

THE WORST MOTHER FUCKING BET OF THE DAY

COLONIAL DOWNS - FRIDAY – JULY 26, 2024

<u>No.</u>	<u>Horse</u>	<u>Race 7</u>	<u>M/L</u>	<u>TTT</u>
5	<i>First to Arrive</i>	5.064626088	3	3.70
7	La Befana	2.789070425	5	6.72
2	Splash of Jack	2.621184778	5/2	7.15
3	Thy Name Is Woman	2.420241479	8	7.75
9	Carolina Hideaway	2.412743062	6	7.77
6	Daisy My Name	2.167955857	4	8.65
4	Secessionist	0.954922242	30	19.63
1	My Sofia Rose	0.316600256	30	59.21

5-First to Arrive was ridden like a motorcycle at Laurel Park on 8 June, which cost her the win, and presumably the change of jockey *To* Forest Boyce will take care of that problem in her attempt *To* be *First* for the *First* time. A word *To* the wise, be 5-First to Arrive at the track, and when you *Arrive* at the racetrack, take care of your stomach, your personal hygiene and the obligatory social greetings, then get down to business. As I've told you, the only friend you have at the racetrack from 1 hour before first post, until the last horse of the last race crosses the finish line, is the tote board, and don't you fucking forget it. If you listen *To* the babbling of ignorant, delusional, amateurs, who often are

emanating negative vibrations, they can only draw you away from your goal of success, whatever you believe that *To* be. After the races, get drunk, get loud and rude, and boast about what a great handicapper you are; it's part of the game. **5-First to Arrive** is the *"Worst Mother-Fuckin' Bet of the Day."*

Win, place and show, is all you gotta know.