

Sept 4th 2025

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
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Missing Scribes

Run: #1267 – 1st May – Hare & Scribe Mount me – in progress

River Bend Run #1277

Hare: Grabbin Woode & Sir Mobeys

Scribe: Sir Cums

On One, On All

I have to admit, I doubted continuing my sojourn to Red Deer when it rained the whole drive from Calgary. But, I reminded myself of the quality of the individuals comprising the hash, the fantastic hare/harriet and the variety of hashing at RiverBend! But, I soldiered on, battled through the rain, in the dry warm car and made it. I was rewarded with one of the most beautiful evenings of the summer at the RiverBend Golf Course Run, if it wasn't for the flies (aka mosquitoes in AB or skeeters in hashspeak)! It rained everywhere and everyhour but before, on and after the run. The Religious Advisor must have been smiling upon our hares - **Grabbin Wood** and **Sir Mobey of Dickus**! Not sure who was the actual hare/harriet and who was complying dutifully with the other, but it was definitely the a stellar hole in one! way more than a birdie or lame assed american eagle even an albatross (unless you talked at by Spermie who says there is nothing more amazing than an albatross.. At any rate and every rate, the run was fanfuckingtastic FFT. frought with frivolity and joyous communications amongst the least steadfast or most steadslow of walkers. From the walkers point of view, everywhere in the area, as to whether or not the runners were actually running. I think the runner ran, but we didn't hear them, see them or smell them the whole run and then they just appeared at the HH - go figure? I wonder what Hash-annon would conspiratorially say! But who actually cares. There was a magnanimus **Sir Cums a Lot** helping winded hashers up a treacherous hill. Hashers in hand were EASILY all guided to safety, except **Crash Test Runny**. Who, upon being offered generous aide by **Sir Cums**, slipped and almost fell backward down the hill - I believe he erroneously blamed **ME** for his misfortune. Typical **Crash**. We heard harrowing tales of belly sliding and assriding - pretty sure there was rectal or menstal bleeding. The beers were good, cheap and warm, The snacks were all over the ground. A few wanking onlookers were about but they quickly receded from our joyous group as songs rang aloud and the drinks were being drunken. We had a few punishments, a few visitors and possibly a virgin, but aren't we all virgins. All in all, it was a great run/walk. Well

worth the dash through the malestrom I endured to get there and I, as honest as I am, can honestly say, 'it was the best run I had to in years!'

OnOn

Sir Cums A Lot

Monthful of Runs

Sept 11, Run 1285 – Hare: Cum See my Box

Sept 18, Run 1285 – PIRATE run