

It's the 5th of November 2019, there is 40 minutes until the race that stops the nation, we make our way to the mounting yard fence to secure a beauty of a spot. We've finished our champagnes and our feet are killing us but it's all worth being parched and having bruised feet to have front row position.

We're all nervously waiting as we see, number 23, ears pricked, game face on, Vow and Declare going around the mounting yard. The nerves start to kick in. A group of older ladies in front of us begin chatting away, one turns and says 'who are you girls backing?' we all respond at the same time with 'number 23, Vow and Declare' she looks at us blankly and says 'that's the only horse in the race I haven't put any money on'.

All of a sudden, "the field is set for the Lexus Melbourne cup, stalls are back and they're racing" it's an anxious 3 minutes as I have my fingers crossed so tight they've turned white and red. They're on the home straight and only 400m to go with Vow and Declare on the inside, it's getting closer and closer and he's done it, he's gone and won the bloody Melbourne Cup!

It just so happens to be my friend is the Assistant Trainer so we have Lexus cars escort us out of Flemington, although I would've been pretty happy with a helicopter... We head to the pub and drink from the cup, which mind you didn't taste all that delicious and in that moment I thought to myself that poor lady who backed 23 out of 24 horses and the one she's backed didn't win, what a mozz! A memory that will last a life time.

