

# THOROFAN

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## VOICE

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### A BLACK TIE AFFAIR

By Dennis G. Hogan

August 23rd, 2005. I had been taking pictures all afternoon, yet the best images from that day may be my memories. It was but a few minutes before the feature, The GII Saratoga Breeder's Cup. "Twenty - win and place!" I said to the teller before hurrying over to claim a spot along the paddock approach. Seconds later I saw the gray, his handler donned in a red vest, the number one emblazoned over his heart. Stoically, with eyes forward they walked with purpose - it was race day after all. The sounds of the shutter tracked their path and the groom smiled a bit. He must have known we were there to see his horse. Quickly, I changed rolls as reds, grays and greens stunningly combined and reflected the late afternoon light - golden hour, the pros call it.

With a clamor the bell sounded and the gates sprang open. Anxiously, we watched as he loped along, unhurried and at the back of the pack. Yet at a mile and quarter I had faith - there was still plenty of time for my horse to unleash his signature closing run. But deep into the stretch I could only sigh as this would not be his day. "He's seven, after all," I mused. I tossed the tickets but felt little regret. I had seen one of the great ones, Evening Attire. In my camera I held the evidence, in my mind's eye the memory, and in my heart the knowledge that he would run again.



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