

Sept 29th 2024

Deer Droppings

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

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Hash House Harriers

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Run #1242

September 26th, 2024

Hare: **Cum Honour**

Scribe: **Dick See Cup**

With a highly coordinated effort, headed up by **Mr. Cum Honour**, the trickle down of a hush-hush, off-week run went viral like a wildfire of syphilis. Spreading far and wide through the interwebs and down to a baker's dozen worth of hashers. Pre-lube opened at LBG's. I didn't hear any mumblings of attendance or any shenanigans to report. I, **Dick See Cup**, made an entrance at the Quality Inn Splash Zone, dawning a warm white sauce in my mustache. May have been from dinner, or some other extracurricular activity. We were undecided. **Cum See My Box** rolled in so I knew that we were well into the circle-up start time. To my surprise, the word of our gathering had even spread to a couple virgins! **Mount Me Royally** provided us with two new faces, **Sasha** and **Darren** or **Daryn**, or **Derran** (who knows these days...could have a silent 'f' in there for all I know). Regardless, Welcome Newcomers.

Cum Honour remembered his keys this go 'round but forgot the flour. So, with his very best mime act, he sent the virgins into a baffled state of what the shit was happening. Like a little teapot he made his very best arrow visual and sent us on our way. I tallied 8 runners and 5 walkers.

A quick "not trespassing" jaunt through some car lots got us onto trail and away we went. Trail was fairly easy to find until it wasn't. A few well-placed false trails kept the gaggle together. The trail even went through some thistle patches, making shorts the poor choice. **Slippery When Wet** had made the wise choice to make the pee-pee time prior to the run start, but the memo wasn't shared, and we had a group of squatters taking a piddle less than 5-minutes in! The full-time campers had clothes and garbage scattered everywhere on trail, but we were able to obtain a power bank to take to the pawn shop!

After dodging some traffic and losing trail, yet again, we were informed that this section of trail was a little 'sparse'. Apparently, the Hare ran into a squirrel and got distracted for a stint. We

eventually got pointed in the right direction. In the midst of confusion, I was able to give **Cum Liquor Snatch** a drive-by tickle-tickle. Days keep getting shorter so, without any headlamps, we eventually got lost again during dawn. This really sent **Titties 'N Tassles** into a tizzy, searching far and wide for the Hashhold in the disappearing light. She was unable to find the meeting point but did find herself into some dog doo-doo. Oopsie Poopsie!

Somehow the Walkers didn't get as lost as the Runners and the sound of "Hey Asshole" got us back on track and on-over to the Hashhold. They even kept both the virgins under their wings.

La Bushé was the swill of choice and some delicious snacks too!

On-In, back to the Splash Zone, where the **D-Virgin** left without even saying goodbye. **Sasha** gladly tossed back his punishment swill; a 'Double-Fist', if you will. We got to heil the Citizen of the year, celebrate how beautiful **Sir Mobey's of Dickus** was, punish **Crash Test Rummy** for not using correct verbage, and sing a little Birthday Song to **I Like it Hard**.

On-On to 50 North, where I assume more shenanigans were had. It was past my bedtime, so I had to retire for the evening.

Hey Big Guy. The Sun's getting real low. Remember your headlamps next week.

Cheers.

Dick See Cup

Monthfulls of Runs

Run 1243 - 3rd October -	Hare: Pucker
Run 1244 – 17th October -	Hare: Ms Dazey
Run 1245 – 31st October -	Hare: Crash Test Rummy.
Run 1246 – 14th November -	Hare: Cum See my Box
Run 1247 – 28th November -	Hare: Grabbin Wood