

Dec 1st 2024

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"

Run 1254 – Thursday 28th Nov

Hare: Grabbin Wood & Sir Mobeys

Location: Cosmos North Bottle Depot

On On: Boston Pizza North

A Poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley

(With bastardizations by Grabbin Wood and Mobey's Dick)

Lines: The cold earth slept below

(AKA Dots: The hashers ran above)

The cold earth slept below; (it was minus many, many degrees but hashers still came out)
Above the cold sky shone; (fuck, it was bright as day out)
And all around, (a circle of hashers)
With a chilling sound, (Dix See yelling 'false trail')
From caves of ice and fields of snow (ok, no caves - but fields and paths and a bench)
The breath of night like death did flow (the only flowing was hot chocolate and Rum Chatta)
Beneath the sinking moon. (did we mention it was really fucking bright out?)

The wintry hedge was black; (no, it was a pretty white)
The green grass was not seen; (true enough)
The birds did rest (but Likes It Hard did not)
On the bare thorn's breast, (not a bare breast to be seen- too nippy)
Whose roots, beside the pathway track, (always on the right side)
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack (pretty sure this relates to TNT urinating on trail)
Which the frost had made between. (the down down drinks were pretty frosty)

Thine eyes glow'd in the glare (headlamps glowed, but rarely needed because it was really fucking bright out)
Of the moon's dying light; (no moon, except see TNT reference above)
As a fen-fire's beam (Boner beamed right towards the hash hold)
On a sluggish stream (this relates to Crash's urinating on trail)
Gleams dimly—so the moon shone there, (no dim walkers on this trail - Mount Me, Wee and Cum See found the hash hold)
And it yellow'd the strings of thy tangled hair, (yellowed the snow at least, no golden showers on this run)
That shook in the wind of night. (no wind, twas a beautiful evening)

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved; (long underwear would have better kept the poon-tangs red and cozy)

The wind made thy bosom chill; (too many layers to really tell how cold the bosoms were)

The night did shed (we shed many layers at the OnOn)

On thy dear head (head, who said head?)

Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie (hares Mobey's and Grabbin never lie.... or is it arrows that never lie?)

Where the bitter breath of the naked sky (too cold for nudity)

Might visit thee at will. (we visited thee Ms D and thee Mustang Sally at BP's)

(Thanks all for coming out on a cold, wintry night that ended up being a beautiful, fun and really fuckin bright evening - probably Run of the Year!)

Run: 1255 - 5th Dec

Hare: Crash Test (Volunteer hare)

Start: Parking lot opposite Troubled Monk

Pre-Lube: Troubled Monk

On On: OJ's

Run: 1256 – 12th Dec – Hare: I Like it Hard

Run: 1257 – 19th Dec – Hare: TNT (was 26th)

Run: 1258 – 9th Jan – Hare Prickly Bush

Save the date: Dec 14th – Hash Christmas Party at Boner & DKD's
More info. to follow

Out of town Hash Runs

Edmonton H3 – Every Saturday through the winter info. at EH3.org

Dec 7th at 2 pm

Hares: *Happy Beaver & Wood if I Could*