ave.

**PreLube & OnOn:** JD's

**A Mouthful of Hares:**

**Oct 5<sup>th</sup> - WhoreSlayer**

**Oct 19<sup>th</sup> – TNT**

**Nov 2<sup>nd</sup> – Curb Crawler**

**Nov 16<sup>th</sup> – DKD**

**Nov 30<sup>th</sup> – Mobey**

**Dec 14<sup>th</sup> – Slippery When Wet**

**Dec 28<sup>th</sup> – Captain PissUp**