

Oct 11th 2023

Deer Droppings

"Never let the Truth or Libel Laws stand in the way of a good story"

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Harriers

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Run #1220 Oct 5th 2023

Tin Foil Hat Run

Hare: Whore Slayer & no name J
Location: Bottom of Bitchner Hill
Pre-Lube: Blurfs

Scribe: Dick See Cup

A most wonderfully tepid October evening, likely due to the meddling governments and their weather control stations buried deep in Antarctica, dawned yet another hasher gathering. After leaving a couple or returning virgins behind with some meat draw tickets at the pre-lube, we congregated at the bottom of Michener Hill, took our best guess for the appropriate amount of clothing layers, and broke out the most necessary attire for the evening; as it t'was the inaugural Tin-Foil Hat Run! 14 Hashers decided to brave the chill and block the Satellites this eve; some with special antennae to pick-up their favorite AM radio stations, some with replications of their most recent anal-probing captors, others with attempts to streamline air flow on their upcoming venture, a Cindy Lou Who look-a-like, and even a phallus to accompany a most tin-foil-y set of chesticles. The CIA that were attempting to watch would certainly be scratching their heads...that reminds me, I need to cover up this web cam. They don't get this view for free.



A crooked arrow that kind of, sort of, didn't lie had us off.

Slippery lead the pack...to a False Trail... where was the check again?

Crash took over leading us around the bend from there...to a Check Back...where was the check again?

Okay, into the bush we go, through the woods to Grandma's house...nope, that was a False trail. Wait, where was the check again? Hmm, another trail with some dabblings of flour found! Let's head up, up, up! **Crash** neglected to fasten his tin foil headgear down so already had blown it off in the swift incline. Success! A checking mark was found! Let's go this way...nope, giant False Trail. Okay, back down we go. Oh, a Check Back. Thanks for finding that one **Mobey. Curb**,

ignoring the Large X, had found some more trail, but “On Hare” by **Virgin J** was bellered to keep us on track. Little did we know this would be a frequent event. Up, up, up, loop around to the trail **Curb** had found previously...**Crash** and I (**Dick See**) came across a small encampment, and I even acquired a nice little pink torch...mine now. “On Arrow!”. Ooo, another check. Look the walkers! **Don’t Know Dick** was already calling false trails. Walker lies. Crossing the road some flower was found...on-gone. **Curb** was in the distance...False Trail. “On Hare” bellered again. Back on track...to a False Trail...wait, back to the check? That can’t be right. Let’s take this trail...On-On! Nope... False Trail. Alright this way it is! Hmm...no Check. Are you, **Crash**? False Trail...where was the check? **Slippery**, are you? False Trail...where was the check? **Prickley**, are you? False Trail...where was the check? “On Hare!” Sneaky little snake this **Virgin** is!

Fine. Back we go...oh, there’s a checkback trail into the bush...down we go! Where is **Crash**? Too many roots on this decline to be able to catch him during the fall...let’s avoid the snowball effect and keep our distance. Hey, the walkers! **Wee Little Bladder** was already calling out that he was standing on a false trail. Walker lies.

Phew, another check found. I have made a grave layering mistake, sweating much more than anticipated at this point. Let’s go this way...False Trail. Okay, let’s Gazelle our way back the other way...Are You? False Trail. Super. This way it is...check back...what’s that **Prickley**? Flour! On-On! Up, up, up... through the bush. Where was **Boner** this

whole time? Did he walk, I haven’t seen him at all! **Prickley** found the flour through the foliage to the steep washed out decline. Where is **Crash**? Stay clear. **Slippery** skidded down the slide with the rest of the train in tow. **Prickley**, are you? False Trail...where was the check? “ON HARE!” **Virgin J**, keeping us in line the entirety of the jaunt. “I’m not leaving anyone behind”. Tricky little thing...who trained this one? **Whore Slayer**, you’ve done well. Oh look, the walkers. **Cum See** and **Miss Daisy** said they were standing on a false trail. Walker lies. More gazelle-ing about, a good game here, a good game there. Oh look, a check! **Pucker**, are you? “Still Checking”.

“On Called!” I don’t buy it...False Trail for sure. I’ll check Further...ON-ON!

“ON HARE!!!” heard in the Distance.

“BEER NEAR!”

Tasty treats, even Black Licorice provided. **Virgin J** kept running...wanted to avoid the punishments...she may even still be running to this day. No-one knows. Conversations on Gobble-Gobble weekend plans. Bike rides, potential lake floats, Winnipeg and Vegas Trips. Should be lots of stories for the next run. On-In!



Any sweat has now turned to a chill... thankfully no wind. We appreciate that, Elon. Circled up for a few songs. Apparently, there was a little gaggle of 5G disbelievers that were swapping some bodily fluids and came down with a dose of the...on their...**Don't Know** was called out for being a non-assisting assistant. **Curb** wouldn't show us his foil chastity belt, so had a punishment swill. We weren't sure which letter he was associating himself with while enjoying his Bud Light. I even had to have a sip for shaving off some of my fur. **Wee** took home the best Foil Hat Prize and proceeded to pour his celebration swill on the ground. The foil cup was a better Dr. Seuss hat than a liquid holder. **Pickley** was showing of her flexibility and was quickly punished by **Cum See** for inappropriate stretching. At least this prompted another Chesty Rub with **Pucker**.

Cheers to **Whore Slayer** for the wonderful event...may the False Trails haunt everyone's dreams over the Long Weekend. Happy Thanksgiving Everyone.

On-On!

- Dick See Cup



UpCumming runs

Run 1221 - Oct 19th - TNT
 Start: TBA
 On On: TBA

Run 1222 - Nov 2nd - Curb Crawler
 Run 1223 - Nov 16th - DKD
 Run 1224 - Nov 30th - Sir Mobeys
 Run 1225 - Dec 14th - Slippery
 Run 1226 - Dec 28th - Captn Piss Up