



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R-ns/trash #152 January 2010

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All r ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

DATE	#NO	ON ON	MAP REF	HARES
4th January 2010	1646	Plough, Rottingdean	369 024	Mudlarks
<i>Directions: A27 east to Falmer. Turn right and carry on through Woodingdean. Pub on right in one-way system. Est. 15 mins.</i>				
11th January 2010	1647	White Horse, Ditchling	325 152	George and John Badger
<i>Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Park in village car park on right. Pub on left. Est. 10 mins.</i>				
18th January 2010	1648	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	248 114	Pat
<i>Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. Est. 10 mins.</i>				
25th January 2010	1649	Royal George, Shoreham	231 061	Bouncer
<i>Directions: A27 west to Shoreham flyover. Exit and take 3rd exit from roundabout back on A27 east. Filter off and take 3rd exit at Holmbush roundabout. Pub on right. Est 15 mins. #####BURNS NIGHT SPECIAL! #####</i>				
1st February 2010	1650	Plough & Harrow, Litlington	523 017	Matthew
<i>Directions: A27 east past Lewes and Beddingham. Take 2nd right after Alfriston roundabout past the Giants Rest pub. Pub approx. 2.5 miles on right. Est. 25 mins.</i>				

RECEDING HARELINE:

NOTHING!
Looks like the end of Brighton Hash.
C'est la Vie.
At least there's the ...

CRAFT #20

15/01/09 7pm Cuckfield via KIU's
Hare: KIU and Wildbush

CRAFT #21

26/02/09 Joint with FUK Full Moon H3 & Berserkers
Friday pub crawl in Brighton
Saturday Brewery visit & crawl Shoreham
Sunday Full Moon hangover r*n
** full details to be confirmed but any assistance appreciated!*

Thought for the day:

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, Or cutty sarks
rin in your mind, Think! ye may buy the joys o'er
dear: Remember Tam o Shanter's mare.

That's one for Google!



HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

Upcoming CRAFT H3 trails:

#20 15/01/10 Cuckfield – Brent & Kayleen. ‘P’ trail from Hayward’s Heath station for the benefit of Le Pipe and others!
 #21 26/02/10 FUK FMH3 and Stockholm Berserkers Full Moon H3 visit to Brighton – Full weekend of activities and hash fun.
 Hares for hashes; crash space; entertainment offers all appreciated.

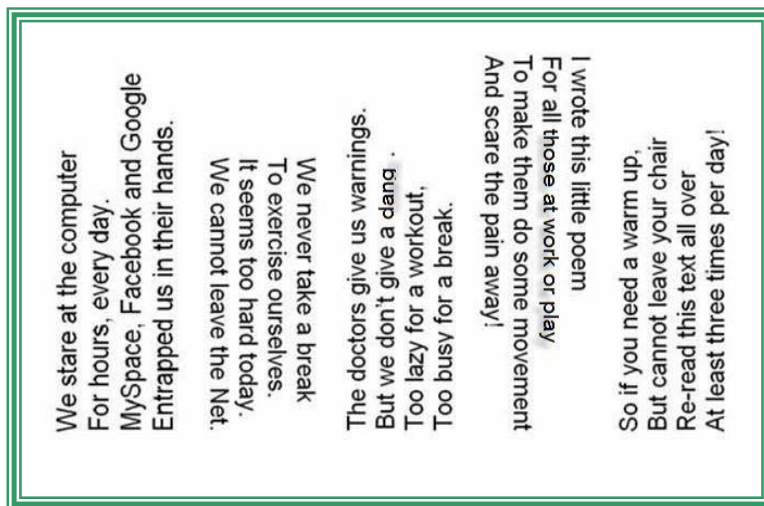
On

BURNS HASH #7 - Names to Bouncer urgently please! Approx. £5 / head.

Regular attendees of the Burns hash will have noticed that we always r*n on the odd years. Historical reasons are behind that as the first Burns hash in 1999 was held because Rabbits actual actual birthday landed on a Monday night. Historical reasons are also the reason why it has prevailed on odd years as r*n#2 in 2001 was organised by Young Les as medical reasons prevented him organising the Christmas hash, a role he had assumed admirably for several years. When Angus “McGoose” suggested a Burns in 2003 we had a pattern!

