

Dear Cup Week

I love you to the Green Moon and back

I was so busy I didn't even look at the field

So planned no bets and faced no yield

But a good friend said she was going to the tab

And I should place a bet and not be a scab

I picked our birthday numbers 11/14 and 30

But changed 30 to 3 when she got shirty

There is only 24 horses in the race she said!

Oh I said, then 3 instead

I listened to the race and exclaimed I think I won

My husband said you don't have a bet but I did and hit the homerun

\$45,941.60 was now in my hand

From a trifecta I had chosen off hand

Now this story is my families 2<sup>nd</sup> win

As my GG grandfather rode Dariwell in 1879

And won the cup on that beautiful equine.

His name was Sammy Cracknell

A character in his field whom I am told was swell

A famous world class jockey with a flaming red beard

A lightweight that was known to be feared.

So here's to the Melbourne Cup

A race that stops the nation

The one that brings us all a load of excitation