

RACING TALES



"How Pretty Penny Met the Gambling Don (and Why the Bookies Are Still Crying)"

Let me tell you a story about two people with egos bigger than the tote board and wardrobes so flash they made Liberace look like he shopped at Poundland.

It all began on Ladies' Day at Royal Ascot, a place where posh people gather to pretend they understand horses while spending £24 on a small plastic cup of Prosecco. The sun was shining. The air smelled like fancy perfume, cut grass, and bad betting decisions.

Enter: **Pretty Penny**.

Her real name's Penelope, but no one calls her that unless they're wearing a judge's wig or owe her money. She wore a gold dress so bright it interfered with the satellite feed for ITV Racing. She had a walk that made the security staff stare, and a smile that said, *"Yes, I've been poor, but I got over it."*

And across the parade ring, stood **The Gambling Don**. Stocky. Bald. Sunglasses that reflected nothing but confidence and champagne bubbles. He once turned a 200/1 outsider into a house deposit and walked off with the bookmaker's tie as a trophy. Legend says if he points at a horse, it gets nervous.

The moment they locked eyes, the atmosphere changed. A seagull dropped its sandwich. The Queen's corgi fainted. And a nearby jockey whispered, "Uh-oh."

"Backed anything worth a damn?" Penny asked, swirling her glass like she owned the vineyard.

Don smirked. "Only the one that wins."

Penny leaned in. "Then you've accidentally copied my ticket."

Moral #1: Confidence is free, but overconfidence gets free drinks.

They were both backing a horse named *Midlife Crisis*, which felt appropriate. A 20/1 shot with legs like pipe cleaners and a jockey who looked twelve.

“It’s a mug’s bet,” Don said.

“I like mugs,” Penny replied. “They’re useful, cheap, and full of hot stuff.”

Moral #2: If you’re going to flirt, make it confusing.

They ended up side-by-side at the rail. He offered her a mint. She took it and immediately asked if he was trying to cover up a guilty conscience. He laughed like a man who hadn't lost a bet since decimalisation.

The bell rang.

The gates flew open.

Midlife Crisis exploded from the stalls like it had heard someone say "retirement home."

It galloped like it meant business, if that business was pyramid schemes and motivational speaking. Coming into the final furlong, it was neck and neck with a Godolphin monster named *Arabian Invoice*.

Penny grabbed Don’s arm. “If this wins, I’m buying you lunch.”

“If it loses, I’m pretending I’ve never met you.”

The line approached. They screamed. The crowd screamed. The horse, oddly, winked.

Photo finish.

Midlife Crisis had done it. By a nose, which was odd because it barely had one.

Penny turned and grinned. “I’m starving.”

Moral #3: Bet on the underdog. They usually bring snacks.

They strolled toward the Winners' Bar like a royal couple with gambling problems. Penny had that “just got richer” strut, while Don walked like a man who’d once been chased by a greyhound and still held a grudge.

“What do you do when you’re not annoying me?” Penny asked.

“I give life-changing advice,” Don replied. “Most of it’s ignored, some of it’s illegal.”

“You single?”

“I was until about four lengths ago.”

They laughed. The waiter laughed. Even the statue of King Edward VII outside twitched a moustache.

That was the day the bookies started keeping emergency gin under the counter.

Later That Night...

They ended up at the afterparty, dancing like two flamingos trying to start a fire. Don’s bow tie was undone. Penny had swapped her heels for fluffy slippers she'd somehow smuggled into her handbag.

He told her about his first ever win, betting on a greyhound called *Rude Susan* that ran sideways but still won.

She told him about how she once sold knock-off perfume at a car boot sale using only an umbrella and a megaphone.

By midnight, they’d made £2,500 betting on a Shetland pony race no one else was watching, tipped off a barman on a three-legged accumulator, and somehow offended a Viscount’s wife who mistook Don for Jason Statham.

They ended the night sitting on the roof of their hired limo, eating mini sausage rolls and planning how to revolutionise betting using gut instinct and YouTube conspiracy theories.

Moral #4: When you meet your match, make room for snacks.

The Aftermath

The next day, the papers didn't mention the winning horses. They mentioned *her*. And *him*. And how Royal Ascot hadn't seen that much sparkle and swagger since Elton John dropped his monocle in the paddock.

Pretty Penny and the Gambling Don weren't just a couple. They were an *event*. People booked tables near them for the stories. Waiters learned their orders in Morse code. Even the Queen asked who they were. Twice.

Their first joint business venture? A tipster service called *Glam & Gamble*, tagline: "*We don't chase odds. We chase glory.*"

Their second? Matching gold jackets with the word "*CHAOS*" embroidered inside.

And their third? A vow to never take life too seriously, unless it involved foie gras, fake tan, or finding out which horse had just done its business in the parade ring. Because that, apparently, was always a lucky omen.

Moral #5: Be bold, be brilliant, and bet on each other. 🤝

Royal Ascot Bloopers: The Day Penny Met Don



1. Penny's Hat Took Flight

- Her designer hat (nicknamed "The Saucer of Success") was so wide it caught a gust of wind and flew off, smacking a waiter carrying 6 flutes of Champagne.
- Don caught it mid-air like a hero. Penny said, "I was gonna let it go, but it cost more than my first car."

2. Don Bet on the Wrong Race

- He confidently shouted, "£500 on Midlife Crisis to win!" at the kiosk... but accidentally placed the bet on a greyhound race in Swindon.
- That dog came second. "Could've been worse," he shrugged. "At least I backed something with legs."

3. Penny Mistook a Royal

- She complimented an old man in a top hat, thinking he was a quirky millionaire. Turned out to be a Duke.
- "I thought he was one of those eccentric Bitcoin blokes," she whispered.
- He was *not* amused, but his corgi warmed to her instantly.

4. Don's Shoe Disaster

- While impressing a group with a reenactment of his famous Cheltenham win, his £600 Italian loafer got stuck in the turf.
- He tried to play it cool and kept talking while hopping on one foot, until he fell into a rose bush.

5. Penny Entered the Parade Ring by Mistake

- She thought it was a VIP catwalk.

- A steward tried to stop her, but she told him, “*I am* the attraction.”
- A confused horse tried to follow her out. His name? *Glamorous Chaos*.

6. The Wrong Champagne Toast

- They raised a glass to their joint win... and toasted with someone else's bottle.
- The owner of the bottle turned out to be a sheikh. He just laughed and offered them another round.
- “You’ve got taste,” he said. “Shame about your tips.”

7. Don Argued with a Mannequin

- Mistook a perfectly styled wax figure in the hospitality suite for a rude guest who wouldn't respond.
- “Oi! Got a problem?”
- Penny laughed for 12 straight minutes. Don still maintains it *flinched*.

8. Penny Tried to Ride the Racehorse

- After their bet won, she dramatically climbed the rail shouting, “I want to thank him personally!”
- Security intervened. “I’ve never seen a woman in heels move that fast,” one of them said.

9. Don's Jacket Caught Fire

- Leaned too close to a decorative candelabra while telling a story.
- Penny doused it with her mimosa. “Don't worry, darling, flaming green really suits you.”

10. The Bookie Meltdown

- Vic the Bookmaker realised they'd both won big on a 20/1 longshot and muttered, "I'm gonna have to remortgage the shed..."
- He later tried to ban them both but tripped over his own sandwich.

11. They Accidentally Launched a Tipster Brand

- While being interviewed by a journalist, Penny blurted, "We're starting a betting empire called Glam & Gamble!"
- Don nodded like it was planned. The next day, they had 200 followers and an offer from a racing podcast.