

March 3, 2026

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
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Scribe: 1307 Feb 26th 2026

Hare: Whore Sleigher

Start: O'Brien Wetlands

Pre-lube & On On: Murphs

Scribe: Mount Me

It was the week of Run 1307 and **Whore Sleigher** diligently monitored the Weather Network App. To his dismay, unseasonably warm weather was forecasted and that would not do. **Whore Sleigher** had been patient scheming for years, but he could wait no longer. He needed snow, and lots of it. To ensure there would be a blizzard on Thursday night, for five consecutive days he used his Arcane Magic to perform the traditional snow dance, in keeping with the Cultural Customs of his Clan

Why would he do such a thing? The obvious answer was so he could get away with not setting trail and claiming the markings had been covered by the fresh fallen snow.

Little did the Hashers know, if **Whore Sleigher** had his way, they would be the Victims of the most diabolically evil plan ever to be Hatched by a Hare in the History of the Hash House Harriers.

As predicted, Thursday February 26th was a Warm, Windless and sunny day, but **Whore Sleigher** was not discouraged. He called in sick for work and spent the day deep in the woods of the O'Brien Wetlands trapping Squirrels to perform his unholy Snow Summoning ritual.

Whore Sleigher chose the location wisely. The bodies of the Hashers would surely be Submerged in Sufficient Snow to conceal them through the Winter until the Spring thaw sank them into the Marshy Muskeg, never to be seen again.

The Circle up went as any other and the unsuspecting Hashers set out blindly to their inevitable doom. Sensing Something Suspicious, dedicated Runners **T.N.T** and **Wet Spot** joined the Walkers. Were they agents of good or evil? Only time would tell.

Not since the Uruguayan Rugby Player's plane crash in the Andes has there been a group of people so breathtakingly fucked in a sub-zero hellscape. When the Wandering Walkers became hopelessly lost, **Wet Spot** took on the predatory look of a Velociraptor as she scanned group to determine Which Walker would make the best meal. She regretted her decision not to join the Runners. They had Virgin "**Just Neal**" with them, and he would have been the perfect solution to Confidently Conclude her Cannibalistic Conundrum.

Cum See had different priorities. Food could wait, Shelter was what she Sought. She scanned the forest for a Stick Sharp enough to slice **Wee** from Stem to Stern so she could wear him like a Tauntaun and Stay warm

Don't Know Dick could see the Walk was about to Devolve into a Disastrous Darwinian Debacle of Death and Deduced it was no accident that **T.N.T.** has decided to Desert the Runners that night. **T.N.T.** used her Runner's Divine-ation Magic, tapped her foot on the ground and a Mauve Marking Materialized.

The intrepid Walkers followed **T.N.T.** as she revealed the path to salvation - **Whore Sleigher's** S.U.V. which marked the Hash Hold.

Wee knew the Walkers were still in danger due to the remote location and with the last of his energy wrote a cryptic message on the side window of the vehicle. A stroke of genius!!!. If the Hashers did not survive, the Police would no doubt decipher **Wee's** clue that the Suspect "Bass Man" was none other than the most famous Bass guitar player since Jason NEWSTEAD in RED DEER's favorite band the No Bs. The Hashers may perish but at least they would be avenged by the Perfectly Predictable Punishment of a Period of Probation **Whore Sleigher** would be surely be sentenced to for his Maniacal Multiple Murder.

The Walker's collective Mana was depleted so they broke into **Whore Sleigher's** ride and rejuvenated with Libations and Lipids while they awaited the fate of the Runners.

Meanwhile, deep in the frozen wetlands, the evil **Whore Sleigher** was busy leading the Runners in circles through 3 foot snow banks to ensure they would be too exhausted and disoriented to escape their fate. **Slippery When Wet** Wished all the While for a pocket full of White Wonderbread crumbs.

The situation was desperately dire as even **Dick See Cup's** deep well of Endless Energy was depleted. **Crash Test Rummy** Ruminated Relentlessly Regarding the Reality of their Ruin. As all hope faded, **Cum Honour** revealed **T.N.T.** was not the Hash's Sole Supernatural being. He used his Magic to Gather the Runners and they escaped the Clutches of the Cunning **Whore Sleigher** and Continued Clamouring through the Cold until they Communally Concurred on the Correct Compass direction to Convey them to the Hash Hold.

There was much rejoicing as the Runners joined the Walkers and in the Safety of the Circle up, The Religious Advisor delivered swift justice by punishing **Hash Sleigher** for his failed attempt to murder 10 Hashers and a Virgin. He provided a potion of barley, hops and yeast while the Hashers chanted the magical incantation to strip away **Hash Sleigher's** magical powers and make the Hash would be safe once again.

"Here's to the Hare, he's true blue..."

Run #1307 February 26 th	Hare: Whore Sleigher
Run #1308 March 5 th	Hare: Pucker
Run #1309 March 12 th	Hare: Slippery
Run #1310 March 19 th	Hare: Mount Me
Run # 1311 March 26 th	Hare: Cum See my Box
Run # 1312 April 2 nd	BAD THURSDAY

Thanks Slippery and Cum See for the swaps. Wee & Ms D