

# 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”*

## BLAIR WITCH (way should we be going) PROJECT – January 25/24

At a balmy -1 degree the 18-ish brave souls marched out of their hovels and gathered at the very Canadian outdoor activity center where sharp blades murderously glided across frozen water with long sticks. Porcelain Princess, already determined to be punished from a long day at the internment camp (her work) desperately needed a beauty sleep and I like it Hard understanding punishment was looming, indulged in a pre-game nap rather than slapping on the Pre-Lube with Crash Test Rummie, Slippery When Wet, Prickly Bush, and Curb Crawler. As the Pre-Lubers were getting lubed up for the big run, PP and ILH raced frantically only to be fucked over by the crappy fuckers who drive the speed limit. Doomed from the start, PP and ILH found the frozen death pond and gathered with H3 for the 12 millionth run!!!



Wee Little Bladder was the very large Hare with an amazing demonstration of how red chalk marker should be done. Only to be thwarted by Bobcats that decided to run around the night before and erase all the amazing trail marks. Prepped for the challenge, Sir Moby's of Dickus led the running crew astray from the start. DND, Wee, Cum-See, and maybe a couple others started their epic journey armed with trail knowledge and great walking shoes.

The runners darted left and darted to the right and eventually Dick-See lead and started prancing though the deep snow as Pucker Sucker ran in circles chasing the deer. With the running hare having no idea how to read a map, he led the runners up and down the streets and alleyways of Oriole Park. The Runners, being confused by the Welsh marking could not figure out why they were on the left side of the trail. But the runners pressed on to understand that old Welsh habits die hard and sometimes the left side of the trail is better?

Into the bush the runners ran, dodging wild bobcats who were determined to lead the Hash House Harriers astray. Just as all hope was lost the runners came across Satanic Witchcraft that at least indicated maybe they were close to some assemblance of a trail. Only to be led astray by Satan himself. Up and down hills we went, only to return to exactly where we had been three times before. TNT on a mission ran toward the trail, she had a good sense that she was on the trail yet, like an expert, she “pulled out too soon” and turned around. To finish the trail ILH didn't pull out and went a little bit further and showed that pulling out is not always the right answer.



The runners continued to the next intersection which was marked by even more creepy Witchcraft! Suspect of the Witchcraft, the runners saw the Walkers lights on top of the hill and like a bunch of Zombies the Runners started toward the light. PP trudging through the 3ft snow suddenly collapsed on the trail but ILH was there to revive her, (insert asshole move here).

At the top of the mountain, the runners who had survived Sr. Moby's navigation, Bobcats and Witchcraft met up with the Walkers and were with beer, and Long Fresh Black HARD sugar sticks. TNT couldn't wait to get black sticks into her mouth and ILH couldn't resist the taste either. Banter by all and after celebrating the survival of all the participants, H3 decided to Crazy Carpet Olympics and the competition was on to be the best of the best. it was a tie because all the H3 participants are all winners and winners in this eyes, (cheesy).



greeted  
the long  
was had  
enter the  
In the end  
Scribers

The RA led a great Kangaroo Court and all who needed a good punishment got what was coming to them. Even the two Dormant Hashers, who showed up in time for punishment (chug chug) got what was coming to them.

The Scribe

I Like it Hard (and black)