2010 sees the first year since the launch that Burns birthday has fallen on a Monday so it would be silly not to mark the occasion and, as usual due to a mixed-bag of reasons, we’ve ended up at the Royal George Shoreham. As every 2 years seems to work well it looks like a change to the evens!
 Meanwhile, it is worth mentioning, I think, that Burns night is one occasion on which the otherwise bottomless pit that is Hash Gomi’s stomach is almost guaranteed to be filled. Let the hungry miss at their peril!

**Let other poets raise a fracas
 Bout vines, and wines, an dr*ken Bacchus,
 An crabbit names an stories wrack us,
 An grate our lug:
 I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
 In glass or Jug.**



On

**W&NK H3 next r*n: Sunday 17th January 2010 - Hares : Keeps It Up and Wildbush
 Ansty Cross Inn, Cuckfield Road (A272), Haywards Heath, West Sussex, RH17 5AG
 Ordnance Survey: TQ291231**

On

HENFIELD H3

R*n # 84 on Sunday 17th January from Gardeners Arms in Henfield at Mid-day. Wear a Scottish Garment as this is a Burns night r*n albeit early.
 A walking trail will also be available as usual, watch the web site for any updates, please let us know who is coming so we can catch enough Haggis!
 Hare: Slash Gordon! Och eye the Noo!

On

4th Annual Interhash Quiz - 20 February 2010

(Previous Winners – 2007 OCH3 / 2008 W&NK / 2009 EGH3)

AT KINGSWOOD VILLAGE CLUB, BRIGHTON ROAD, LOWER KINGSWOOD KT20 6SZ

Start @ 8.00pm prompt

Entry Fee £5 (or £10 with Fish & Chips delivered at 8.30pm)

4 rounds compiled by Desperate Dan and separate picture round.

We need to know which Hashes are sending how many teams. (MAXIMUM 6 PEOPLE PER TEAM) and how many would like Fish & Chips by **13 February 2010**.

Crash Space Available. We look forward to hearing from you soonest.

Sip Stop and Desperate Dan

Landline: 01737 833408 01737 832880 Mobile: 07930 895144 Email h_n5bee@mypostoffice.co.uk

On

BEERS FOR THE BOYS

Following the second collection at the Christmas party, thanks once again for all your donations. At the time of going to press I hadn't received a response from Julia about the hash input but total donations are £118.50. An exceptional effort from Brighton hash to add to the rest of the hash donations across the country. Thanks once again! **Bouncer**

Hi Mr & Mrs Bouncer.

Sadly after more than 20 yrs on the trot I'll miss the

Hash Xmas Bash this year. Recent right shoulder replacement has resulted in a fixed sling in place 24hrs and up to 6 wks, 3 wks done to date!

So, alas no Christmas cards! Please pass on my BEST XMAS AND 2010 WISHES TO ALL THE HIGHLY TUNED HASHERS PLUS BAR FLIES. Have a Cracking evening.

On On Niel (one of the Greyhounds).

It happens to all of us...

You're driving along
Just minding your own
business,
When all of a sudden -
Without any warning,
This Dick In A Truck
Pulls out right in front of
you.....



I signed my dog, Winston, up for benefit payments. Do you think he's eligible? He's Black, lazy, can't speak English & has no frigging idea who his daddy is...

I just applied for planning permission for a new-build house. It was going to be 100ft tall and 400ft wide with nine turrets at various heights and windows all over the place. It would have parking for 200 cars and I was going to paint it snot green. The council told me to f*** off. So I sent in the application again, but this time I called it a Mosque. Building work starts on Monday.

Can you see the ass of the girl behind?

If you can, then have your [Eyes](#) checked as this is the shoulder of the girl in front of her...

