
A n d t h e W i n n e r I s ...

b y

M a r t i n C u s a c k

I heard a story the other day about a man who bred horses specifically for jump racing. His name was Brendan, and he had a wicked sense of humour. So much so in fact that when he discovered that his three new acquisitions were extremely talented horses, he decided to do a bit of horsing around himself.

His horses were all very close to each other in ability, but one was good, the next better and the last was the best of all. So for a joke he named his best horse The One At The Back, and his second best he named The Non-Runner. Curiously his least talented horse he called The Winner.

Knowing how good these horses were he held them back from the big meetings until the day of the Cheltenham gold cup. That's when he unleashed them on the unsuspecting punters. Even worse

it left the commentators in a state of utter confusion and bewilderment, because on that fateful day the unbelievable happened.

You see in first place came The One at The back who romped home seven lengths clear of The Non-runner, who was followed closely by The Winner. The punters were left in no doubt that something was wrong but they weren't sure why.

Next to the finishing line two Irishmen summed it up.

'Jesus Christ Tommy,' yelled one of them as he threw his cap on the ground 'I've been coming to this meeting for twenty fucking years, and the only time I've had the winner it comes in fucking third.

'Didn't you have him each way?' asked Tommy.

'No.' shouted the other, and he kicked his hat towards the rail.

TP