

Dear Lance Armstrong,

We get it. You're really good at riding a bike and you can pedal really fast.

In a sport that's about as exciting as oatmeal, you've dominated for the past seven years and you have seven yellow shirts to show for it. I could do the same thing by going to Wal Mart, and I wouldn't have to ride a bike one inch.

It is impressive that you beat cancer, very impressive. I mean you had it from head to toe for Christ's sake. I don't think anyone's ever had poison ivy over that much of their body and lived. But you kicked its ass and kept on pedaling. Since nobody else will say it, I will: Thank God you're done and I never have to watch cycling coverage again.

The saddest part of your cycling accomplishment is the fact that it was done with relatively no flair. You didn't jump over anything like Evel Kneivel along the way. You didn't have to dodge a bunch of shit being thrown at you; you just rode the damn bike. So just in case Sheryl Crow gets on your nerves or starts busting your ball to get more shit done around the house and you do decide to race again, here are some suggestions on how to make your next race more thrilling:

- Ride a unicycle
- Run the next race with no hands
- Remove your bicycle seat
- Complete the entire race blindfolded
- Have your bike outfitted with square wheels
- Ride one of those tandem bikes with Delta Burke on the rear seat
- Dangle some meat from the back of your bike and let a lion chase you
- Dangle some meat from the back of your bike and let Delta burke chase you



When you won the first three in a row, most people, myself included were amazed. But I have to be honest, for the next four in a row most people were like, "eh, whatever". It's a lot like seeing Paris Hilton's vagina. The first few times, you're like, "Wow, Paris Hilton's vagina! Neato!" The next 861 times, you're like, "Wow, does this bitch ever wear pants?"

It's just plain boring. I can recall more exciting bike races from my neighborhood when I was a kid. We'd race up the street, through the trails in the woods, around the mailbox and all the way back; Most of the time with the rabid dog from next-door chasing after us and nipping at our back wheel. Someone would always wipe out and nearly kill themselves, and we weren't wearing helmets like all those pussy kids today. The fact that I'm alive right now is a testament to either my skill as a bike rider or the thickness of my skull. However you slice it, it was more action-packed.

You should however still be very proud of your record, which I imagine will never be broken. But regardless of how impressive your victories were, now that you're finished, America can go back to looking at the sport of cycling the same way we look at soccer, or the WNBA... Never.

*Love,
Bill Scott*