[My appointment is tomorrow at 13:00hrs](#)

STRANGERS ON MY FLIGHT

Strangers on my flight,
turbans they're packin'.
Wonderin' if they might,
plan a hijacking.
They could pull a stunt,
before this flight is through.

Something's on their minds.
I saw them mutter.
What's that in their hands?
Looks like box cutters,
I'm gonna kick some ass,
if they make a move.

Strangers on my flight.
Two smelly people,
and they're not talking right;
and in a moment,
I will grab a baseball bat;
and that will be that.

Swing like Joe DiMaggio,
and rip them both a new a-hole.

And if they pick a fight,
and try to screw us,
I'll punch out their lights,

just like Joe Louis.
It would feel so right,
for strangers on my flight.

Ratta Tat Tat Tat,
Budda Bing Bang Boom,
Zooma Zooma Zoom.

Send those bastards to the
moon....

CRAFT #19 - Henfield

Originally scheduled for December 18th this had to be changed at short notice to 11th as hare was called away on business. This had several repercussions, particularly for the CRAFT, as the CLAWS (City, London and West London) annual combined Christmas party was on the following day. Regulars Brent and Kayleen were also at Christmas parties on the night of 11th, which meant our attendance was basically Bouncer, Cyst Pit, and later on Angel, and Come Again. In a way it was a good job as the planned mini-bus was not available as it was late night shopping in Henfield of which more later! No worry as Henfield H3 still managed to churn out a good pack (although Cums Lately managed to miss the change; Homer was settled for the night when the call came but still appeared later on; and the aptly named Nightmare responded with "but you changed the date to the 11th" when Snotty called, only to be reminded that it was indeed the 11th!

As we were strolling and so close to Christmas Stan proposed a silly hat night and pub 1, **the Plough**, saw many fine examples. Bouncer was unable to decide though so after an entrance in a Christmas Tree hat went through a gamut of silly hats, before the piece de resistance of a moo-ing highland jockstrap appeared much to the locals amusement.

Food ordered for our later return, we headed off round the back of the car park and slipped down an alley to return to the High Street for 2nd pub, **the George**. Here the karaoke was in full swing, or so we thought as we burst into a round of "I Don't



Want to Join the Army". Pub singer wasn't amused! Ratstail appeared here in a turban which on the face of it was a very silly Christmas hat but y'know it's wot the shepherds wore innit! Other late arrivals were the collected works of Money Penny (Margaret and daughter Gabrielle) who only lasted two pubs, and Cyst Pit all sans 'ats.

As Snotty cornered the girls the pack headed off up some deep dark and muddy alley before cutting round the Scythe lawns to head into deepest darkest and strangest Nep Town for pub #3 **the Gardners Arms**. As it was quietish (notwithstanding the appearance of Homer) the pocket Twister appeared and Tamsin and Old Banger demo'd their art as Mike span the wheel. Well, I say span but the thing was without a pointer so his finger stood-in until Bouncer accosted the bar maid who quickly produced a cocktail stick and some blu-tac. Dem fine thing these girls, eh?

On to pub 4 which was obviously the **Cat and Canary** despite hare's silly diversions on the longest walk of the night, and brain fade now affecting the old memory cells. All I can remember is a jolly funny walk, yet another hat, and amused but tolerant locals!

From there we were doomed to the trek back to the High Street where we would be met by

Angel and Julie for #5 **the Bell**. Of considerably greater note is the final naming of Tamsin who announced an urgent need at several decibels in the middle of the arm-in-arm sing song, or was it the piggy backs? Anyway she is henceforth to be known as Ooh Me Bladder, or Oomee for short.



Cat and Canary

From left: Split Pin; Old Banger; Sir Snot; Oohme; Bollocks; Cyst Pit; Bouncer; Homer and Ratstail.



Across the road to the White Hart thoughts were rapidly turning to food by those who'd ordered so pints were necked at pace before we headed 2 doors down to **the Plough**. For some reason my memory has Snotty issuing several down-downs here even though I know very well that the greater part was at the Plough. Anyone...?

