

STANDIE WINS AT MONACO!

POEM BY LIZ JEFFS

I heard about a race with top drivers, fast horse-power and a glittering prize.
Horses and drivers! Had to be a harness race! To this challenge I should rise.
My Standie had come seventh at Rocklea and almost finished at the Coast,
But, due to an equipment break, didn't quite make it past the winning post.

Now this race was in Monaco, a little principality,
But it offered lots of cash; it was called the Monaco Grand Prix.
I'd never seen this Monaco gig in any Harness Racing Guide,
So it can't be that well known. Maybe Standie and I could win it, if we tried.

It offered big prize money. The Trots never gave such a pile.
Maybe Monaco wanted to lift its harness racing profile.
And why not try overseas? Give Standie a chance in a very small country.
I looked at the Atlas and Monaco was about as small as a country could be.

So I got me a boat and some crew, and Standie and I sailed off to Monaco.
I thought while there, I'd try my luck at the Casino in Monte-Carlo.
When we pulled into the harbour, there were yachts at every turn.
This was the playground of the super-rich. These guys had money to burn.

But as I unloaded my horse and rig, to me it became very clear.
These Monacans were a disorganised bunch. There were no stables here.
I asked where to put my charge. The response, "All racers to the pits."
"The pits", I said. "I'll give you 'pits'. This horse is a champion, you twits!"

So I got him harnessed up and took him for a trot.
The track was not like any I'd seen, and I can tell you, I've seen a lot.
It veered up and down, along the coastline, through tunnels, was long and mountainous,
No wonder harness drivers don't enter. This track is very dangerous.

But I thought of the money, went onto the track, and got up a bit of a pace.
Then I heard the sound of squealing tyres, gears crunching, horns, all blasting in my face.
These damned cars were piled up behind me, upsetting my practice arrangement,
Souped up show ponies, no doubt brought in for the Pre-Trots Entertainment.

Continued over page....

Ferraries, Lamborghinis, Porsches and BMWs,
Not real cars like Holden utes, just ones you view, owned by tennis players, on the news.
They screeched and slid and followed us, revving right up my back,
Tooting and blaring, braking and swerving, pursuing me all round the track.

When we reached the finish line, a Ferrari driver threw himself on the ground and cried,
“I couldn’t get past”, he moaned, like something rightfully his, had been denied.
And another got out and kicked his car. My god, a horse would kick him back!
No wonder these fellows never made it on the harness racing track.

Then, as the Prince of Monaco put a garland around my throat,
The car drivers lay writhing on the ground, howling some strange primal note.
A million dollar cheque to me! This was a one horse race!
It was so easy! Monaco is indeed a very, very strange place.

So now on my newly built veranda as I sip a fine champagne,
I look for races with rich prizes for me and Standie to enter again.

Ah! I notice one later this year on the French Riviera,
It says, “a super large prize to the fastest horse- power on water”.

With our recent success and a glittering prize to win,
I’m now using my new swimming pool to teach Standie to swim.

Liz Jeffs

JUST FOR LAUGHS

