

The Monday sun is setting over the ocean in suburban Perth, the cool sea breeze with a pleasant salty aroma has made me feel relaxed after a hard day at work.

I am about to embark on a running experience with the *Perth Hash House Harriers in Australia*. It's 6.00pm a shout from somewhere in the crowd "on on", a blast from a bugle and the pack sets off on the chase.

I've never met these guys and as we are running they come and introduce themselves with strange names like, Bushie, Bandit and Sperm. I instantly feel at home and look forward to meeting the rest of this friendly bunch.

I have been running for 15 minutes and I thought I would lose sight of the pack. The clever Hare (he sets the run) has included false trails and I find I am now at the front. I can do this even though I thought that my fitness level was not up to it.

We have stopped on a street corner for a Check; another member introduces himself as Scumbag. What is it with these strange names? I am amazed at the diversity of the group.

I have no idea where I am, I lost track of where I was after the second corner. I start to worry about how to get back to my car. I round the next corner with the pack and there it is.

We have arrived at the Bucket.

I feel good although I am hot and sweaty, the run was not as hard as I had expected. I am quickly offered a drink of Splash (a mixture of beer and ginger), to my surprise this concoction is pleasant to the palate and very refreshing.

More members introduce themselves, Neon, Sort Of and Magoo. I now go to the Bucket and get another drink, splash cool drink or a beer? I choose a mid strength.

The sun has set and the cool of the evening has descended, I am still warm after the run and now I have a cold beer in my hand to satisfy a thirst. Birdman say hello, while passing the potato chips.

Under a light in the car park a milk crate is set up, someone shouts form a circle. My imagination quickly conjures up some strange images, they have my attention.

The On Sec welcomes the visitors. I can't get over how friendly they are, I don't know any of these guys. I am made very welcome and feel I have gained many new friends.

The Circle is a fun way of introducing visitors, celebrating birthdays and highlighting member's misdemeanours. It also keeps the group up to date with what's happening.

Another shout from the crowd "foods on" and I line up in the queue and find I'm chatting to Phantom. The pleasant aroma of curry and rice fills the air, I collect my plate and it's quickly filled with serving.

I look for a quiet spot to eat. Gumby introduces himself; I will have pluck up some courage and ask why they have such strange names.

I go to the bucket for another beer. Fags happily introduces himself while handing over a cold tinny. The evening has become cool, the crowd starts to thin and it's time to head for home.

I've had a great night, a pleasant run, a cold beer and good food. I drive home in the darkness, thinking that I really enjoyed the evening.

I'll be back next week to soak up some more of this and hopefully find out the source of the strange nick names.

Would you like to join us on a run?

If you have never run with a Hash club before fill in the form below and you first night is FREE.