As the pack is generally quite light, it seems to be a mission of Stans to ensure that everyone gets to neck a pint, which was harsh on the drivers so Bouncer proposed that Come again should delegate hers. The nod to RA fell on blank looks though so he had to polish it off on his own. I have absolutely no idea who else apart from the aforementioned Oohme, why anyone else got beers but it was all enormous fun, and another classic CRAFT night out, thanks to the Devil Dogs!

REHASHING

Duke of Wellington, Shoreham - R*n 1642 7/12/09 Bouncer Suffering slightly from a lack of immediate parking, hare decided to set the r*n from the town car park 200 yards away, but only 3 cars managed to find it! Although the trail had only just been laid, the inevitable rain lashed most of it away before the start. Didn't matter too much as it was a fairly boring trudge through industrial Shoreham towards the lighthouse, despite hares protestations about pretty lights on the beach, and the cut round the back of the new lifeboat station building site. With no marks and bugger all else to look at you have to wonder why George managed to take such a spectacular tumble!

After a brief hold at the lighthouse to allow the Samaritans to catch up we continued on our eastward route past a titillating check under the railway to drop down towards the hare bollocks, er.. Harbour Locks. Wiggy thought it would be a spiffing wheeze to take everyone over for the 2 mile r*n before any escape so off the pack eagerly set! This gave hare the chance to remark trail from the dribble dropper until they realized the mistake, to return to trail along by the Lady Bee Marina for a lovely section along the greensward past the yachts and fishing boats all lit up and ready to roll. Next check took us over the railway line, up the side of Southwick Football Club to the famous Orchard Close for an ooh and ahhh moment at all the lovely Christmas lights. "Is there a bucket?" said Trevor. "Usually", responded Bouncer, "but not at this time of night, I guess." "Shame, I wanted to chuck up!"

Across the rec, trail then led up a side street and out onto Southwick Green, wandered round the peace park before heading off on a back alley route via Parklands to Middle Road. Despite hundreds of Shoreham r*ns in the past, this is an area that has, probably justifiably, been overlooked so nobody really knew where they were. That could be why they headed east at the check instead of past yet more Christmassy lights to cut through to Dolphin Road. Up one side of the allotments then back down the other we headed past a takeaway, prompting a few to start craving the curry that had been arranged back at the Welly. There was still a short way to go though, again through some back alleys, and over the railway line before Kayleen was spotted ahead setting the in trail past St. Johns ambulance HQ into the back of the mystery car park. Apparently this was a first, catching hares assistant on the On Inn!

Chaos ensued at the pub when trying to sort out 35 different takeaway orders but, in spite of a couple of close shaves with Rosemary and James, everyone had the correct order, and at £7/head including rice, nan, bhaji's, and popadoms, this was a bargain meal! Added to the various accompaniments the Cottage also chucked in a load of side dishes, chutneys and raitas. Charlie was in heaven at the huge pot of lime pickle, Matthew thought the £7 was a deposit and tried throwing more money at the hare, and David Bos was full for the 2nd time in a year after the Burns in January. He even managed to take a large number of carriers with the leftovers in to set-up a small and temporary takeaway in Telscombe! Must do this again! AGH
Al Fresco, Hove - R*n 1644 21/12/09 Trevor After 3 years at the Hassocks Hotel Trevor proposed we should return to Brighton for the annual Christmas party hash, and so research was done, a venue found, and even a poll done on preferences. Al Fresco won out with 2/3rd plus of the vote and the location was fantastic, right on the seafront, above the prom near the twisted remains of West Pier. Obviously the date was always going to be the last Monday before Christmas but we hadn't appreciated that 21st being Winter Solstice Brighton would be invaded by 100, 000 plus for the annual Burning of the Clocks thingy. Luckily it snowed heavily 3 days earlier and the thing was cancelled so we'll never know the impact it would have had. On on to the r*n and three days later the snow had for the most part gone leaving some fairly treacherous ice so a short r*n was very much on the cards. Most of the expected hounds made it okay but there were a couple of notable absences due to travel challenges. Hare led by example to make sure we enjoyed the silly park circuit, and sprint down to the sea. Bouncers attempt to get hare in the sea marginally failed as his Exocet impression was spotted 11th hour. After heading west for a while we then meandered up and down Western Road "for an opportunity to finish off your Christmas shopping", under the guidance of co-hare Matthew as Trevor had forgotten the way, until we reached Preston Street. There was a mini-loop returning to the same spot 2 minutes later before we headed into one of the pubs to find a mulled wine and mince pie stop had been arranged and old hashers Max and Barry were already imbibing. Very pleasant and thanks to Mr. Muttons daughter for her efforts. After just 2 miles it was a short hop back down to base from here to get stuck into the Hash Harveys.

