

Horsing around at cup

By ALANA SCOTT

WHENEVER I go to the races, for some reason I never seem to see any horses.

So this year when I decided to travel to Melbourne and experience the race that stops the nation, I planted myself right next to the track so I had no chance of missing the excitement that is the Melbourne Cup.

I joined the barrage of ladies braving the chilly weather in an effort to show off my fabulous dress and decadent hat, and there proved to be no shortage of people with a rather interesting approach to style.

Walking towards the track, my best friend exclaimed, "Look, it's The Wiggles", but my excitement was shortlived as I passed by the four imposters dressed in yellow, red, green and blue suits.

About noon, three hours before the race, I placed a bet on Mandela – on the advice of my taxi driver from the airport – and then spent the next 10 minutes explaining to my friend that the bookie was not responding to her because it was dodgy to ask which horse was going to win.

Three hours later, after several champagnes, too many crackers and a whole packet of Fantales, the three-minute race began.

I picked myself up off the picnic blanket and barracked for Mandela, who didn't do so well (bad taxi driver!), idly galloping in after the winners Delta Blues, Pop Rock and Maybe Better.

As my friend sulked about her lack of winnings I cared not because I was just happy to have seen a horse for once.