

Dear cup week, I love you for the lifelong lesson you have instilled in me since I was a small child...

1992 on a wet spring day, our family cup day party was rocking! I was only 8 years old but always kept a keen ear to the ground on the favoured runners, Veandercross was all the rage around the living room that year. I had Teed up Grandma to fix the sweep to ensure I got who I wanted, however she got caught up with the French onion dip and uncle Richard either never got the memo, or wasn't happy to fulfil the arrangement! Horrified I had to pluck out a number at random...I snuck a peek in the hat. I saw the #9 sitting top of the pile and I struck hard and fast. I got my steed, Veandercross!! Today was my day.

The rest is history, he flew home and ran a nice second. The sweep was all in, it was all for nothing. The curse of the cup had been invoked on me forever.

30 years on, Count Chivas, Doreimus, Champagne, Pop Rock, a treble of Red Cadeaux's and most recently Tiger Moth, have all been reminders of that day. The day I tried to cheat my extended family out of the 50c sweep.

I have learnt my lesson, as well as many many more from this amazing game, this beautiful obsession.

However, I will always wonder, had I closed my eyes, Maybe...just maybe, I would have plucked the number 8 instead, Subzbero...