General feedback seems to have been that the food was very good. Fairly small portions but somehow quite sufficient and filling. Nigel did an admirable job, in spite of the occasional heckling, on the awards front, once again proving his worth as worthy successor to Greyhound Niel, and few would question the victims other than Kit Kit Kit, who seemed to have hundreds of supporters. Impressive display on the down downs as well and it seems the hash song is starting to become known, although even with the words the Christmas Carols Health and Safety guidelines (*p.t.o.*) ended up as a bit of a damp squib. Meanwhile downstairs, Elaine, Pat, Ann and others were demonstrating their skill around the pole as the Cardinal went into full Alpha male mode, scaring the other party off so we had the dance floor to ourselves! An excellent evening by all accounts, so as a reward for his efforts I for one feel that Trevor should be allowed to organize next years event. Heh heh. Another Great Christmas Hash!



ELF 'n' SAFETY section (modern life is rubbish part ##):
Nativity Performances: Please follow guidelines for inclusion of any of the songs below (as provided by an unknown benefactor at Christmas Hash)

The Rocking Song

Little Jesus, sweetly sleep, do not stir; We will lend a coat of fur, We will rock you, rock you, rock you, We will rock you, rock you, rock you:
Fur is no longer appropriate wear for small infants, both due to risk of allergy to animal fur, and for ethical reasons. Therefore faux fur, a nice cellular blanket or perhaps micro-fleece material should be considered a suitable alternative. Please note, only persons who have been subject to a Criminal Records Bureau check and have enhanced clearance will be permitted to rock baby Jesus. Persons must carry their CRB disclosure with them at all times and be prepared to provide three forms of identification before rocking commences.

Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow, In a one horse open sleigh, O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way

A risk assessment must be submitted before an open sleigh is considered safe for members of the public to travel on. The risk assessment must also consider whether it is appropriate to use only one horse for such a venture, particularly if passengers are of larger proportions. Please note, permission must be gained from landowners before entering their fields. To avoid offending those not participating in celebrations, we would request that laughter is moderate only and not loud enough to be considered a noise nuisance.

While Shepherds Watched

While shepherds watched, Their flocks by night, All seated on the ground The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around

The union of Shepherds has complained that it breaches health and safety regulations to insist that shepherds watch their flocks without appropriate seating arrangements being provided, therefore benches, stools and orthopaedic chairs are now available. Shepherds have also requested that due to the inclement weather conditions at this time of year that they should watch their flocks via CCTV cameras from centrally heated shepherd observation huts. Please note, the angel of the lord is reminded that before shining his / her glory all around she / he must ascertain that all shepherds have been issued with glasses capable of filtering out the harmful effects of UVA, UVB and Glory.

Rudolph the red nosed reindeer

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, had a very shiny nose. And if you ever saw him, you would even say it glows.
You are advised that under the Equal Opportunities for All policy, it is inappropriate for persons to make comment with regard to the ruddiness of any part of Mr. R. Reindeer. Further to this, exclusion of Mr R Reindeer from the Reindeer Games will be considered discriminatory and disciplinary action will be taken against those found guilty of this offence. A full investigation will be implemented and sanctions - including suspension on full pay - will be considered whilst this investigation takes place.

