

Oct 4th 2024

Deer Droppings

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

Official Newspaper of the Red Deer
Hash House Harriers

Established 1997

www.reddeerhhh.ca

Run #1244

September 19th, 2024

Hare: Cum See my Box

Scribe: Whore Slayer

Running Through the Stench

The sun hung low over the hills, illuminating the ragtag group of runners assembled near the sewage treatment plant. The air was thick with an unsettling mix of earthy scents and something far less appealing, but that didn't deter them. **Dick See Cup**, their enthusiastic leader, clapped her hands to rally the troops.

"Alright, team! Let's hit the hills!" she shouted; her energy infectious. But **Whore Sleigher**, sidelined by her last-minute assignment as scribe, felt the weight of her irritation. She had been ready to run, only to be forced into the role of note-taker because someone else flaked out. "Great," she thought bitterly. "Just what I wanted."

Cum See, the architect of the run, led the charge, his voice booming with excitement. "Stick to the path and let's keep it moving!" The others nodded, eager to follow his carefully laid plans, but it didn't take long for chaos to ensue. The lucky one was **TnT**, who was heading for England and didn't give a shit about what was going on at the moment.

As they ascended the first hill, **Cum Honour** feeling brave, sprinted ahead. **Wet Spot**, trying to keep up, slipped on the gravel and took **Cum Honour** down with him. They tumbled, limbs entangled, landing in a muddy heap. Laughter erupted, but it felt more like an echo of desperation than joy.

"Nice going, guys!" **Dixie See Cup** called back, masking her frustration with a forced smile. She hated how everything could unravel so quickly.

They pushed on, but soon the group realized something was off. **Pussy Foot** had disappeared. "Where's **Pussy Foot**?" **Lady Pucker Sucker**, fresh into her royal title, asked, her tone laced with anxiety.

"Wasn't she right behind us?" **Cum See** frowned, glancing back down the trail.

Dick See Cup sighed, the weight of leadership heavy on her shoulders. “I’ll go find her,” she said, though a nagging doubt wormed its way into her mind. The last thing she needed was to lose anyone else on her watch.

Meanwhile, **Don’t Know Dick** was lost in his own world, talking to a cluster of trees. “You guys feel that?” he murmured, stroking the bark as if it held all the answers. The group shook their heads, clearly annoyed, but too exhausted to intervene.

Back at the clearing, **Broken Boner** pulled out a carton of eggs, oblivious to the chaos surrounding him. “Protein!” he exclaimed, beaming as if he’d discovered gold. **Slippery When Wet** leaned over, incredulous. “You brought eggs? Are we going to scramble them over a campfire?”

“Why not?” **Broken Boner** shot back, grinning. “They’re high in protein!”

As they snacked on an odd assortment—licorice, pumpkin cookies, and dill pickle chips—**Crash Test Rummy**, who was filling in as the swill master, piped up. “What do you think? Should we go for a dip in the sewage lagoon after this? Free spa day!”

Groans and chuckles filled the air, but there was a flicker of real interest. The thought was absurd, yet tantalizingly rebellious.

“Count me out!” **Lady Pucker Sucker** laughed nervously, still adjusting to her title and the attention it brought.

Dixie See Cup returned, huffing and puffing, her cheeks flushed with frustration. “**Pussy Foot’s** lost,” she admitted, her voice strained. “I couldn’t find her anywhere.”

“Seriously? You couldn’t find a single flower in the weeds?” **Whore Sleighter** snapped, her irritation bubbling over. She had enough on her plate without adding lost runners to the list.

Finally, after a few more tense moments, **Dick See Cup** and **Pussy Foot** reunited, the latter seemingly oblivious to the chaos she’d caused. “I was just admiring the wildflowers!” she chirped, as if that was a reasonable excuse.

As the sun began to set, they gathered for a circle-up, the camaraderie overshadowed by lingering frustration. **Dick See Cup** held up the **HOTY (Hero of the Year)** award, her smile faltering as dark clouds rolled in.

Just then, lightning sliced through the sky, striking the award as the group gasped in disbelief. For a moment, time froze.

“Guess we really are electrifying!” **Cum Honour** shouted, breaking the tension with a nervous laugh.

As they resumed their chatter, the earlier irritations faded. They were a family, flawed and crazy, and the hills near the sewage plant were their chaotic playground. Together, they embraced the ridiculousness of it all, ready for whatever absurdity awaited them next.

Written in a hurry by me and Chat GPT, it messed up the genders, but everything else was bang on. It was a **really good** run set by **Cum See**, and a **great start** for our RA **Dick See Cup**. Lightning Scene reminded me of the Lion King. Hakuna Matata

Whore Sleigher

Monthfulls of Runs

Next Run - 1247

Hare: Dick See Cup

Location: Sylvan Lake, Alberta

Pre-Lube: Mr. Mike's

Run Start: Sylvan Lake Spray Park

- Beside Gulls Stadium
- Very West Side of Town
- Off of 60th Street (Range Rd 15)
- Turn Left (West) onto Twp Rd 384
- On your Left (South) - Big Playground

On-On: Lodge 43

Run 1248 – 17th October - Hare: Ms Dazey

Run 1249 – 31st October - Hare: Crash Test Rummy.
8th Annual Pirate Run

Run 1250 – 14th November - Hare: Cum See my Box

Run 1249 – 28th November - Hare: Grabbin Wood