

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE RACECOURSE, WE SIT IN UNCLE'S LUCKY SEATS.

I GO DOWN TO THE BETTING OFFICE WITH COUSIN; SHE IS OLD ENOUGH TO PLACE BETS AND WE HAVE IT ALL WRITTEN DOWN, THE NAMES OF THE HORSES, THE AMOUNTS OF THE BETS.

I'M ALLOWED TO CHOOSE ONE HORSE FOR MY DAD TO BET ON. I STUDY THE PROGRAMME CAREFULLY.

AFTER WE'VE MADE THE BETS, WE GO BACK TO OUR SEATS. I SHOW UNCLE THE HORSE THAT MY DAD AND I PLACED OUR BET ON.

AND THEN I SEE IT - THERE'S A HORSE CALLED TILLY!! I KNOW WHICH HORSE IS GOING TO WIN.

HE FROWNS AND SAYS, 'THAT HORSE HAS NO FORM,' BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANS.

WHEN THE RACE STARTS, MY HORSE RUNS SO FAST, I CAN BARELY SEE HER...