Little Donkey

Little donkey, little donkey on the dusty road, Got to keep on plodding onwards with your precious load

The RSPCA have issued strict guidelines with regard to how heavy a load that a donkey of small stature is permitted to carry, also included in the guidelines is guidance regarding how often to feed the donkey and how many rest breaks are required over a four hour plodding period. Please note that due to the increased risk of pollution from the dusty road, Mary and Joseph are required to wear face masks to prevent inhalation of any airborne particles. The donkey has expressed his discomfort at being labelled 'liddle' and would prefer just to be simply referred to as Mr. Donkey. To comment upon his height or lack thereof may be considered an infringement of his equine rights.

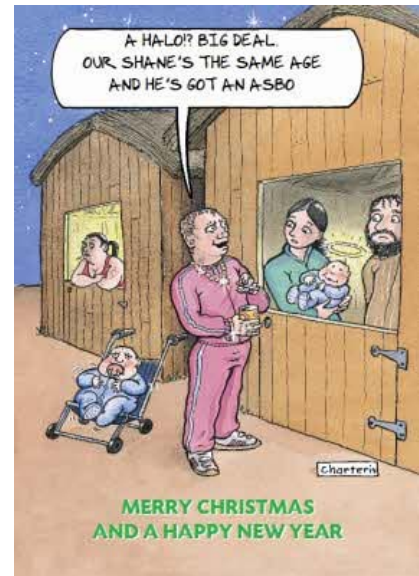
We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are, Bearing gifts we traverse afar, Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Following yonder star

Whilst the gift of gold is still considered acceptable - as it may be redeemed at a later date through such organisations as 'cash for gold' etc, gifts of frankincense and myrrh are not appropriate due to the potential risk of oils and fragrances causing allergic reactions. A suggested gift alternative would be to make a donation to a worthy cause in the recipients name or perhaps give a gift voucher.

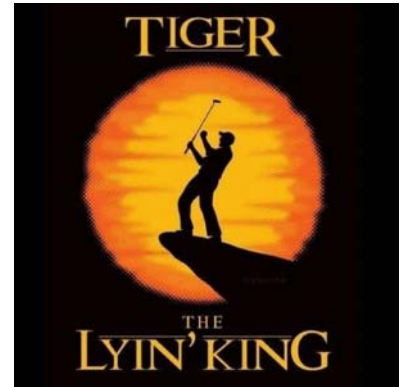
We would not advise that the traversing kings rely on navigation by stars in order to reach their destinations and suggest the use of RAC routefinder or satellite navigation, which will provide the quickest route and advice regarding fuel consumption. Please note as per the guidelines from the RSPCA for Mr Donkey, the camels carrying the three kings of Orient will require regular food and rest breaks. Facemasks for the three kings are also advisable due to the likelihood of dust from the camels hooves. As with all visitors from beyond the borders of the European Community, it should be noted that the King's passports and visas will be required, and HM Customs import restrictions will apply.

Away in a Manger No Crib for a bed - Social Services ?



Top 10 Tiger Woods jokes on the web??

- One: Apparently, the only person who can beat Tiger Woods with a golf club is his wife
Two: What's the difference between a car and a golf ball? Tiger can drive a ball 400 yards.
Three: Tiger Woods was injured in a car accident as he pulled out of his driveway early Friday morning. It was Woods' shortest drive since an errant tee shot at the US Open.
Four: What was Tiger Woods doing out at 2.30 in the morning? He'd gone clubbing
Five: Tiger Woods crashed into a fire hydrant and a tree. He couldn't decide between a wood and an iron
Six: Perhaps Tiger should be using a driver?
Seven: This is the first time Tiger's ever failed to drive 300 yards
Eight: Apparently, Tiger admitted this crash was the closest shave he's ever had. So Gillette has dropped his contract.
Nine: Tiger Woods wasn't seriously injured in the crash. He's still below par though
Ten: Tiger Woods is so rich that he owns lots of expensive cars. Now he has a hole in one.



What about... What has Tiger Woods got in common with the Togo football team? Neither will be using a driver again.

I'm not really too concerned about Swine Flu. Here's my concern.
Three years ago, Chinese calendar year of the cow... Mad Cow Disease.
Two years ago, Chinese calendar year of the bird... Avian Flu.
This year, Chinese calendar year of the pig... Swine Flu.
Next year is the year of the cock... Anybody else worried??

