

It's over, it's time to come home



There was never much doubt that Froome and Team Sky were going to pull it off this year; it wasn't until the penultimate stage (Alpe d'Huez, when Quintana attacked) that looked like it was even possible to put a dent in their machine. So if you were looking for drama, not much there. But even with the conclusion not too much in doubt, there are so many side stories, battles for other podium spots and jerseys, that keep it interesting. In fact, watching some of the coverage, you had two entirely separate races going on, so who do you give airtime to?



Lotto Soudal's invincible leadout train that helped Greipel win the final stage. But for us, that being myself and my son Kevin, it was 8 solid days of riding in a row, plus Paris at the end. The funny thing about Paris, a non-riding day, is that it is a lot more tiring than any of the others! Oh sure, you're not drenched in sweat, your pee isn't bright orange and the consistency of jello (mostly kidding...mostly), your legs aren't talking to you about that extra 20 pounds of gear you're lugging up the hills. But figuring out where you need to be, and when, and how to get through a city that's had most of its access shut down... that's not so easy. But eventually we got where we were supposed to be. Well, not quite. We really need to be home, and that's still a day and a half away.

Planes, trains & automobiles. Nothing about bikes! But for now the bikes and the trains and the cars are finished for this trip; it's just a couple of planes back home. Finally get to see my daughter Becky and my wife Karen again, and the crazy psycho Corgi and our new killer kitty. I'm ready. I think Kevin is too. --Mike--