Jimmy Carr one liners.....Some more to offend people !!

I'm not normally suspicious but the wife told me yesterday that Gavin from Autoglass came round and injected that special resin into her crack....she hasn't even got a car!!
I hate crushing pills up and putting them in my Gran's dinner. I feel sneaky, but if I ever got her pregnant I wouldn't be able to forgive myself.
Matt Lucas's ex-partner hanged himself this week. Matt is said to be distraught but on a lighter note, is now the only g a y in the village.
A little girl walks into her parents' bedroom.
"Holy ***k" she screams "And YOU want ME to see a doctor about sucking my thumb...!!"
Wee Irish boy crying by the side of the road. A man asks "What's wrong?" Boy says "Me Ma is dead" "Oh bejaysus" the man says "Do you want me to get Father O'Riley?" Wee boy replies "No thanks Mister, s e x is the last ting on me moind roight now."
Once upon a time a guy asked a girl "Will you marry me?" . The girl said "No" and she lived happily ever after. She went shopping, drank vodka with friends, always had a clean house, never had to cook, had a wardrobe full of shoes and bags, stayed skinny and was never farted upon. The End.
Just had a call from a charity asking me to donate some of my clothes to the starving people of the world. Told them to " ***k Off". Anyone who fits into my clothes isn't starving!!!
Japanese scientists have now created a digital camera with such a fast speed that it's now possible to take a photograph of a woman with her gob shut.
Turned on my Sat Nav and it said 'Bear Left' and there was the zoo. How good is that?
I hate all this terrorist business. I used to love the days when you could look at an unattended bag on the train or bus and think " I'm *****ing having that!"



Man lost in a hot air ballon over Ireland. He looks down and sees a farmer and shouts to him, "Where am I?" The Irish farmer looks up and shouts back "You can't kid me ya b**tard, you're in that feckin basket!"

A blonde gets a job as a teacher. She notices a boy in the field standing alone, while all the other kids are r*nnng around having fun. She takes pity on him and decides to speak to him. 'You ok?' she says. 'Yes.' he says.
'You can go and play with the other kids you know' she says. 'It's best I stay here.' he says. 'Why?' says the blonde. The boy says: "Because I'm the f*cking goalkeeper"

RUDOLPH'S REVENGE - ROPING A DEER:

Author unknown, probably with good reason. Actual letter from someone who farms, writes well and tried this:

I had this idea that I could rope a deer, put it in a stall, feed it up on corn for a couple of weeks, then kill it and eat it. The first step in this adventure was getting a deer. I figured that, since they congregate at my cattle feeder and do not seem to have much fear of me when we are there (a bold one will sometimes come right up and sniff at the bags of feed while I am in the back of the truck not 4 feet away), it should not be difficult to rope one, get up to it and toss a bag over its head (to calm it down) then hog tie it and transport it home.

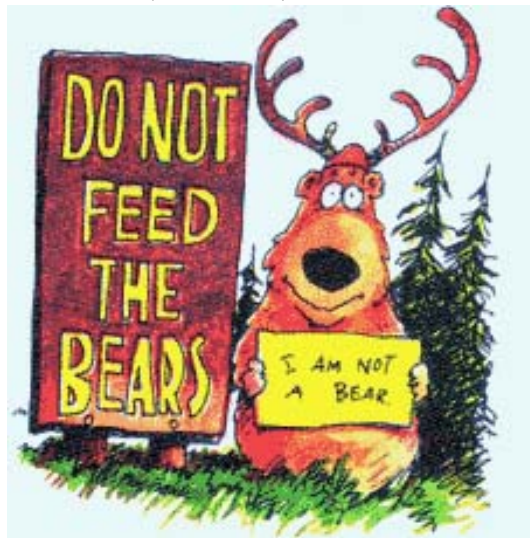
I filled the cattle feeder then hid down at the end with my rope. The cattle, having seen the roping thing before, stayed well back. They were not having any of it. After about 20 minutes, my deer showed up-- 3 of them. I picked out a likely looking one, stepped out from the end of the feeder, and threw my rope. The deer just stood there and stared at me. I wrapped the rope around my waist and twisted the end so I would have a good hold. The deer still just stood and stared at me, but you could tell it was mildly concerned about the whole rope situation. I took a step towards it, it took a step away. I put a little tension on the rope ... and then received an education. The first thing that I learned is that, while a deer may just stand there looking at you funny while you rope it, they are spurred to action when you start pulling on that rope.

That deer EXPLODED. The second thing I learned is that pound for pound, a deer is a LOT stronger than a cow or a colt. A cow or a colt in that weight range I could fight down with a rope and with some dignity. A deer-- no chance. That thing ran and bucked and twisted and pulled. There was no controlling it and certainly no getting close to it. As it jerked me off my feet and started dragging me across the ground, it occurred to me that having a deer on a rope was not nearly as good an idea as I had originally imagined. The only upside is that they do not have as much stamina as many other animals.

A brief 10 minutes later, it was tired and not nearly as quick to jerk me off my feet and drag me when I managed to get up. It took me a few minutes to realize this, since I was mostly blinded by the blood flowing out of the big gash in my head. At that point, I had lost my taste for corn-fed venison. I just wanted to get that devil creature off the end of that rope. I figured if I just let it go with the rope hanging around its neck, it would likely die slow and painfully somewhere. At the time, there was no love at all between me and that deer. At that moment, I hated the thing, and I would venture a guess that the feeling was mutual. Despite the gash in my head and the several large knots where I had cleverly arrested the deer's momentum by bracing my head against various large rocks as it dragged me across the ground, I could still think clearly enough to recognize that there was a small chance that I shared some tiny amount of responsibility for the situation we were in. I didn't want the deer to have to suffer a slow death, so I managed to get it lined back up in between my truck and the feeder - a little trap I had set before hand...kind of like a squeeze chute. I got it to back in there and I started moving up so I could get my rope back.

Did you know that deer bite? They do! I never in a million years would have thought that a deer would bite somebody, so I was very surprised when ... I reached up there to grab that rope and the deer grabbed hold of my wrist. Now, when a deer bites you, it is not like being bit by a horse where they just bite you and then let go. A deer bites you and shakes its head--almost like a pit bull. They bite HARD and it hurts. The proper thing to do when a deer bites you is probably to freeze and draw back slowly. I tried screaming and shaking instead. My method was ineffective. It seems like the deer was biting and shaking for several minutes, but it was likely only several seconds. I, being smarter than a deer (though you may be questioning that claim by now), tricked it. While I kept it busy tearing the tendons out of my right arm, I reached up with my left hand and pulled that rope loose.

That was when I got my final lesson in deer behaviour for the day. Deer will strike at you with their front feet. They rear right up on their back feet and strike right about head and shoulder level, and their hooves are surprisingly sharp. I learned a long time ago that, when an animal --like a horse --strikes at you with their hooves and you can't get away easily, the best thing to do is try to make a loud noise and make an aggressive move towards the animal. This will usually cause them to back down a bit so you can escape.



*This was not a horse. This was a deer, so obviously, such trickery would not work. In the course of a millisecond, I devised a different strategy. I screamed like a woman and tried to turn and r*n. The reason I had always been told NOT to try to turn and r*n from a horse that paws at you is that there is a good chance that it will hit you in the back of the head. Deer may not be so different from horses after all, besides being twice as strong and 3 times as evil, because the second I turned to r*n, it hit me right in the back of the head and knocked me down. Now, when a deer paws at you and knocks you down, it does not immediately leave. I suspect it does not recognize that the danger has passed. What they do instead is paw your back and jump up and down on you while you are laying there crying like a little girl and covering your head.*

*I finally managed to crawl under the truck and the deer went away. So now I know why when people go deer hunting they bring a rifle with a scope to sort of even the odds. All these events are true so help me God..
An Educated Rancher*